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THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

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From the picture by John H. Bacon.

Florizel, Perdita, and Polixenes ("The Winter's Tale").

Polixenes. "She dances featly."

Act iv., Sc. iii.

THE MODERN READERS SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A., ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., C. H. HERFORD, Litt. D., *and over One Hundred other Eminent Shakespearean Authorities*

VOLUME IX

TIMON OF ATHENS

CORIOLANUS

WINTER'S TALE

THE TEMPEST

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPEAREAN EDITORS

NEW YORK

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Timon of Athens was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actor's Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that *Troilus and Cressida* would just have filled the space of pages 80–108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79 [1] and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio. The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III, iv, 113) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLOT

The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that *Timon* contains a good deal of non-Shakespearean alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I, sc. i, 189–end of the scene (? 249–265; 283–294); the whole of scene ii; Act II, sc. ii, 45–125; Act III, except sc. vi, 101–

[1] Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

118; Act IV, sc. ii, 30–50, (?) iii, 292–366, 409–425, 458–552; Act V, (?) sc. i, 1–62; ii; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, *Shakespeare's Timon* was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labors of Mr. Fleay (*vide* also *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187–208).[1]

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;[2] (ii) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,[3] or by some second-rate dramatist; (v) that the combination of (i) and (iii) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue

[1] "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

[2] The Cambridge Editors seem to hold this view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

[3] Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins; Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearean portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his, "but was made by the poet Callimachus." [1]

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., containing the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be

[1] In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70–73 with its original in North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antonius*):—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

'Here lies a wretched corse of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!'

"It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'"

(The substitution of *"wicked caitiffs"* for *"wicked wretches"* suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning *"My wretched caitif days,"* etc.). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impression. The speech is weak enough as it is, without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida*.[1] Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,[2] nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.[3]

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have

[1] Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theater copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

[2] There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix* in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

[3] Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of *"stones,"* is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the folios.

attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in *The Palace of Pleasure*. Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e. g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labor's Lost*.

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon;* it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i. e.* about the same time as *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear;* Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

> 'No.—I am that I am; and they that level
> At my abuses reckon up their own:
> I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
> By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
> Unless this general evil they maintain,—
> All men are bad and in their badness reign."
>
> (Sonnet cxxi.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, ii.
Day 2. Act II, sc. i, ii; Act III, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act III, sc. iv–vi; Act IV, sc. i and ii. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. iii.
Day 5. Act V, sc. i, ii.
Day 6. Act V, sc. iii, iv.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Life of Timon of Athens, as it is called in the original edition, is among the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays for an editor to deal with; which difficulty grows partly from the characteristics of the play itself, and partly from the lack of any contemporary notices concerning it. The only information we have respecting it is, that it was published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the fifth in the division of Tragedies, and that it was entered the same year at the Stationers' by Blount and Jaggard as one of "the plays not formerly entered to other men"; which latter circumstance naturally infers that the play had not been published before. The original edition is without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scæna Prima*"; and at the end is given a list of the persons represented, headed "The Actors' Names."

The original text is in divers respects very remarkable: some parts are set forth in a most irregular manner, being full of short and seemingly-broken lines, with many passages printed as verse which cannot possibly be made to read as such; yet the sense is generally so complete as to infer that the irregularity came from the writer, not from the printer. In these parts, moreover, along with Shakespeare's peculiar rhythm and harmony, we miss also, and in an equal degree, his characteristic diction and imagery: the ruggedness and irregularity are not those of one who, having mastered the resources of harmony, knew how to heighten and enrich it with discords, but of one who was ignorant of its laws and incapable of its powers. Other

parts, again, exhibit the sustained grandeur of the Poet's noblest and most varied music. And in these parts the true Shakespearean cast of thought and imagery comes upon us in all its richness, gushing, apparently, from the deepest fountains of his genius, and steeped in its most characteristic potencies.

As to the date of the composition we have no external evidence whatsoever; and the internal evidence, so far as there is any, all makes for a place somewhere in the period between 1600 and 1606; the same period which gave us *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. Wherever Shakespeare's hand is most clearly traceable in *Timon of Athens*, the peculiarities of style, of thought, and sentiment, as in the other plays just mentioned, refer us to a time when, for some unknown cause, the Poet's mind seems to have dwelt, with a sort of melancholy, self-brooding earnestness, among the darker issues of human life and passion, as if his spirit were haunted and oppressed by the mystery of evil as residing in the heart of man. The texture of the diction,—which is about midway between the mellow, gliding smoothness of the Poet's second period, and the stern, rugged energy of his last, ever and anon striking in flashes of light and glory by the very quickness and abruptness of its movements,—this, no less than the tone and bias of feeling manifested in *Timon of Athens*, certainly shows a strong resemblance to that of the other plays known to have been written during the time specified.

As regards the fact of Shakespeare's having been for some time in a melancholy, not to say morbid, state of mind, such as may have disposed him to hang over the fiercer passions of our nature, and to speak as the "stern censurer of mankind," perhaps the strongest argument is furnished by the play in hand. For the subject is certainly ill-adapted to dramatic uses, has very few capabilities of sound and legitimate stage-effect. This lack of any thing in the matter that should have determined the Poet's choice to it, may well lead us to suspect that the determin-

ing cause lay in himself. So that the most likely conclusion in this case seems to be, that some ill-starred experience, such as human life offers to most men who are observant and thoughtful enough to be capable of it, had planted in him so strong a sympathy with the state of feeling predominant in *Timon*, as to turn the scale against his better judgment as a dramatic poet and artist. Such, or something such, appears to us the most probable account why he should have pitched upon a theme so manifestly unsuited to his purpose, and so barren of those qualities that would recommend it for dramatic treatment. That judicious critic, Hallam, assigns much the same reason: "The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action,—a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty in any other instance,—that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject." Mr. Verplanck, also, a critic of equal soundness and rectitude of judgment, holds to the same view; and Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge in 1815 gave it as his opinion that the subject had been taken up by the Poet "under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment."

We have already intimated a belief that Shakespeare is not responsible for the whole of this play. Some parts are in his best manner, while others are not above his worst, or rather are not in his manner at all. In this nearly all the critics and commentators are agreed, though they differ much in their ways of accounting for it. One theory is, that Shakespeare wrote the whole of the play as we have it, but left some parts in a very crude and unfinished state, giving indeed little more than a loose sketch or outline of what he intended to make them. To this there are insuperable objections. For the parts in question are nowise in a sketchy state; the outline is generally filled up, but not with the Poet's genuine stuff; the fault lies not in a defect of execution, such as it is, but rather in an uncharacteristic style of workmanship: in short, they are in no

sort like an unfinished work of the same hand which finished the other parts, but show a totally different cast of thought, of diction, and imagery, from what we find in any other of the Poet's plays, or in those parts of this play where the authorship is not and cannot be questioned. Take, for instance, the fifth scene in Act III, which is highly episodical in its character, insomuch that if entirely thrown out it would scarce be missed in the action of the play. Now, it is precisely in such an episode that we should naturally expect to find the work left either in a most finished or in a most sketchy state, because it is the very part of all others that could best be worked out by itself. Accordingly we have nothing of mere outline here; the filling-up is apparently complete, but it has to our taste no relish of Shakespeare: perhaps there is no part of the drama less unfinished, nor any more un-Shakespearean, than this scene.

Another theory is, that the manuscript of this play underwent in some parts much corruption and mutilation at the hands of the players, and that the edition of 1623 was printed from a copy thus mutilated and deformed. Such, Mr. Collier tells us, was the view given out by Coleridge in his lectures in 1815; his opinion being, that the play was Shakespeare's throughout, and that, as originally written, it was one of his most complete performances: but that the players had done the Poet great injustice, and that the ruggedness and inequality of the versification were owing to the fact that only a corrupt and imperfect copy came into the hands of the original editors. The objections to the former theory hold, for aught we can see, equally good against this. Besides, the play, as we have seen, is preëminently unsuited to the stage; and the failure of modern diligence to discover any contemporary notices of its performance strongly argues that it was so regarded at the time: all which would naturally render it the less likely to suffer, in the manner supposed, from being "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar": not to mention, that in case of such mutilation and corruption

the fault would be apt to lie mainly, if not wholly, in the expression of the thought; whereas it here lies rather in the very spirit and substance of the thought itself.

A third view—suggested, we believe, by Farmer, and argued out with much ability and learned diligence in Knight's edition—is, that Shakespeare did not originate the play, but took the workmanship of some inferior writer, recast certain of the scenes, enriched others with some touches of his own, and supplied the part of Timon, as we have it, entirely from himself: all which is thought to account for the circumstance of the man-hater's character being "left standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it." To this theory Mr. Verplanck objects, that great as is the discrepancy of style and execution, yet, in the plot, the characters, and the incidents, there is an entire unity of thought and purpose, as if the whole proceeded from a single mind. The objection seems to us far from conclusive, as we are not aware of any sufficient reason for presuming that Shakespeare could not rewrite parts of the drama, without losing or marring the proper unity of plot and characterization. A much more likely objection, as it appears to us, is this, that Shakespeare's approved severity of taste and strength of judgment at that period of his life, together with his fullness and availability of resource, would hardly have endured to retain certain parts in so crude and feeble a state as we here find them. For the parts supposed to be borrowed are so grossly inadequate in style and spirit to those acknowledged to be his, that it seems not easy to conceive how the instincts of his genius should have suffered him to let them pass. So that we can scarce help thinking, that if he had thus undertaken to remodel the work of another, his mind would not have rested from the task, till he had informed the whole with a larger measure of that surpassing energy and grace of thought and diction which mark the part of Timon himself, showing that the powers and resources of the Poet were then in their most palmy state.

The fourth, and, in our view, the most probable, theory is that proposed by Mr. Verplanck; who thinks that Shakespeare planned the whole drama substantially as we have it, made an outline of all the parts, including the entire course and order of the action, wrote out the part of Timon in its present form, added, besides, some whole scenes as they now stand, and furnished some passages for others; but, perceiving more and more, as he went on, the unfitness of the subject for his purpose, finally gave up the work, and threw it aside in an unfinished state: that this was afterwards taken up by some inferior hand, who retained all that Shakespeare had written, and wrote out the other parts in accordance, as nearly as might be, with the original plan. Whatsoever may be judged of this theory in other respects, it seems to make clear work with the question why there should be in this case so great discrepancy of style and execution joined with such general unity of purpose and movement. And it legitimates the supposal, that in this instance the Poet's choice of subject was determined by personal sympathy with the mood and temper of mind here exhibited, not by his judgment of dramatic fitness. For, supposing such choice to have proceeded on the former ground, his interest would naturally draw first to those parts which struck in with and gave vent to his overruling passion; and then begin to flag and fall away as soon as, upon coming to those where such personal respects had no place, his dramatic judgment regained the upper hand. At all events, we must needs think that both the subject and the workmanship were here governed by somewhat else than poetical or artistic inspiration; in which case his interest would be apt to break down when he reached a point where nothing but such inspiration would suffice to keep it up and carry it along.

It is nowise improbable, therefore, that in one of these two latter theories is to be found the true solution of divers questions that have been raised touching this play. And there are at least two instances of incompleteness, resulting, apparently, from oversight, which may be in this

way satisfactorily explained. One is in Act II, where there seems a want of due connection between the first and second scenes, since we have the Fool speaking of his mistress, and the Page out on her errands, while as yet no hint has been given as to who or what their mistress is. Dr. Johnson saw this gap, and remarked upon it thus: "I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool and the Page was prepared by some introductory dialogue, wherein the audience was informed that they were the fool and the page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." The other is in the fifth scene of Act III, where we have Alcibiades pleading with the Senate in behalf of a condemned soldier whose name has not been mentioned, nor has any representation or statement been made of the act for which the Senate are passing upon his life. The whole matter comes in most abruptly, insomuch that our thoughts can hardly choose but revert to some scene or dialogue which has been omitted.

Now, upon the supposal,—which bears such and so many marks of likelihood that we have little doubt of its truth,—that different parts of the play were from different hands; whether certain parts were borrowed from an earlier drama: or whether certain were supplied by a later hand; or whether, according to a frequent usage of the time, the play were the joint production of several hands working out a preconcerted plan; in either case these instances of abruptness and seeming omission may be easily accounted for; as any one can understand, whose experience in composition has taught him how difficult it is for one mind to reproduce, in all its details and the proper order of its parts, the conception of another. Indeed it is scarce possible, in such a case, that all the parts of a work should duly remember each other; or that any one, having some portions done to his hand, should so work in and adjust others of his own but that somewhat of connection and continuity will be lost.

As we have been arguing that different parts of this

play were by different hands, the reader may naturally hold us bound to make some sign towards discriminating what parts belong to the Poet. This, certainly, is a somewhat delicate and hazardous undertaking, and one in which some approximation to the truth is the utmost that can be reached. Of course we can more confidently affirm what parts are Shakespeare's, than what are not; it being easier for him to fall below his height, than for another to raise himself up to it. And perhaps the line may be indicated the more safely in the present instance, forasmuch as some portions of the play which relish least of Shakespeare are written with a good deal of vigor and spirit; but the vigor and spirit are thoroughly different from his: so that we may justly affirm that the nearer such portions come up in these respects to the level of his, the more appreciable is the difference between them.

Not to be too positive, then, in the matter, our own judgment runs something thus: The first scene in Act I, down to the entrance of Apemantus; the first scene in Act II, and the latter half of the second scene, from the re-entrance of Timon and Flavius; the first and third scenes in Act IV, with the exception of Flavius' first speech in the latter scene; the first and second scenes in Act V;— these portions, we should say, are wholly Shakespeare's. Besides these, there are divers passages scattered here and there, in which we distinctly taste the Poet's hand; as in the latter half of the first scene in Act I, after the entrance of Alcibiades; also, in the second scene of the same act, especially just after Apemantus' Grace; again, in the latter part of the sixth scene in Act III; in the first half of the second scene in Act IV; and in the fifth scene in Act V. There are, also, several portions which we should set down as of doubtful authorship; such as the dialogue between Apemantus, the Merchant and Jeweler, the Poet, and Timon, in the first scene of the play; the first half of the second scene in Act II; some parts of the second and fourth scenes in Act III.

It may be worth the while to mention, as further evi-

dence of different hands in the play, that in the sixth scene of Act III, the stage-direction of the original is, "Enter divers friends at several doors," and the prefixes to the speeches are 1 Lord, 2 Lord, and 3 Lord, where the course of the action renders it all but certain that Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius are the persons meant. These, be it observed, are the three friends named by Timon, when he is sending out servants to borrow money, in the latter half of the second scene in Act II, which we have assigned to Shakespeare. The same persons are also named, near the close of the fourth scene in Act III, as the chief of those whom Timon orders to be invited to the banquet. Our belief is, that in both these instances we have the Poet's hand; and that in the sixth scene of Act III, the giving of thanks, and the subsequent speech of Timon's, is all that can be set down as Shakespeare's. At all events, it can scarce be denied that these incoherences in the naming and ordering of the persons strongly argue that the whole of the play did not proceed from one and the same mind. And a like inference may be fairly drawn from the confusion in regard to Timon's epitaph, in the last scene of the play.

It is also worth noting, that in those parts of the play which relish clearly of Shakespeare there is little if any difficulty in distinguishing what is meant for verse and what for prose; while in the other parts the two are often hardly possible to be distinguished. For instance, the speech of Apemantus in the first scene of Act I,—"Aches contract and starve your supple joints," etc., is printed in the original as prose; yet any good ear accustomed to Shakespeare's language can hardly fail to pronounce it verse, and such verse as carries the mind at once to the greatest of poets. The other parts, on the contrary, abound in speeches, which are given in the original as verse, but which run in so hobbling, disjointed, and unrhythmical a fashion that neither the ear nor the mind can possibly receive or read them as such.

The story of Timon the Misanthrope seems to have been

something of a common-place in the literature of Shakespeare's time. We have an allusion to it in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act IV, sc. iii: "And critic Timon laugh at idle toys." And in a collection of epigrams and satires, entitled *Skialetheia*, and published in 1598, occurs the line,— "Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits." Also, in the anonymous play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, is found the following: "But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens." But by far the most noteworthy use of the subject is in the form of a play which has come down to our time in manuscript, supposed to have been written or transcribed about the year 1600. The original manuscript was consulted by Steevens, being then in the possession of Mr. Strutt, the engraver. Some years ago it passed into the hands of Mr. Dyce, who set forth an edition of it for the Shakespeare Society, in 1842. The play is referred to by Malone in the following terms: "Here Shakespeare found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject." Mr. Dyce thinks the play "was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and that there is "strong presumptive proof" of its having been really acted. Touching the point affirmed by Malone, he speaks thus: "I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented."

It is not our purpose to enter upon the "minute dis-

cussion" which Mr. Dyce has left to others. In the incidents of the play there are certainly divers close resemblances to Shakespeare's *Timon*. But beyond this there is not the slightest trace of similarity; and the resemblance here is such as to infer nothing more than a drawing from a common source. The anonymous play, as a whole, is indescribably flat and worthless, thoroughly charged with a kind of sophomoric pedantry, and with the most lame and abortive attempts at wit and humor: Timon himself being but a debauched and low-minded spendthrift and prodigal, unredeemed by a single noble or even respectable quality; and the whole characterization, if such it can be termed, being in a style of vulgar and vapid extravagance mistaking itself for something brilliant and spirited, like the unwitting caricatures of a boyish awkwardness. The material of the piece was evidently borrowed from Lucian, all that is properly characteristic of the Greek satirist being lost in the borrowing.

The most common authority for the character of Timon in Shakespeare's time was Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, in the first volume of which, published before 1567, "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is briefly set forth, the matter being professedly derived from Plutarch's *Life of Mark Antony*. We subjoin the passage relating to Timon, as given in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, which came out in 1579:

"Antonius forsook the city and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company; saying he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was before offered unto Timon; and that, for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all

other men's companies but the company of Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus, wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him, 'I do it, because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in his manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choæ at Athens, where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead, and that they two feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other, 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea, so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs, got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and, because I mean to make some building on that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now, it chanced so, that the sea getting in compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name; a plague consume you wicked wretches left.'

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this

epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

Many other things could we tell you of this Timon, but this little shall suffice at this present."

The account as given in the *Palace of Pleasure* agrees in all material respects with this. Of course there can be no doubt that one of these sources furnished the idea of Apemantus, as also of the "tree which grows here in my close," and of the "everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood"; neither of these being found in the place from whence other materials of the drama were drawn.

The rest of the story was derived, directly or indirectly, from Lucian's dialogue entitled *Timon, or the Man-hater.* Malone, in the remarks quoted above, thinks the Poet could not have borrowed directly from Lucian, because there was then no English translation of the dialogue in question. In the first place, however, it would be something hard to prove this, the only evidence being, that no such translation of that date has come down to us. In the second place, there is known to have been both a Latin and an Italian version of Lucian at that time, and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare understood enough of both those languages to be able to read a piece of that description. We subjoin such a sketch and abstract of the dialogue as will exhibit the nature and amount of the Poet's indebtedness to the Greek satirist.

The piece opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter, the guardian of friendship and hospitality, complaining that his godship has grown sleepy or indifferent; so that he no longer punishes the baseness and ingratitude of men, but has suffered his firebrands to dwindle into nothing, a mere poetical smoke, a heap of idle names, so that nobody fears being burned by them; that he neither hears the perjured nor observes the wicked, being blind to every-

thing about him, and having his ears stopped, like an old dotard. He calls on the god to make ready those far-shooting thunderbolts, which have been so much beversed, against the guilty, lest he be at last dethroned by their violence. He then comes to his own case: "I, who have raised so many from poverty to riches, helped the needy, and spent my substance to make my friends happy, am now left poor and destitute: those, who once adored me and hung upon my nod, will not so much as look upon me; but if I chance to meet any of them, they pass by me, as if they had never seen me, or turn away as from a loathsome spectacle. Reduced, at length, to the utmost misery, and clothed with skins, I dig this little spot of earth. Here I philosophize, in the desert, with my spade, all my happiness being that I no longer behold the prosperity of the wicked."

Jupiter, being thus berated, asks Mercury who it is that bellows so from the foot of Hymettus, speaks of him as some bold prating fellow who seems to be digging, and infers him to be a philosopher from his uttering such profane speeches. Mercury answers that he is Timon, the rich man who so often has offered whole hecatombs to the gods. That his goodness of heart and kindness to the poor, or rather his folly and want of judgment in the choice of friends, have been the ruin of him; he having never discovered that he was lavishing his all on wolves and vultures. That, having ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it all out, they left him, and, so far from relieving him in turn, would not even look upon him. That for this cause he has turned digger, refusing to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against those who, having been enriched by him, now proudly pass along, not knowing whether his name be Timon.

Jupiter forthwith orders Mercury and Plutus to visit Timon and bestow new wealth upon him; at the same time apologizing for his remissness of late, that he has been kept busy with thieves and plunderers, and that his ears

have been so stunned with the noisy disputes and squabbles of philosophers blabbing about virtue and spirituality and he knows not what, that he could not hear the prayers of mortals; and promising to give those ungrateful parasites their due, as soon as he shall have repaired his damaged lightning: whereupon Mercury remarks how necessary 'tis to be impudent; for this Timon has now got Jupiter over to his side by dint of clamor and abuse, while, if he had said nothing, he might have kept on digging through life, without being noticed. Plutus is very loth to do the bidding of Jupiter, because Timon has so recklessly squandered his gifts on the unworthy, and lest, if restored to wealth, he should again become the prey of parasites.

Here follows at some length a keen encounter of wits between Mercury and Plutus, touching the use of riches and the folly of men in regard to them. On coming near the place of Timon, Plutus hearing a noise like the clinking of iron against stone, and asking what it is, Mercury answers, "It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us"; adding, "And see, along with him are Poverty, Labor, Courage, Wisdom, and all the virtues that go in the train of indigence; a stronger body-guard, I fear, than yours." Plutus thereupon begs to be off at once, alleging that they can do no good to a man who has such an army about him. The god of riches being held to the task by Mercury, Poverty then interferes in behalf of her charge: "Shall Plutus, then," says she, "come to Timon, after I have taken him under my discipline, spoiled as he was with luxury and sloth? Will you thus rob me of the man whom, with so much care, I have formed to virtue, and put him into the hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as idle and wicked as ever, and, when he is spoiled, give him back to me again? Soon shall he know the worth of her whom he has lost: who has blessed him with a sound mind and a healthy body, taught him to live as he ought, and to look upon things as they really are."

At first Timon rejects the offer of their godships, calls

them rascals, upbraids them for disturbing him, and threatens to pelt them handsomely with stones: whereupon Plutus entreats for heaven's sake to be gone, declaring that the fellow appears to be stark mad. Being further urged and exhorted, Timon persists that he has no need of them; that his spade is all the riches he desires; and that he shall deem himself the happiest of men, if none come near him. That Plutus had been the cause of all his past troubles, having given him up to flatterers, undermined him with temptations, made him an object of envy and hate, and then basely deserted him; while Poverty, on the other hand, had been his best friend, exercising him with wholesome labors, supplying him with what was needful, and teaching him what true riches were, such as neither time-servers, nor sycophants, nor tyrants could ever wrest from him. But the arguments of Plutus, backed up by the prospect which Mercury holds out, of making his rascally flatterers burst with envy, prove too much for him; and he at last consents to be rich again, since the gods will have it so; though still fearing that so much wealth, on a sudden, and so much care will make him miserable.

The gods thereupon leave him, Plutus having first exhorted him to keep on digging, and having commanded treasure to put itself in his way. Timon then resumes his spade, and presently overhauls a mass of treasure, whereupon he breaks forth as follows: "It is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to look upon. Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! Now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover? You, my spade and blanket, shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgment to the great deity. I will purchase some retired spot, and there build a tower to keep my gold in: this shall be my habitation, and, when dead, my grave also. From this time forth I will despise acquaintance, friendship, compassion; to pity the distressed, to relieve the indigent, I shall hold a crime: my life, like the beasts of the

field, shall be spent in solitude; and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend: all others I will treat as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them, or to herd with them, were a sin: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight; I will make no truce, have no dealings with them. Kindred, friends, and country are empty names, respected by none but fools. Let Timon only be rich, and despise all the world besides: abhorring praise and flattery, I will have pleasure in myself alone; alone I will sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be my own neighbor and companion; and, when I am dead, the fairest name I would be distinguished by is misanthrope. Asperity of manners, moroseness, cruelty, savageness, these are my virtues: were I to see a man perishing in the flames, I would throw on pitch or oil, to increase them; or, if I saw one overwhelmed with the winter flood and stretching out his hands to me for help, I would plunge him in deeper, that he might never rise again. This is Timon's law, this hath Timon ratified; and thus shall I be revenged on mankind. Yet I would that all might know how rich I am, as this would heighten their misery. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? what crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath? They have smelt out the gold! Shall I mount this hill, and pelt them with stones, or shall I for once hold some parley with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; therefore I will stay and receive them."

He is then approached, first, by Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new song; and of whom he says,—"The other day, when I asked him for a supper, he held out a rope, though he had emptied many a cask with me." Next comes Philiades, a flatterer; "to whom," says Timon, "I gave a large piece of ground, and two talents for his daughter's portion; yet, afterwards, when I was sick and begged his help, the wretch fell upon me and beat me." The third comer is Demeas, an orator: "He," says Timon, "was bound to the state for seventeen talents, and, being unable to pay it, I took pity on him and redeemed him;

yet, when he was distributing the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share, he declared he did not know me." The fourth is Thrasycles, a philosopher, of whom Timon speaks thus: "This fellow, if you meet him in the morning, shall be well clad, modest and humble, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and praise frugality; but, when he comes to supper in the evening, will forget all he has said in the morning, devour everything before him, crowd his neighbors, and lean upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of at the bottom of them. Then he gets drunk, dances, sings, scolds, and abuses everybody; always talking in his cups, and haranguing others about temperance, though himself so drunk as to be the laughing-stock of all about him. Even when sober, he is the most sordid, impudent, lying fellow on earth; the meanest of flatterers, notorious for oaths, insolence, and imposture; and, on the whole, a most perfect character." To these succeed Laches, Blepsias, Gniphon, and "a whole heap of scoundrels"; and all of them are treated to thwackings with the spade or pelting with stones, till they are content to leave him alone; whereupon the dialogue closes.

It may be observed that neither Lucian nor Plutarch furnishes any hint towards the banquet which Timon gets up for his false friends. In the old anonymous play, mentioned above, Timon is represented as inviting them to a feast, and setting before them stones painted to look like artichokes, with which he afterwards pelts them and drives them out. How Shakespeare's *Timon* came to resemble the other in respect of this incident, is a question for those who have the curiosity and the leisure to pursue it. On the other hand, the resemblance between Lucian and Shakespeare is especially close in the apostrophe of Timon upon finding the gold; and as the anonymous play has no such resemblance, this argues that the Poet's borrowings from Lucian were not made through that medium.

In the Shakespearean gallery of art, the *Timon of Athens* forms a distinct class by itself. Of dramatic merit,

the piece, as already observed, has very little, though probably as much as could well be made out of the subject. Nevertheless, the play is one that we would not willingly be without; and its chief value in respect of the Poet lies in that it exhibits him in an entirely new character, and yields fresh argument of the seemingly-unlimited scope and variety of his genius; displaying in him a set of powers which he has elsewhere kept unused, but which, even though possessed in a lower degree, have sufficed to render several other writers immortal. "The satirist's terrible scourge" has been often wielded with a power that still defies the eatings of time; divers authors live and will live, whose greatest excellence stands in this: in Shakespeare it is among the least, if not the least; yet literature has nothing that comes up to Timon in the eloquence of invective and denunciation; wherein we have satire idealized up to the highest pitch of sublimity and awfulness, yet so glorified with the interfusings of imagination as to charm and fascinate while it causes to shudder.

The life of the play is almost wholly concentrated in Timon himself; indeed there is little else that deserves to be regarded as a representation of character, unless an exception should be made in favor of Apemantus. The character of Timon was substantially formed from the Poet's own mind acting upon hints and materials drawn from the sources we have indicated; so that the whole cast and impression of it is original. His bearing, at first, is full of manly grace and nobleness, showing the spirit of an accomplished, high-minded, most disinterested gentleman. His free-heartedness and open-handedness, though undiscriminating, are without any touch of selfishness; he is ready, and even eager, to knit himself into a friendship with any or with all, who hold out an occasion for the lavishing of his bounty, regardless of their personal qualities. But his profuse and unrespective liberality proceeds altogether upon an ideal and perhaps somewhat self-willed view of mankind: he speaks and acts like one whose powers of experience are overborne by the impulses of an undis-

ciplined imagination; thus evermore attributing, not finding, the character which he loves: so that perhaps the worst we can say of him is, that he seems to be moved by an ambition such as would have the reasons or the causes of his generosity rest entirely in himself, and not in any worthiness in the receiver thereof. And because his love thus proceeds upon ideal grounds, therefore, when the revulsion comes, he is equally undiscriminating and self-willed in his hate: both growing purely from an imaginative, not from an experimental source, there is of course as little respect of persons in the one as in the other. In either case, the causes of his action are wholly in himself, and not at all in the objects of it: for even so, where one's life is thus "of imagination all compact," the first crossings and thwartings of personal experience are apt to upset and revolutionize his whole scheme and conception of human character: as his confidence is without any real ground in the experienced differences of men, so he has nothing to rescue him from the ideal consequences of a single disappointment.

This is evidently the true root and basis alike of his overflowing bounties and his all-withering imprecations. Hence, when the occasion comes, he flies at once from one extreme to its farthest opposite: in hatred as in love, he must still be treating men as if there were nothing to choose between them; and when the exception of his faithful Steward is forced upon him, he prefers to die rather than retreat from the extreme ground of imagination to the medium ground of experience. Nevertheless, in his misanthropy we can discover no signs of a reaction, (if it ought not rather to be called a continuation,) such as not seldom occurs in actual life, from a profligate and unprincipled companionship. For his unrespective blastings of reproof are poured forth, fresh and full of spirit, from the depths of an enraged imagination; and have nothing of the stale and musty sourness which often supervenes upon the fermentings of a beastly and sensual life.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on

purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practice the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to be vicious.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

TIMON AND THE STEWARD

The scene between Timon and the steward is unquestionably from the master-hand of our poet. The character of Timon as his ruin is approaching him is beautifully developed. His reproach of his steward, slightly unjust as it is, is in a tone perfectly in accordance with the kindness of his nature; and his rising anger is forgotten in a moment in his complete conviction of the integrity of that honest servant. His entire reliance upon the gratitude of his friends is most touching. Thoroughly Shakesperean is the steward's description of the coldness of the senators; and Timon's answer is no less characteristic of the great interpreter of human feelings.—Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

APEMANTUS

But Apemantus, who is intended as a foil to Timon, is despicable where Timon is only weak; he is incapable even of the selfishness of isolation from evil; he is born a misanthrope, Timon has misanthropy thrust upon him. Timon may be weak and morbid, but he is at least sincere and pure; Apemantus is a sham, and wallows withal in the mire.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

SHAKESPEARE'S METHOD

In the character of Timon, Shakspere gained dramatic remoteness from his own personality. It would have been contrary to the whole habit of the dramatist's genius to

have used one of his characters merely as a mask to conceal his visage, while he relieved himself with lyrical vehemence of the feelings that oppressed him. No: Shakspere, when Timon was written, had attained self-possession, and could transfer himself with real disinterestedness into the person of the young Athenian favorite of fortune. This, in more than one instance, was Shakspere's method,—having discovered some single central point of sympathy between his chief character and his past or present self, to secure freedom from all mere lyrical intensity by studying that one common element under conditions remote from those which had ever been proper or peculiar to himself.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SERIOUSNESS

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespeare. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon. The latter remind the classical reader of the force and swelling impetuosity of the moral declamations in *Juvenal*, while the former have all the keenness and caustic severity of the old Stoic philosophers. The soul of Diogenes appears to have been seated on the lips of Apemantus. The churlish profession of misanthropy in the cynic is contrasted with the profound feeling of it in Timon, and also with the soldier-like and determined resentment of Alcibiades against his countrymen, who have banished him, though this forms only an incidental episode in the tragedy.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A LACK OF HARMONY

The play appears to want that perfection of scope, plan, and range that would be in keeping with the style and finish of its better parts. There is a lack of harmony between the defective and unsatisfying dramatic structure and the faultless vigor and delicacy of the execution of large portions, that would be decisive, though the execution also did not betray the traces of different hands. Of the greater portion of the play it may be said, with confidence, that it displays the fullest and ripest energy of the poet's mind,—his fancy, intellect and imagination in completest concert and force;—it is so far as nearly equal to *Lear*, to *Othello*, to *Macbeth* as the capability of the subject admits, and it does admit at least of comparison. The contrast of the weakness and negligence of other parts is unmistakable,—weakness as obvious in form as in manner, and the best excellence of these parts seems due to having undergone a cursory correction more liberal of erasure, to which even the raggedness of the meter may be due, than of substitution. I will recollect my earliest impression on reading this play, and am scarcely disposed to swerve from it,—it was that Shakespeare had put his hand to the drama of another author, with intent, in the first instance, to give it just so much, and no more revisal as would make it useful in representation, not deeming the theme susceptible or worthy of rewriting entirely: imagination, however, and invention were not to be controlled, and at last and by degrees he was drawn on to rewrite entirely first one scene and then another, until in mere aversion to adopt the whole play by complete revision of a dramatic subject matter he was not quite satisfied with, he left it as we have it, of gold and clay commixed, an incomplete if not sometimes inaccurate metamorphosis. It is scarcely necessary to specify the speech of Flavius, commencing, "What will this come to?—he commands us to provide and give great gifts," and the dialogues of Alcibiades and Senators as chief illustrations of these differences, which

will escape few readers. The readiness with which Shakespeare adopted a plot is sufficient instruction whence he would derive such diversities in style.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

INEQUALITIES

The impression made on most readers by Timon is that of great inequality. The versification is loose, and either unusually irregular or corrupted. Some portions of the piece are worked out with love, others appear to have been most carelessly treated. The many indifferent personages with no distinctly marked characters make the scenes here and there disconnected. The intensity and depth of feeling with which the subject, as a whole, is carried out cannot be denied; but compared with this earnestness, the burlesque scenes, where the borrowing servants of Timon are turned off, are too sharply contrasted. The composition is arranged with the old attention to unity of idea, but in some points it is loose and, as it were, unfinished. With the story of Timon there is united a second action between Alcibiades and the senate. This is carried on in exact parallel, and in the same sense as the main action; but it does not hang well together in all its parts. In Act V, sc. iii, it is intimated that Alcibiades has undertaken the war against Athens partly on Timon's account, but nothing further is said of this in the play. The reason of his rebellion is given in Act III, sc. v. He there pleads in vain for a friend who has been condemned to death for killing a man in a duel. The poet handles with his usual triumphant impartiality the question of dueling, and places the views of justice, order, and age in opposition to those of honor, passion, and youth, with the same decided indecision as that in which he has left the question of self-murder an open matter. But the discussion concerns some one entirely unknown; we learn nothing whatever of the man's person or home. Singularly enough, all commentators pass over this circumstance without remark, although no similar disconnected scene is to be found in the whole of

Shakespeare. How these irregularities are to be accounted for is a matter of dispute. Coleridge thought that the original text of Shakespeare had been spoiled by actors. Knight considered the piece to be a revision of an older play, of which portions only were retained, so that *Timon* was to be looked upon as a companion piece to *Pericles*. Delius regards the play as an unfinished work, the outlines of which were left incomplete for representation. We, on our side, however, attribute the carelessness in a number of plays of this date to one common, though unfathomable, cause—the state of the poet's mind. We must, however, add that some of the peculiarities in this or other works of the same date may arise also from the subject itself. *Timon* is a play with scarcely any real story. Shakespeare was led in his judicious manner by two mere hints to display the relation of Timon to Alcibiades and Apemantus; nevertheless, we can easily imagine that among these ancient materials, where he did not feel himself quite at home, he would not hazard too much in his inventions, that he would be timorous in the creation of entirely new persons, and that hence we may explain the many nameless figures which here, as in *Antony* and *Coriolanus*, are sometimes obliged to carry on the action.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

THE UNDER-PLOT

Plutarch had mentioned that Timon, when he had forsaken all other men, made a companion of Alcibiades, because he knew that one day he would do great mischief unto the Athenians. From this slender hint Shakspere developed a highly characteristic underplot. He represents Alcibiades (who recalls the historical figure in nothing but name) as undergoing an experience akin to that of Timon, and meeting it in a diametrically opposite way. The two plots are not sufficiently interwoven, but their mutual bearing is quite clear, and it is strange that so many critics should have rejected Act III, sc. v, where we

learn the reason of Alcibiades' wrath against his native city. One of his friends has, in sudden rage, killed a man who had traduced his honor, and thus lies under sentence of death. Alcibiades begs the senate for mercy, and his speech is an echo of the solemn pleadings of Portia and Isabella. Like them it appeals from the merciless written law to that higher principle of equity in which law has its true sanction. But the senators, a body of cold-blooded men of the world, have no spark of sympathy for the pride of reputation, which, feeling a stain like a wound, strikes out too vehemently in self-defense. As they had denied all help to Timon when his high-souled generosity brought him to ruin, so now they refuse all mercy to the victim of the chivalrous principle of honor. And in both cases they are ungrateful as well as hard-hearted, for, like Timon, the condemned man has done the state good service, and Alcibiades throws his own deserts as an additional weight into the scale. But to all entreaties the senators make the icy rejoinder: "We are for the law: he dies." Then follows a scene so strikingly parallel to the central situation in *Coriolanus* that its rejection by critics is incomprehensible. Alcibiades, like the Roman hero, feels a patrician's and soldier's shame in stooping to beg of his inferiors, and the rejection of his suit stirs him to an outburst, which is a mild echo of Coriolanus' fury when he is refused the consulship.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE FAULTS OF THE PLAY

The diction is curiously involved, abrupt, elliptical, packed with useless metaphor, and is less lucid than in any earlier play. The idea is presented harshly and with violence. There is a good deal of sonorous but rather empty declamation. Nevertheless the play contains magnificent passages.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON, *a noble Athenian*
LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *flattering lords*
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher*
FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon*
Poet, Painter, Jeweler, and Merchant
An old Athenian
FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *servants to Timon*
CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords*
A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighboring woods*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

By his liberality, Timon, a lord of Athens, surrounds himself with countless numbers of dependents and followers. They flatter him and he gives them gifts and shows them other favors, believing in the sincerity of their friendships. He gives one dinner at which the favors are precious stones. Flavius, his steward, is much distressed over this mad bounty of his master.

ACT II

Timon's creditors begin to suspect his financial condition and dun him for their money. At last Timon is made to realize that his steward's worryings had some foundation, but he comforts himself with the thought that he has only to ask aid from those who have enjoyed his bounty and that all their wealth will be at his disposal. Accordingly he dispatches his servants to them with requests for loans.

ACT III

His one-time friends all refuse to help him and even send to him demanding that he pay them certain small sums he owes them. Realizing the worthlessness of these men and to show his contempt of them, he invites them to a farewell banquet. When the dishes are uncovered they are seen to contain only warm water. Reproaching them for their ungratefulness he throws the water in their faces and hurls the dishes at them, driving them from the house.

ACT IV

After this last dinner, Timon leaves Athens and goes to the woods to live "where he shall find the unkindest beast more kinder than mankind." One day in digging roots for food, he finds some buried gold, but it gives him no pleasure. As he is looking at it, an Athenian named Alcibiades, who had been banished, passes that way to make war on the city. Timon gives him some of the gold to pay his soldiers, not because he loves Alcibiades, but because he desires to see Athens punished. Flavius seeks out his old master, who acknowledges his former servant as the one honest man in the world and bestows on him some of his gold, but tells him never to let him see him again.

ACT V

As Alcibiades approaches Athens, the senators remember Timon and send a delegation, asking him to return to the city and to take the captaincy of all their forces with absolute power. So they hope to drive back Alcibiades, but Timon answers them that he cares not if Alcibiades sack fair Athens, and that he has no pity either for old age or for youth. Unable to win his aid, the senators return to Athens, which place they are soon forced to surrender to Alcibiades. As the city falls word is brought the conqueror of Timon's death.

THE LIFE OF
TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Athens. · A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweler, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Aye, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweler.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,

To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

15–17. Former editors have thought it needful to inform the reader that these three lines are the beginning of the poem which the speaker afterwards describes. The information, whether needful or not, is doubtless correct. As the Poet strikes up the rehearsal of his lines without bespeaking any listener, this puts the Painter upon supposing him to be in a rapture. Perhaps the reader would like to be told further, that the sudden discharge of poetry arrests the speech of the Jeweler.—H. N. H.

21. The original has,—"Our Poesie is as a *Gowne,* which *uses";* from which no sense can be gathered. The substitution of *oozes* is by Dr. Johnson. What follows shows that the word, whichever it be, is meant to convey the idea of *spontaneous* production; not *forced,* as the fire from the flint.—H. N. H.

"gum, which oozes"; Johnson's reading; Ff. read *"gown which uses";* Pope, *"gum which issues."*—I. G.

24–25. *"flies Each bound it chafes";* Ff., *"chases";* Beckett conj. *"flies. Eche (bound) it chafes";* Schmidt, *"chafes with."*—I. G.

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

30–31. *"grace Speaks his own standing";* Johnson conj. *"standing . . . graces* or *grace Speaks understanding";* Mason conj. *"Grace Speaks its own standing";* Jackson conj. *"grace Speaks! 'tis one standing";* Orger conj. *"grace . . . seeming."*—I. G.

This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual *standing* or *carriage* of the original.—H. N. H.

34. *"interpret";* one might supply words to such intelligible action: the significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in *Cymbeline,* Act ii. sc. 4: "Never saw I pictures so likely to report themselves."—H. N. H.

37. *"tutors nature";* the excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature.—H. N. H.

40. *"happy man";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"happy men."*—I. G.

Pain. Look, moe!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as

45–46. *"my free drift halts not particularly";* my design does not stop at any particular character.—H. N. H.

47. *"sea of wax";* Bailey conj. *"sweep of taxing";* Collier MS., *"sea of verse,"* etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.—I. G.

It is difficult to make any intelligible sense out of this expression. *Sea of wax* is commonly interpreted as an allusion to the *waxen* tablets on which the ancients wrote; a custom not altogether laid aside in England till about the close of the fourteenth century. Mr. Singer explains it, more properly, as referring to the *limberness* of the speaker's matter; *wax* being the type of a "theme easily moulded to any drift, not rigidly fixed to one." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *wax* into *verse,* which strikes us as not unworthy of being considered; as *wax* was then commonly written *waxe,* and so might be misprinted for *verse.* In either case, the expression appears sufficiently strained and far-fetched; but perhaps the Poet meant something of burlesque, and so dashed the poetaster's language with absurdity.—H. N. H.

49–50. Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or 'levell'd' at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."—H. N. H.

Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

58. *"glass-faced"*; one who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The Poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.—H. N. H.

67. *"propagate their states"*; that is, to *improve* or *advance* their conditions.—H. N. H.

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Aye, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

82–83. *"through him drink the free air";* to *"drink the air,"* like the *haustos ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetic phrase for *draw the air,* or *breathe.* To *"drink the free air,"* therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only, to depend on him for the privilege of life.—H. N. H.

87. *"slip";* Ff., *"sit";* Delius conj. *"sink."*—I. G.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mess. Aye, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and free him.
Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.
Mess. All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!
Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well, what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Aye, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

128. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."—I. G.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

168. To *"unclew"* a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortune. To *unclew* is to unwind a ball of thread.—H. N. H.

170–171. *"Things of like value . . . masters";* are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.—H. N. H.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labor.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Aye.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

241. *"That I had no angry wit to be a lord";* Blackstone conj.

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Aye, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 250
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

"Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord"; Malone conj. *"That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!";* Anon. conj. *"That I had no ampler wit than be a lord";* Warburton, *"That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord"*; Heath conj. *"That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

We retain this vexatious line just as it stands in the original, though, we confess, unable to make any sense out of it. That the line is corrupt, all are agreed; but no two agree how to correct it. Divers changes have been proposed. Perhaps the best of all is that made by an unknown hand in a copy of the second folio owned by Mr. Singer,—"That I had *an empty* wit to be a lord"; the sense in this case being rendered something clearer thus,—"That, to be a lord, I had an empty wit"; not unlike the slang phrase which we have sometimes heard,—"As silly as a duke." It may be well to remark that Apemantus is giving the reason why he should hate himself, if he were a lord; and nothing were more characteristic than for him to assign as his reason, that, in order to be a lord, he must needs have been born a dunce. However, the sense seems hardly clear enough to warrant the change.—H. N. H.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270

Apem. Aye, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

269. Ritson says we should read,—"The *more* accursed thou."—H. N. H.

First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*
First Lord. He 's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
First Lord. I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, drop-

ping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honor'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there 's none
Can truly says he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

13. *"faults that are rich are fair";* that is, the faults of rich men, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.—Several speeches in this scene, that are commonly printed as verse, we print as prose, because they cannot possibly be made to run as verse save to the eye; neither the ear nor the mind being able to receive them as such.—H. N. H.

Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humor there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;'
but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him
have a table by himself; for he does neither
affect company, nor is he fit for 't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an
Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself
would have no power; prithee, let my meat
make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for
I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods,
what a number of men eat Timon, and he
sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many
dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the
madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:

22. *"confess'd it! hang'd it";* perhaps an allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged." —H. N. H.

29. *"ever angry";* the original has *"very* angry." The change was made by Rowe, and is clearly required by the sense. The misprint was common.—H. N. H.

Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that
sits next him now, parts bread with him,
pledges the breath of him in a divided
draught, is the readiest man to kill him:
't has been proved. If I were a huge man,
I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: This and my food are equals; there 's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.—I. G.

53. *"windpipe's dangerous notes";* "the windpipe's notes" were the sounds or motions made by the throat when in the act of drinking. It should be remembered that our ancestor's throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.—H. N. H.

53–54. We print this speech as it stands in the original, save that the closing couplet is there printed as prose. Modern editors commonly print it all as verse; but it is impossible to give it such a character save to the eye; and it is not pleasant to be told that we ought to read that as verse which is not so.—H. N. H.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our

73. *"sin"*; Farmer conj. *"sing"*; Singer conj. *"dine"*; Kinnear conj. *"surfeit."*—I. G.

zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

113. *"O joy,"* etc.; of course he refers to the tears which, at the moment of his speaking, fill his eyes, and so choke the joy that was just coming to the birth.—H. N. H.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.
Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.
Apem. Much! [*Tucket, within.*
Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!
Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?
Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.
Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;

123. *"Much!";* was sometimes used ironically, or as an exclamation of scorn.—H. N. H.

132–137. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.—I. G.

135–136. *"th' ear . . . rise";* the original reads, *"There* tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise." The correction, perhaps we should say restoration, of the text is Warburton's. The changing of *there* into *the ear* and of *all* into *smell* is necessary in order to make out the "five senses"; four of which are to be gratified at Timon's table, and the other, sight, by the forthcoming mask.—H. N. H.

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're beloved. 140

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

139. *"Music, make their welcome";* Pope reads *"Let musick make their welcome";* Capell, *"Musick, make known their welcome."*—I. G.

140. *"a mask of Ladies";* the Masques, or entertainments in disguise, by members of the Court, were in full vogue at this time. First brought into England from Italy, in Henry VIII's reign, they had received a sudden accession of outward splendor and intrinsic worth in the hands of Ben Jonson, to whose verse Inigo Jones, Alfonso Ferrabosco, John Dowland, and Thomas Gills furnished machinery, music, and dances. Shakespeare has introduced them twice elsewhere, in *Hen. VIII* and *The Tempest,*—both within a few years of the date of *Timon.*—C. H. H.

142. Shakespeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* 1583: *"Dauncers* thought to be *madmen."* "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." And again: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."—H. N. H.

143-144. *"The glory of this life"* is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher feeding on oil and roots.—H. N. H.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

158. So in the original. Modern editions commonly insert *lively'* before *luster,* from the second folio.—H. N. H.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humor;
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honor me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

172. An equivoque is probably intended here between *having money* and *being crossed* or *thwarted;* certain coin being in the Poet's time stamped with a *cross* on one side.—H. N. H.

173. That is, so as to be able to see or foresee the evils and miseries that follow.—H. N. H.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee: I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honor, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Aye, defiled land, my lord.
First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—
Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!
First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honor and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*
Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.
Apem. No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper

shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate,

9. *"it foals me straight";* we have the same thought, differently expressed, before: "No gift to him but *breeds* the giver a return exceeding all use of quittance."—H. N. H.

10. *"And able horses";* so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"An able horse";* Theobald, *"ten able horse";* Jackson conj. *"Aye, able horses";* Collier MS., *"a stable o' horses";* Singer conj. *"Two able horses."*—I. G.

"no porter," etc.; *sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, "a porter tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn of countinauns."* And in Dekker's play of *A Knight's Conjuring:* "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's *porter* is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at lordes gates. Yet hee's *surly* as those key-turners are."—H. N. H.

But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honor him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

13. *"found his state in safety";* Hanmer's reading; Ff., *"sound . . ."*; Capell, *"found . . . on safety";* Capell conj. *"find . . . in safety."*—I. G.

22. *"fracted dates"* are bonds that have run past their *date* unpaid, and so are *broken.*—H. N. H.

30. To catch the full sense of this line, the reader should remember that in the Poet's time *"his"* was continually used for *its,* as in the English Bible; *its* not being then a legitimate word.—H. N. H.

Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt*

Scene II

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money? 10

32. *"which"* for *who;* referring to *Timon,* not to *gull.*—H. N. H.
6. *"Was to be";* Heath conj. *"Was made to be";* Long MS., *"Was";* Mason conj. *"Was formed";* Singer MS., *"Was truly";* Collier MS., *"Was surely."*—I. G.
10. *"Varro";* servants were often addressed by the name of their masters.—H. N. H.

Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

14. *"we 'll forth again";* that is, to hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592: "He means this *evening* in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.—H. N. H.

20. *"To the succession,"* etc.; to the time of the new moon.—C. H. H.

23. *"suit";* accord.—C. H. H.

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I 'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

38. The original reads,—"With clamorous demands of *debt,* broken bonds." The emendation is Malone's. *Date-broke bonds* agrees well with *fracted dates,* in the preceding scene. The occurrence of *debts* in the next line is much in favor of the change.—H. N. H.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.
Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?
Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such

69. "*Gramercies*"; this word, from the French *grand merci*, meaning literally *great thanks*, is commonly used in the singular, as a few lines below.—H. N. H.

71–73. Evidently alluding to the old method of *scalding* chickens, to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*."—The character of the

chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

Corinthian women was such that the name came to signify a prostitute. *"Corinth"* is here used for a house of ill fame.—H. N. H.

75. *"mistress"*; (so l. 107).—I. G.

All Serv. Aye; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Aye, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou are not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

119. *"artificial one";* meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of.—H. N. H.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.
Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*
Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

137. *"rated"*; calculated.—C. H. H.
142. The construction is, "And made that unaptness your minister." —H. N. H.

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now' time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

153. *"loved lord"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"dear lov'd lord"*; S. Walker conj. *"belov'd."*—I. G.

154. Ff. read *"Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The"*; Hanmer, *"Though . . . yet now's too late a time"*; Collier MS., *"Though . . . yet now's a time too late."*—I. G.

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

173. *"wasteful cock";* Pope reads *"lonely room";* Collier MS., *"wasteful nook";* Jackson conj. *"wakeful cock";* Jervis conj. *"wakeful couch";* Keightley, *"wasteful cock-loft";* Daniel conj. *"wakeful cot";* Jackson's conjecture seems best, *"wakeful cock," i. e.* "cock-loft," unless *"cock"*=wine-tap.—I. G.

This passage has greatly puzzled the commentators and put them upon divers strange explanations. Nares in his Glossary has doubtless given the right explanation; taking *cock* to mean the common instrument for drawing liquor from a cask. Mr. Dyce says,—"One thing is quite clear,—that *wasteful cock* can only mean 'a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.'" The reference, we have no doubt, is to the "spilth of wine" mentioned just before, which was kept running to waste by the owner's prodigality. The thoughts started in such a place would naturally set the good servant's "eyes at flow."—H. N. H.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honor to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he 's stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat

your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou

21. *"fifty talents";* the Greek gold talent was worth about $1200. But the writer clearly intended coin of much smaller value (prob. the English pound).—C. H. H.

comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,

49. *"solidares";* Steevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the Poet." We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari,* or *soldi,* a small coin. —H. N. H.

53. *"And we alive that lived"; i. e.* in so short a time.—I. G.

58. *"Let molten coin be thy damnation"; cp.* the old ballad, *"The Dead Man's Song":—*

"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats."—I. G.

One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old was, to have melted gold poured down their throats. In the old *Shepherd's Calendar* Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal.—H. N. H.

62–63. *"slave, Unto his honor";* Steevens' reading; Ff., *"Slave unto his honor";* Pope, *"slave Unto this hour";* Collier MS., *"slave*

Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part
of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

Scene II

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that

unto his humor"; Staunton, *"slave Unto dishonor"*; but the words are probably spoken ironically.—I. G.

Lucullus, it is insinuated, is a slave who had been honored by admission to Timon's feasts.—C. H. H.

69. *"prolong his hour"*; that is, prolong his *hour* of suffering. Thus Timon in a future passage says, "Live loath'd and *long?*" And in *Coriolanus,* Menenius says to the Volscian sentinel, "Be that you are, *long,* and your misery increase with your age.—H. N. H.

not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honorable man! there was very little honor showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and suchlike trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor. My honored lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

13. *"so many";* changed by Theobald to *"fifty";* so, too, in line 43; but the figures are very doubtful, and *"fifty-five hundred talents,"* in l. 45, is obviously a mere exaggeration.—I. G.

A common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted *"fifty* talents."—H. N. H.

26. *"mistook him,"* etc., *i. e.* "made the mistake and applied to me"; Hanmer, *"o'erlooked";* Warburton, *"mislook'd";* Johnson conj. *"not mistook."*—I. G.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord

43. *"so many"*; such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted *"fifty* talents." But this was the phraseology of the Poet's age.—H. N. H.

55. *"for a little part"*; Theobald, *"for a little dirt"*; Hanmer, *"a little dirt"*; Heath conj. *"for a little profit"*; Johnson conj. *"for a little park"*; Mason conj. *"for a little port"*; Jackson conj. *"for a little part"*; Bailey conj. *"for a little sport"*; Kinnear conj. *"for a little pomp."* Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honor, I have lost the more honorable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."—I. G.

Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness;
but I would not, for the wealth of Athens,
I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Aye, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—

76. *"spirit,"* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"sport";* Collier MS., *"port."*—I. G.

He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
Third Stran. Religion groans at it.
First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

85. *"in respect of his";* Staunton conj. *"this."*—I. G.
That is, "in respect of his *fortune.*" What Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.—H. N. H.

94. The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me any thing, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best half of it."—H. N. H.

Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

12. *"Thrive, give him over";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"That thriv'd, give him over";* Pope, *"Three give him over?";* Hanmer, *"Tried give him over";* Theobald, *"Thriv'd, give him over?";* Tyrwhitt conj. *"Shriv'd give him over:";* Johnson conj. *"Thrice give him over,"* etc. —I. G.

14. *"sense";* Collier conj. *"'scuse."*—I. G.

I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;

29. *"crossed himself";* defeated his own purpose.—C. H. H.

31. *"villainies . . . set him clear";* Ritson's explanation of this passage is undoubtedly the right one: "The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this,—that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom."—H. N. H.

33–34. *"those that under . . . zeal";* Warburton thinks that this is leveled at the Puritans. "Sempronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any other be applied to before it."—H. N. H.

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Aye, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Laboring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

43. That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.—H. N. H.

Luc. Serv. Aye, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that
Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

12. "*a prodigal course . . .*"; that is, like him in blaze and splendor.—H. N. H.

15–17. Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.—H. N. H.

First. Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal 'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Aye,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

31–33. The meaning is, "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else surely *my master's* loan had equaled his."—H. N. H.

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their glutton-
ous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Aye, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cash- 60
iered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord 70
leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

70. "Here, as in Lear and Constance, the poet takes care to mark the concurrence of physical with moral causes of insanity. Mere bodily disease is no subject for dramatic representation; and the fact of its existence is lightly enough indicated; but it is indicated, and that is sufficient to preserve the exact natural verisimilitude of the diseased mind's history" (Dr. Bucknill, *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*, p. 247).—C. H. H.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Ser. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? 80
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.
Hor. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills. 90
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.

91. Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills;* he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes.—H. N. H.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so. My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all: I 'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,

113. *"Sempronius: all:";* so Ff. 3, 4; F. 1, *"Sempronius Vllorxa: All";* F. 2, *"Semprovius: All";* Malone, *"Sempronius: Ullorxa, all";* Grant White suggested that *"Vllorxa"* was a misprint for *"Ventidius."*—I. G.

I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honor in him which buys out his fault—

14. *"setting his fate aside";* that is, putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.—H. N. H.

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarreling
Upon the head of valor; which indeed
Is valor misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

22. "behave his anger, ere 'twas spent"; Ff., *"behooue his . . .";* Johnson conj. *"behold his adversary shent";* Steevens conj. *"behave, ere was his anger spent";* Beckett conj. *"behave; his anger was, 'ere spent";* Hanmer; *"behave in's . . .";* Malone conj. *"behave his . . .";* Collier MS., *"reprove his . . .,"* etc.—I. G.

The original has,—"He did *behoove* his anger"; an evident misprint. The emendation is Warburton's; meaning, of course, govern, manage, or control his anger, as in the phrase, *"behave* yourself." *Behave* was not unfrequently used in that manner. Thus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene:*

> "But who his limbs with labors, and his mind
> *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easie miss."

Likewise, in Davenant's *Just Italian,* 1630: "How well my stars *behave* their influence." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *behave* into *reprove,* and *prov'd,* in the next line, into *mov'd.* Mr. Singer suggests *behood,* from the Poet's well-known fondness for terms of falconry. We follow the reading commonly received.—H. N. H.

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defense, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

54. *"sin's extremest gust";* the most violent and outrageous of sins. —C. H. H.

55. *"by mercy";* that is, I call *mercy* herself to witness.—H. N. H.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
First Sen. What 's that?
Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valor did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valor prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.
First Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love

63. *"I say, my lords, has"*; Pope reads *"I say my lords h'as"*; F. 1, *"Why say my Lords ha's"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Why I say my Lords ha's"*; F. 4, *"Why, I say my Lords h'as"*; Capell, *"Why, I say, my lords, he has"*; Dyce, *"Why, I say, my lords, has"*; Globe edd., *"I say, my lords, he has."*—I. G.

68. *"sworn rioter"*; that is, a man who practices riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.—H. N. H.

Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honors to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

102. *"And, not to swell our spirit," i. e.* "not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated"; Theobald, *"And note, to swell your spirit";* Capell, *"And, not to swell your spirit";* Singer, *"quell";* Kinnear, *"quail."*—I. G.

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

105. *"Only in bone," i. e.* "as a mere skeleton"; Staunton conj. *"Only at home,"* or *"Only in doors";* Ingleby conj. *"only in bed";* Hudson conj. *"only alone."*—I. G.

116. *"most lands";* Warburton, *"most hands";* Malone conj. *"most lords";* Mason conj. *"my stains";* Becket conj. *"most brands";* Jackson conj. *"most bands."*—I. G.

By *"'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds,"* Alcibiades means, as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honorable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.
First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.
Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.
First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
Sec. Lord. Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

4. *"tiring"*; to *tire* is to peck at or feed upon, as a bird of prey on its victim.—H. N. H.

First Lord. A thousand pieces.
Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!
First Lord. What of you?
Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?
First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.
Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.
Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.
First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.
Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.
Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—
Tim. Aye, my good friend, what cheer?
Sec. Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.
Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

37–38. *"harshly o' the trumpet's"*; Rowe, *"harshly as o' the Trumpets"*; Steevens (1793), *"harshly on the trumpet's"*; Grant White conj. *"harshly. O, the trumpets,"* etc.—I. G.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

73. *"each man to his stool";* this alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly *placed* at table *according* to rank.—H. N. H.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

104. *"you with flatteries";* so Ff.; Warburton, *"with your flatteries";* Keightley, *"by you with flatteries";* F. 2 reads *"flatreries";* S. Walker conj. *"flattery."*—I. G.

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy.
[*Throwing the water in their faces.*
Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon 's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel

119. This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.—H. N. H.

th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?

Third. Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let 's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

132. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *"stones"* should be thus mentioned in this place. The missiles used may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for that article. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject of Timon lately published from the manuscript by Mr. Dyce, who thinks it to have been "intended for the amusement of an academic audience." In this play, also, Timon invites his false friends to a feast; but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupt, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,

1–3. We concur with Knight and Verplanck in pointing this passage as it is in the original. All other modern editions, so far as we know, set a period after *wolves,* thus:

> "Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
> That girdlest in those wolves. Dive in the earth," etc.

As we now give it, Timon first addresses the city generally, and then goes on to the particulars of his imprecation. As Knight remarks, "there is much greater force and propriety in the arrangement which we adopt."—H. N. H.

6. *"general filths"* means *common strumpets:* filthiness and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.—H. N. H.

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find

21. *"let"*; Hanmer's emendation of Ff., *"yet."*—I. G.

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live

33–36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *or* into *as* in the first line, adds the words, *and revive,* after *friendship* in the second, leaves out *what* in the third, and changes *compounds* into *comprehends;* thus turning the four lines into two rhyming couplets. Besides the very great license exercised on the text, we can see no reason (rhyme

But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still.

[*Exit.*

there is, we grant) in the use of *and revive* in this place. The best suggestion we have met with touching the passage is Mr. Singer's, thus:

> "Who'd be so mock'd with glory *as* to live
> But in a dream of friendship? *or* to have
> His pomp, and all what state compounds,
> But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?"—H. N. H.

35. *"what state compounds";* S. Walker conj. *"state comprehends";* Grant White conj. *"that state compounds";* Watkiss Lloyd conj. *"whate'er state comprehends."*—I. G.

That which composes state. "State comprehends" has been suggested, rhyming with "friends"; but the rhymes are too irregular to justify any change.—C. H. H.

Scene III

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honor.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,

2. *"thy sister's orb"*; that is, the moon's.—H. N. H.

6–8. *"not nature . . . of nature"*; "Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures, above whom accident has elevated them." *But* is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.—H. N. H.

9. *"deny't"*; Warburton, *"denude"*; Hanmer, *"degrade"*; Heath conj. *"deprive"*; Steevens conj. *"devest"*; Collier MS., *"decline,"* etc.; the indefinite *"it"* refers to the implied noun in *"raise," i. e.* "give elevation to."—I. G.

12. *"pasture lards the rother's sides"*; *"rother,"* Singer's emendation for Ff. *"brothers."* F. 1, *"Pastour"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"pastor"*; Farmer and Steevens conj. *"pasterer"*: *"lards"*; Rowe's reading, F. 1, *"Lards"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Lords."*—I. G.

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,

The reading of the original in this place has caused a deal of perplexity, it being as follows:

> "It is the Pastour Lards, the *Brothers* sides,
> The want that makes him *leave.*"

Leave has on all hands been regarded as a misprint for *lean;* but what to do with *"brother's* sides," has been the difficulty. Warburton proposed *"wether's* sides," but the proposal did not take. *Rother* was suggested by Mr. Singer in a letter published in the *Athenæum* for April, 1842. A *rother* is a horned beast, such as oxen and cows. In Golding's translation of *Ovid,* 1567, is found the expression, "herds of *rother*-beasts." The word *rother* is also met with in the statute-book. And Holloway's *General Provincial Dictionary* informs us of a market in Shakespeare's native town, called the *"rother* market." It is not easy to conceive of any similar change more satisfactory, or better sustained.—H. N. H.

15. *"This man"* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in *As You Like It:*

> "Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
> When such a one as she, such is her neighbor."—H. N. H.

I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

27. No insincere or inconstant supplicant: *gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*.—H. N. H.

31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus,* makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.—H. N. H.

32. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.—H. N. H.

38. *"wappen'd";* so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"wapen'd";* Warburton, *"waped";* Johnson conj. *"wained";* Malone conj. *"wapper'd";* Anon. conj. *"Wapping";* Steevens conj. *"weeping";* Seymour conj. *"vapid";* Staunton conj. *"woe-pin'd";* Fleay, *"wop-eyed"; i. e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).—I. G.

It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage: perhaps *worn out, debilitated.* In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen,* we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense:

"We prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers: we come toward the gods

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Young and *unwapper'd,* not halting under crimes
Many and stale."

Grose, in his provincial *Glossary,* cites *wapper'd* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it "restless or fatigued, as spoken of a sick person." Steevens cites a passage from Middleton's *Roaring Girl,* in which *wappening* and *niggling* are said to be all one. *Niggling,* in cant language, was company-keeping with a woman. *Wed* is used for *wedded.* "It is gold that induces some one to accept in marriage this 'wappen'd widow,' that the inhabitants of a spital-house or those afflicted with ulcerous sores would *cast the gorge* at, that is, reject with loathing, were she not gilded o'er by wealth."—H. N. H.

41. *"April day"; youth* is called by the old poets the *"April* of man's life." *Young* Fenton, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* "smells April and May."—H. N. H.

44. *"Do thy right nature";* that is, lie in the earth, where nature laid thee: *"thou'rt quick,"* means thou hast life and motion in thee.—H. N. H.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

64–65. This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infecter free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee."—H. N. H.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

87. The *"diet"* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in the secases. In this scene we trace the Poet's reading to Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades,* North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence, as shown in our Introduction, the other materials of the play were drawn. For the showing of this, the following from Plutarch will suffice: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his

Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honourably as she could."—H. N. H.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Aye, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

106. *"conquer my country";* Kinnear conj. *"confound my countrymen";* Hanmer, *"make conquest of my country";* Capell, *"conquer thy own country";* S. Walker conj. *"scourge thy country";* Hudson, *"scourge my country."*—I. G.

108. *"planetary plague";* the result of being "struck" by a planet. —C. H. H.

116. *"window-bars";* Johnson conj. Ff., *"window Barn";* Pope, *"window-barn";* Warburton, *"window-lawn";* Tyrwhitt conj. *"widow's barb."*—I. G.

"By *'window-bars'* the Poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their *paps,'* sometimes called a *niced,* and translated *Mamillare* or *fascia pectoralis;* and described as made of fine linen: from its semi-transparency arose the simile of *window* bars. This is the best explanation I have to offer. Mr. Boswell thought that *windows* was

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

used to signify a *woman's breasts,* in a passage he has cited from Weaver's *Plantagenet's Tragical Story,* but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, 'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber' " (Singer). —H. N. H.

120. *"think it a bastard";* an allusion to the tale of Œdipus.—H. N. H.

122. *"swear against objects";* that is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida,* Ulysses says: "For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to tender *objects."*—H. N. H.

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant; you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 141
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

133–134. That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."—H. N. H.

143–144. *"yet may . . . contrary";* the meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it: "Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.—H. N. H.

144. *"thatch your poor thin roofs";* the fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses,* says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World my Masters,*

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There 's more gold:

1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair,* is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf:*

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead,* yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

We have already met with several instances showing the Poet's mind towards this custom.—H. N. H.

153. *"spurring";* Hanmer, *"sparring";* Long MS., *"spurning";* Seymour conj. *"springing";* there is no need to emend the text.—I. G.

159. To *"foresee his particular"* is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.—H. N. H.

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

177. *"Common mother";* this image, (as Warburton ingeniously supposes) would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.—H. N. H.

179. *"mettle";* material.—C. H. H.

181–183. *"adder blue,"* etc.; the adder, the only poisonous English snake, is earth-colored; by blue is probably meant "livid." The

The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

blind-worm is not venomous, but was currently believed to be so.—C. H. H.

183. *"crisp"* was formerly synonymous with *curled.* Here the word seems to be used in the sense of *arched* or *vaulted;* unless it be understood as referring to the appearance of the clouds; as in *The Tempest* we have *"curl'd* clouds," and in *King Lear "curled* waters."—H. N. H.

191. *"marbled";* eternal, enduring. The sky was conceived as a solid framework or "firmament."—C. H. H.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,

202. *"infected"*; so in the original, which modern editions commonly change to *affected*. *Infected* probably means *poisoned* by adversity and disappointment. Timon's misanthropy was not affected or put on: it was real, though superinduced, not indigenous.—H. N. H.

215. *"bade"*; F. 1, *"bad"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"bid."*—I. G.

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

223. *"moss'd"*; the original has *"moist trees."* which is strangely retained by Knight and Collier. The spelling of *moss'd* would have been *mosst;* so that scarce any misprint were easier. The words, "That have outliv'd the eagle," show *moss'd* to be the right epithet. So, in *As You Like It,* we find Orlando sleeping "under an old oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age."—H. N. H.

225. *"when"*; S. Walker conj. *"where."*—I. G.

Apem. Aye.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

243. *"Outlives incertain";* Rowe's emendation; F. 1 reads *"Outlives: incertaine";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Out-lives: in certaine";* Hanmer, *"Outstrips incertain";* Capell, *"Out-vies uncertain."*—I. G.

"before" in the sense of sooner.—To have wishes *"crowned"* is to have them *completed,* to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.—H. N. H.

249. *"by his breath"* means by his *voice,* that is, his *suffrage.*—H. N. H.

254. *"drugs";* Ff. 1, 2, *"drugges";* Mason conj. *"drudges";* Collier MS., *"dugs";* Capell conj. MS. *"dregs"; "drugs"*="*drudges.*"—I. G.

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Aye, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

275–276. "Dryden has quoted two verses of *Virgil* to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised

283. *"my"*; Rowe's correction of Ff., *"thy."*—I. G.

for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Aye, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Aye, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accursed by the ass:

313. *"after his means," i. e.* "after his means were gone."—I. G.

if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defense absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will

341. *"wert thou the unicorn";* alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy.—H. N. H.

346. *"wert thou a leopard";* this seems to imply that the lion "bears, like the Turk, no *brother* near the throne."—H. N. H.

349. *"remotion"* seems to be used in the sense of solitary remoteness.—H. N. H.

fear to catch it, and give way: when I know
not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a
beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I 'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I
shall lose a stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love
nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Aye.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*]
I am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort
of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and

the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 420 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want. 430

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

431. *"meat";* Theobald, *"meet"* (*i. e.* "what you ought to be"); Hanmer, *"men";* Steevens conj. *"me,"* etc.—I. G.

432–436. *"Behold, the earth hath roots,"* etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires, III,* 1 (pub. 1598):—

> *"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* etc.—I. G.

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,

434. *"mast";* a term for the edible fruit of forest trees, usually applied to the beech-nut.—C. H. H.

436. *"mess";* portion of food.—C. H. H.

440. *"thanks I must you con";* I must be thankful to you for it.—C. H. H.

449. *"villainy";* Rowe's correction of Ff. 1, 2, *"villaine."*—I. G.

452. *"moon";* Theobald, *"mounds";* Capell, *"earth";* Tollet conj. *"main."*—I. G.

The moon is called the *moist* star in *Hamlet,* and the Poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides.* The *watery beams* of the moon are

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

spoken of in *Romeo and Juliet.* The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears,* in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern.—H. N. H.

Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honor
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

483. *"wish'd";* that is, desired. *"Friends"* and *"enemies"* here mean those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity.* The proverb "Defend me from my *friends,* and from my *enemies* I will defend myself," is a sufficient comment on this passage.—H. N. H.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness.
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee.
I fell with curses.

509. *"dangerous nature mild";* Thirlby conj.; Ff., *"wild";* Becket conj. *"nature dangerous-wild";* Jackson conj. *"dolorous nature wild."* —I. G.

The old copy reads, "It almost turns my dangerous nature *wild.*" The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's *dangerous* nature is his *savage wildness,* a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. It would be idle to talk of turning a "dangerous nature wild"; the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.—H. N. H.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honor'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free: 551
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumor hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity; 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in

"Enter Poet and Painter"; the Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But, as Malone observes, Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *he* and the *audience* knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.—H. N. H.

Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

34. "*Timon comes . . .*"; modern editions until Collier's make the entrance of Timon at the beginning of the act. Of course Timon, though still out of sight, has overheard the foregoing dialogue between the Poet and the Painter. It is also to be noted, that Timon continues unseen by the other speakers, and that what he says in this part of the scene is to be understood as spoken *aside*. As for what is said by Apemantus in the preceding scene,—"Yonder comes a poet and a painter," it is to be supposed that these latter, though then seen by Timon and Apemantus, did not see them. The original has no division of the acts; and the awkwardness of beginning Act v. as in modern editions was noted by Johnson; but no one has been able to hit upon a better place for the opening of it.—H. N. H.

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

39. *"a satire"*; the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.—H. N. H.

50. *"black-corner'd"*; *i. e.* "hiding things in dark corners"; Hanmer, *"black-corneted"*; Warburton conj. *"black-cornette"*; Farmer conj. MS. *"black-coroned"*; Mason conj. *"black-crowned"*; Jackson conj. *"dark-horned"*; Singer conj. *"black-curtain'd,"* etc.—I. G.

"Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned,* alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd,* and *black-cover'd.* It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd.* We have 'the blanket of the dark' in *Macbeth,* 'night's *black mantle*' in the Third Part of *King Henry VI,* and in the First Part of the same drama *'night* is fled, whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth.' I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a *dark corner*' is meant" (Singer).—H. N. H.

Tim. [*Aside*] I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's gold,
That he is worship'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you? 80
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth 91
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Aye, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he 's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there 's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment: hence!

115. The plain and simple meaning of this is, "where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you *arch villains*"; therefore a villain goes with you everywhere.—H. N. H.

120. *"You have work"*; so Ff.; Hanmer, *"You have work'd"*;

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.
First. Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.
Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Malone, *"You have done work"*; Steevens conj. *"You've work'd."*—I. G.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

140. *"as a cauterizing"*; Rowe's emendation; F. 1, *"as a Cantherizing"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"as a Catherizing"*; Pope, *"cauterizing"*; Capell, *"cancerizing."*—I. G.

151. *"general, gross"*: Pope's emendation of Ff., *"generall grosse"*; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, *"general-gross."*—I. G.

152. There is a good deal of grammatical confusion in this sentence, that might be remedied by changing *which* to *and*.—H. N. H.

155. *"sense . . . fail"*; the Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall [fail] by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.—H. N. H.

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed ren-
der,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense can weigh down by the dram;
Aye, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy sena-
tors.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with
us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good
name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

217. *"haste"*; Pope, *"taste"*; Warburton conj. MS., *"tatch"*; Collier MS., *"halter."*—I. G.

219. This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market place. See the Introduction.—H. N. H.

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably 231
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;

Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

7. *"whom,"* instead of *"who,"* owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, *"Who";* Hanmer, *"And";* Singer, *"When,"* etc.—I. G.

8. *"made a particular force";* Hanmer reads *"had . . . force";* Staunton conj. *"took . . . truce";* Bailey conj. *"had . . . force with,"* etc.—I. G.

"made"; this is perhaps an error due to the "made" in the next line. But it yields a fair sense: our old love formed a special influence which neutralized our political antagonism.—C. H. H.

Who 's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such

3–4. These words are in all porbability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change *"read"* into *"rear'd."* The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; "some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so" (*v.* Preface).—I. G.

7. *"figure"*; handwriting.—C. H. H.

As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

18. *"their";* refers to *griefs.*—H. N. H.

28. *"Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess";* Theobald's emendation ("extreme shame for their folly in banishing you

Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress

hath broke their hearts"); F. 1 reads "(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Shame* (*that they wanted cunning in excesse*)"; Johnson conj. "*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*"—I. G.

"*cunning*" is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom*.—H. N. H.

And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]
'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:

62. *"render'd to your";* the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; F. 1 reads *"remedied to your";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"remedied by your";* Pope, *"remedied by";* Johnson, *"remedied to";* Malone, *"remedy'd, to your";* Singer (ed. 2), *"remitted to your."*—I. G.

70–73. What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by the passage from North's *Plutarch* quoted in our Introduction. The reader will of course observe the

Seek not my name: a plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not
here thy gait.'
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,

inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying,—*"Seek not my name"*; the second,—*"Here lie I, Timon."* How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the Poet was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. See, however, the Introduction. In the *Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:

> "My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
> My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
> In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
> My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."
>
> —H. N. H.

The first two lines are a rendering of Timon's own epitaph; the last two were ascribed generally to the poet Callimachus. Lines 71–72 are contradictions. Both epitaphs, however, occur in close succession in the Plutarchian narrative, whence they were doubtless copied by the author without reflection.—C. H. H.

79. *"On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead"*; the reading of Ff.; Theobald reads *"On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead"*; Hanmer, *"On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead."* —I. G.

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred; (Hanmer, *"make himself abhorr'd"*); I. i. 60.

Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 257.

Advance, promote, raise to honor; I. ii. 181.

Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 231.

Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority; (Warburton, *"Hallow'd"*); V. i. 169.

All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 247.

Alteration; "a. of honor," *i. e.* change to dishonor; IV. iii. 478.

Ample, amply; I. ii. 140.

Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.

Argument, contents; II. ii. 189.

——, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.

Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.

Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.

Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.

Attend, await; III. v. 102.

Attends, awaits; I. ii. 164.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 164.

Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.

Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.

Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.

Becks, nods; I. ii. 251.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.

Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.

Best, that which can be most depended upon; (S. Walker conj. *"last"*); III. iii. 37.

Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.

Blood, temper; (Johnson conj. *"mood"*); IV. ii. 38.

Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.

Brain's flow, tears; (Hanmer, *"brine's flow"*); V. iv. 76.

Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.

Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.

Breathed, trained; ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course"); I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 126.

Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.

Bruit, rumor; V. i. 200.

By, according to; I. i. 171.

By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.

Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 367.

Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.

Caudle, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.

Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.

Character, writing; V. iii. 6.
Charge, commission; III. iv. 25.
Charitable; "ch. title," *i. e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 95.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 225.
Clear, pure; IV. iii. 27.
Close, (?) closely; IV. iii. 398.
Cock; "wasteful c.," (v. Note); II. ii. 173.
Cog, deceive; V. i. 98.
Coil, ado, confusion; I. ii. 250.
Cold-moving, distant; II. ii. 223.
Comes off well, *i. e.* is well done; I. i. 29.
Comfortable, comforting; IV. iii. 508.
Composture, compost; IV. iii. 456.
Compt; "in c.", *i. e.* for the computation of the interest due; (Ff., *"in. Come"*; Hanmer, *"in "count";* Keightley conj. *"in mind"*); II. i. 34.
Conceptious, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
Condition, (?) art; (perhaps *"would be well express'd in our c.,"*="would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
Conditions, inclinations (perhaps ="vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
Confectionary, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
Confound, destroy; IV. iii. 342.
Confounding, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
Confounding, ruinous; IV. iii. 402.
Confusion, destruction; IV. iii. 327.
——, ruin; V. iv. 52.
Con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 440.
Continuate, continual; I. i. 11.
Contraries, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
Convert, turn; IV. i. 7.
Corinth, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
Couch'd; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 183.
Counterfeit, portrait, likeness; V. i. 87.
Courage, disposition; III. iii. 24.
Crown'd, glorified; II. ii. 192.
Cunning, profession; IV. iii. 209.
Curiosity; scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

Date-broke, date-broken; (Ff., *"debt, broken"*; Malone, *"date-broken"*); II. ii. 38.
Dear, used intensively; IV. iii. 392.
Dear, extreme, desperate; V. i. 235.
Dearest, utmost; I. i. 124.
Dedicated; "a d. beggar to the air," *i. e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
Deed of saying, doing what one promises; (Pope reads *"deed"*); V. i. 30.
Defiled, used with a play upon *"pitch'd"* (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 Henry IV., II. iv. 415); I. ii. 243.
Depart, part; I. i. 264.
Depraved, slandered; I. ii. 149.
Depraves, slanders; I. ii. 149.
Deserts; "all d.," *i. e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
Dich, a corruption of *"do it,"* due to the phrase *"d'it yē"* (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 74.
Discharged, paid; II. ii. 12.
Discovery, disclosing; V. i. 40.
Disfurnish, deprive of means; III. ii. 52.

Dispraise, disparagement; I. i. 165.
Dividant, divided; IV. iii. 5.
Doit, the smallest coin, a trifle; I. i. 217.
Doubt, fear; I. ii. 163.
Doubtfully, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
Draught, sink; V. i. 109.

Earnest, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
Embossed, tumid, swollen; V. i. 224.
Entertain, use, employ; IV. iii. 506.
Ever, always; (Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"very"*); I. ii. 29.
Exceptless, making no exception; IV. iii. 512.

Fail, offense; (Capell's reading; Ff., *"fall"*; Hanmer, *"fault"*); V. i. 155.
Fall; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 216.
Falling-from, falling off; (Pope, *"falling off"*); IV. iii. 412.
Fang, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
Fate, evil destiny; (Warburton conj. *"fault"*); III. v. 14.
Feeders, parasites; II. ii. 170.
Fees, property; (Warburton conj. *"foes"*; Singer, *"lees"*); III. vi. 91.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 18.
Fierce, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
Files, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
Flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
Flood, sea, ocean; V. i. 223.
Flush, in its full vigor; V. iv. 8.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 66.
For, because; III. v. 80.
——, of; V. i. 12.
Forth on, onward; I. i. 49.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
Fractions, broken sentences; II. ii. 222.
Frame, plan; IV. iii. 262.
Framed, moulded, shaped; V. i. 130.
Frankly, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 190.
Free, liberal; II. ii. 244.
From, from among; I. ii. 96.
——, away from; IV. iii. 543.

German, akin; IV. iii. 347.
Girdlest in, dost surround; (Ff., *"girdles"*); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 237.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older; (Theobald, *"goes"*); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe;* II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 223.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 29.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.

Harness, armor; I. ii. 54.
Having, possessions; II. ii. 155.
Heart; "in h.," heartily; *i. e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. *"your health"*); I. ii. 55.
Heaven, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 269.
Hew to, shape by cutting; (Daniel conj. *"hew out"*); V. iv. 46.
Hinge, bend; IV. iii. 211.
His, its; I. i. 31.
Hoar, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
Hold, continue; II. i. 12.
Hold taking, bear handling; I. ii. 163.
Honesty, liberality, bounty; III. i. 32.
Horrid, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
Hoy-day, hey-day; I. ii. 141.
Humor, caprice; (Ff. 1, 2, *"humors"*); III. vi. 124.
Hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 262.
Husbandry, good management, economy; II. ii. 166.
Hyperion, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

Idle, trifling; I. ii. 164.
——, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
Importunacy, importunity; II. ii. 42.
Incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
Incontinent, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
Infected, diseased; (Rowe, *affected"*); IV. iii. 202.
Inferr'd, alleged; III. v. 73.
Infinite, (?) numberless; (Grant White conj. *"infectious"*); III. vi. 111.
Influence (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 69.
Ingeniously, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 232.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
Innocence, (?) want of spirit; (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 199.
Intending, pretending; II. ii. 221.
Ira furor brevis est, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
It, its; V. i. 155.

Keep his house, remain within the house; III. iii. 43.

Lag, lowest class; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"legge"*; Anon *ap.* Rann conj. *"tag"*); III. vi. 92.
Late, lately; II. i. 1.
Lay for, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
Leak'd, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
Leech, physician; V. iv. 84.
Legs, used with play upon (i) limbs, (ii) bowing; I. ii. 252.
Length; "at l.", at last; II. ii. 160.
Level'd, aimed; I. i. 47.
Liberty, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
Limited, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 443.
Lined, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
Lively, to the life; V. i. 89.
Loaden, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

Made-up, complete, perfect; V. i. 105.
Make, do; III. v. 46.
Many, many of; III. vi. 11.
Marrow, vigor; V. iv. 9.
Mean; "mean eyes", *i. e.* eyes of inferiors; (Theobald conj. *"men's"*); I. i. 93.
Means, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.

Meddler, used with quibble upon *"medlar"*; IV. iii. 309.
Medlar, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
Meed, merit; I. i. 288.
Men, human beings; IV. iii. 543.
Merely, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
Mind, magnanimity; I. ii. 174.
Minion, favorite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
Minute-jacks, time-servers; (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 110.
Misanthropos, hater of mankind; (F. 1, *"misantropos"*); IV. iii. 53.
Moe, more; I. i. 41.
Monstrous, unnatural; V. i. 95.
Moss'd, overgrown with moss; (Ff. 1, 2, *"moyst"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"moist"*); IV. iii. 223.
Motives, authors; V. iv. 27.
Multiplying, increasing; IV. i. 34.
Mysteries, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

Natural, used probably in double sense, (i) genuine, (ii) a fool; V. i. 92.
Nature, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.
Near, nearly; I. ii. 189.
Neighbor, neighboring; IV. iii. 94.

Objects, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
Occasion, necessity; III. ii. 27.
Occasions, engagements; III. vi. 11.
Offices, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 169.
On, at; I. i. 141.
——, in; IV. iii. 101.
Ope, open; V. iv. 47.
Operant, active; IV. iii. 25.
Opulency, opulence, riches; V. i. 41.
Ort, remnant; IV. iii. 410.
Out, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
Outgoes, exceeds; I. i. 285.
Owed; "o. to you", held at your service; I. i. 151.

Pack, be off; V. i. 119.
Page, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
Painfully; "thou hast p. discovered;" *i. e.* "thou hast to our distress discovered"; V. ii. 1.
Paper, bonds, deeds; (Warburton, *"proper"*; Hanmer *"perpetuum"*; Kinnear conj. *"person"*; Becket conj. *"pauper"*); I. ii. 262.
Part, particular business; (S. Walker conj. *"pact"*); V. i. 127.
——, side, part; "in general p.," "in the public cause"; V. ii. 7.
——, depart; IV. ii. 21.
Particular, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
Particularly; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
Parts, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
——, virtues; III. v. 76.
Passes, surpasses; (Jackson conj. *"surpasses"*); I. i. 12.
Passion, violent emotion; III. i. 62.
Patchery, "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 103.
Pawn, pledge; I. i. 147.
Perfect; "for ever p.," "arrived

at the perfection of happiness"; I. ii. 90.

Perfection, highest excellence; (?) "perfect image"; III. vi. 103.

Perfumes; "diseased p."="diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.

Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.

Personating, representing; V. i. 38.

Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.

Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 216.

Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.

Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.

Preferr'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.

Present; "p. slaves," *i. e.* immediate slaves; (S. Walker conj. *"peasant slaves"*); I. i. 71.

Presentment; "upon the heels of my p.," "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.

Proof, test; II. ii. 168.

——, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.

Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.

Prosperous, favorable; V. i. 190.

Protest, vow; IV. iii. 449.

Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 18.

Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.

Push, pshaw!; (Theobald, *"Psha"*; Hanmer, *"Pish"*); III. vi. 121.

Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.

Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.

Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 408.

Quittance, requital; I. i. 291.

Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.

Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.

Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 64.

Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 70.

Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 482.

Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.

Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.

Remembrance; "better r.," *i. e.* remembrance of better things; III. vi. 52.

Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.

Remotion, non-appearance, absence; (Grant White conj. *"motion"*); IV. iii. 349.

Render, statement, confession; V. i. 156.

Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.

Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.

Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.

Requite, repay; IV. iii. 539.

Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 85.

Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 9.

Restraining, withholding; V. i. 155.

Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.

Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.

Rother's, ox's; (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Ff., *"Brothers"*; Rowe, *"beggar's"*;

Warburton, *"weather's"*; Farmer conj. *"broader"*; etc.); IV. iii. 12.

Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.

Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.

Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.

Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.

Scope; "conceived to s.," *i. e.* "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Ff., *"conceyu'd, to scope"*; Theobald, *"conceiv'd to th' scope"*); I. i. 72.

Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 187.

Seen; "is my lord s. yet," *i. e.* to be seen; III. iv. 9.

Semblable, like; IV. iii. 20.

Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 215.

Set; "s. so only to himself," *i. e.* "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 124.

Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.

Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 168.

Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 418.

Sinner, a cause of sin; I. ii. 60.

Smooth'd, flattered; IV. iii. 17.

So, if only; V. iv. 48.

Solidares, small pieces of money; III. i. 49.

Something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.

Sour, bitter; (Rowe's emendation; Ff., *"four"*; S. Walker conj. *"your"*); V. i. 227.

Spilth, spilling; II. ii. 171.

Spirit, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.

Spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.

Square, suitable; V. iv. 36.

Starve, paralyze; (Ff. 1, 2, *"sterue"*); I. i. 257.

States, estates; I. i. 67.

Still, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 531.

Stint, stop; V. iv. 83.

Stout, strong; IV. iii. 32.

Strain, race; I. i. 259.

——, quality; IV. iii. 213.

Strait, strict; I. i. 96.

Strange, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.

Strife, emulation; I. i. 37.

Sufferance, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.

Suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 529.

Swath; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make; V. i. 217.

Tendance, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.

That, would that; IV. iii. 281.

Time's flies, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 109.

Tiring, busy; III. vi. 4.

To; "call to you," *i. e.* call on you; I. ii. 232.

Told, counted; III. v. 107.

Touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 400.

Touch; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.

Touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.

Toward, at hand; III. vi. 68.

Towardly, docile; III. i. 38.

Tract, track, trace; I. i. 50.

Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.

True, honest; IV. iii. 473.

Trump, trumpet; I. ii. 124.
Try, trial; V. i. 12.

Unagreeable, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.
Unbolt, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.
Uncharged, unassailed; V. iv. 55.
Unclew, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.
Unctuous, oily; IV. iii. 195.
Under; "u. praise," by being praised so much; (not *"under-praise"* as the jeweler understands it); I. i. 165.
Under, under pretense of; III. iii. 34.
Undergo, undertake; III. v. 24.
Unmatched, matchless; IV. iii. 533.
Unnoted, (?) imperceptible; (perhaps = undemonstrative); III. v. 21.
Unpeaceable, quarrelsome; (Collier MS., *"unappeasable"*); I. i. 280.
Unremovably, fixedly; V. i. 231.
Untirable, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.
Use, customary; I. i. 291.
Uses, necessities; II. i. 20.

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 140.
Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 47.
Visitations, visits; I. ii. 235.
Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
Void, emit; I. ii. 147.
Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.
Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.
Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 39.
Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.
Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 187.
Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.
Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116.
Witch, bewitch; V. i. 162.
Without, outside; V. iv. 39.
Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.
Yield, grant; I. ii. 207.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What was the date of the first edition of this play? Is it a tragedy or a comedy?

2. Give some instances of passages whose authorship is doubtful. What is the general supposition as to the composition of the play?

3. Give one source of the play. What is the duration of action? Is it a good acting play?

4. What is the character of Timon and of the play? What place does this play occupy among Shakespeare's works?

ACT I

5. What is Shakespeare's object in introducing such characters as the Poet and the Painter in the opening scene?

6. Cite a portion of the Poet's character-delineation of Timon, in which the reader is prepared for subsequent events.

7. What is the meaning of "it tutors nature" in scene i?

8. What contribution to the play is made by the petition of Ventidius and the protestation of the Old Athenian?

9. What are we led to suppose is Apemantus' attitude towards life, judging from his first remark in scene i?

10. In scene ii what are the contrasting elements of the remarks made by the leading speakers?

ACT II

11. What does scene i foretell?

12. Comment upon the demeanor of the various creditors' servants towards Timon. Do they reflect the attitude of their respective masters?

13. Explain the irrelevance of the Fool's saying "Here comes *my mistress*' page."

14. Has Timon ever received a forewarning of his low state of fortune? If so, by whom?

ACT III

15. What last expedient does Timon adopt to raise money?

16. What inconsistency of conduct is Lucius guilty of, in scene ii?

17. Is Sempronius' reason for refusing to loan Timon money a sincere one?

18. What is the meaning of " 'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse"?

19. Which scene in this act reveals a noticeable change in Timon's disposition?

20. Is the name of Alcibiades' friend (for whom he pleads in scene v) given, elsewhere, in the play?

21. What famous plea for mercy in one of Shakespeare's plays, does this petition (scene v) of Alcibiades remind us?

22. What sentence does the Senate impose upon Alcibiades and how does he make use of it?

23. Interpret the hypocrisy of the various creditors (scene vi) inasmuch as it relates to the plot.

24. How do Timon's final words at the banquet furnish a key to the transformation of his whole life?

25. Describe the banquet (scene vi) and comment on its dramatic value.

ACT IV

26. Is there any question of Timon's sanity in his passionate discourse against Athens?

27. What is his prayer to the gods in his own behalf (scene i)?

28. What metaphor is used by the Third Servant to depict the shattered fortunes of Timon's house?

29. What is Timon searching for in scene iii, and what does he dig up, by accident?

30. What appeal does the gold make to Timon?

31. Note the companions of Alcibiades: what hint does this give the reader of the customs of the time?

32. What common ground of sympathy have Timon and Alcibiades?

33. For what purpose does Timon give Alcibiades money?

34. What is the dramatic value of the conversation between Timon and the mistresses of Alcibiades?

35. What is the meaning of Timon's wild address to nature?

36. Explain Timon's words "Why should'st thou hate men? They never flatter'd thee" (scene iii).

37. In the dialogue between Timon and Apemantus (scene iii) which one of the characters does Shakespeare prove to be a sham misanthrope?

38. What place does Timon choose for his grave? Does he welcome death?

39. Elucidate his apostrophe to *gold.* (line 385 *et seq.*)

40. What does Timon advise the Banditti to eat?

41. Explain the words "there is boundless theft in limited professions."

42. With what sentiments does Timon accompany his gift of gold to the Banditti?

43. How does Timon show his utter loss of faith in mankind in his reception of Flavius?

44. What condition does Timon make when he enriches Flavius? Comment on his words "live rich and happy."

ACT V

45. Compare scene i with Act I, scene i, and comment upon the similarity.

46. To what influence do you ascribe Timon's use of the elements (i. e., *the sun*, line 138, scene i) in his curses?

47. What office is tendered Timon by the Athenian Senators and why?

48. What eccentric proposition does Timon make in reply to the Senators? Is this irony or insanity?

49. Does scene ii answer the purpose of providing the reader with additional proof of Timon's true value to the state?

50. Comment on the authenticity of scene iii.

51. What character does Alcibiades give to the city of Athens (scene iv)?

52. How do the Senators convince Alcibiades that he has been in the wrong in waging war against the entire city?

53. What is the compromise finally effected?

54. What has been the controversy, among critics, regarding the epitaph on Timon's grave? What two lines of the epitaph contradict each other? Which one of the couplets is the one usually accepted?

55. Why is the epitaph an appropriate one?

56. How does Timon suggest Coriolanus?

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Coriolanus was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1–30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus;* [1] general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests [2] point to 1608–1610 as the most probable years.

[1] The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (Act III. scene ii. line 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the king made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

[2] The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in *Macbeth*), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus;* 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline;* 42 and 25 in *The Tempest;* 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale.* All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Coriolanus was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*, and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II, sc. iii, ll. 257–258, the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor";

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed,*]
> And nobly named so, *twice* being *Censor*";

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunate than all living women*
> *Are we come hither*";

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace

(my son) and determined *not* to *speak*, the *state of* our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment*, *would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself*, *how* much *more unfortunately* [1] *than all* the *women living we are come hither*." The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

[1] "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, Introduction.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 3. Act I, sc. iii to x. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act II, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act II, sc. ii to Act IV, sc. ii.
Day 6. Act IV, sc. iii.
Day 7. Act IV, sc. iv and v. *Interval.*
Day 8. Act IV, sc. vi. *Interval.*
Day 9. Act IV, sc. vii. *Interval.*
Day 10. Act V, sc. i–v.—*Interval.*
Day 11. Act V, sc vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Translations*, 1877).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The three great Roman plays, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, made their first appearance in the folio of 1623, having been entered at the Stationers' in November of that year among the copies "not formerly entered to other men." This entry was to Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard, the publishers of the original edition. It may be worth the while to observe here, that the words "not entered to *other* men" do not necessarily infer but that some of the plays in question may have been formerly entered to the *same* men, or to one of the same; as there is some reason for thinking that *Antony and Cleopatra* had been entered to Blount as early as 1608.

The historical matter of these three superb dramas appears to have been drawn almost entirely from Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, as set forth in the spirited and racy version of Sir Thomas North, which first came out in 1579, and went to a second edition in 1595. North's translation was avowedly made from the French of James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre. It is as fine a specimen of robust and manly English as one need desire to see, and has the smack of an original work as strongly perhaps as any translation ever made into the same tongue. The book, though very large in size and very high in price, went through as many at least as five editions before 1632; which proves it to have been exceedingly popular, as indeed it had every right to be.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus stands the second in the division of tragedies, as originally published: the acts are

regularly marked, but not the scenes; the stage-directions are remarkably full and complete; while the text, though very well printed in the main, has perhaps a large number of difficult and seemingly-corrupt readings, than any other play in the volume. Some of these readings have hitherto baffled and nonplussed all the resources of editorial ingenuity and learning. Several of them, however, have, we think, at length been greatly relieved, if not entirely removed, by the help of the manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier in a copy of the second folio; which presents a greater number of valuable new readings in this play than in any other where we have thus far consulted it. Several important corrections from this source we have adopted with little hesitation, and some with none; not indeed from any *authority* which they may be supposed to carry, but from what seems to us their intrinsic fitness and propriety.

As to the date of the writing of *Coriolanus*, we have no external evidence whatsoever. The internal evidence of meter, diction, and temper refers it the Poet's latest period of composition. In all the qualities of style and versification, it clearly falls into the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *King Henry VIII*, being as nearly like them as the difference of the subject-matter would readily admit. Malone, accordingly, assigns the year 1610 as the probable date of the writing. We should be strongly inclined to place it some three or four years later, partly from the cast and texture of the workmanship itself, and partly from the tradition, that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after his retirement to Stratford. The most, however, that we can affirm with any great degree of confidence is, that *Coriolanus* was written somewhere between 1610 and the time of the Poet's death, which, as every reader ought to know, took place in April, 1616.

The more rigid and sceptical researches of our time have made great invasions upon the history of early Rome, as heretofore received, and some have even gone so far as to

question whether the whole story of Coriolanus were not a fiction. We mention this neither for the purpose of endorsing nor of opposing it; but merely as giving occasion for stating that it was a question with which the Poet had nothing to do, and did nowise concern himself. Like others of his time, he was content to take the rambling and credulous, but lively and graphic narratives of old Plutarch as veritable and authentic history. And he would have been every way justifiable in doing this, even if the later arts of historical doubting and sifting, together with the results thereof, had been at his command. For his business as an artist was, to set forth a free and lifelike portraiture of human character as modified by the old Roman nationality, and clothed with the drapery of the old Roman manners. Here, then, the garrulous and gossipping old story-teller of Cheronea was just the man for him; since it will hardly be questioned that his tales, whether half legendary or not, are replete with the spirit and life of the times and places to which they refer. The Poet would have made sorry work indeed, had he used, like our modern historical abstractionists, the methods of cross-questioning all his matter, and so proceeded by receiving nothing as true to life but what make good its ground against him as fact.

The events of the drama now in hand, as related by Plutarch, extend over a period of about four years, beginning with the popular secession of Mons Sacer in the 262d year of Rome, and ending with the hero's death, in the 266th. Our abstract from the history includes nearly all the matter used by the Poet, and is made, as far as practicable, in the very words of the old translator; our aim being, to give a faithful showing of what the Poet borrowed, so that the reader may justly estimate both his obligations and his additions.

After relating the popular insurrection with which the play opens, the founding of the Tribunitian office, and the appointment of the first Tribunes, the narrative goes on substantially as follows:

Hereupon the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people went to the wars, showing that they had a good will to do better than ever. Marcius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatness of the people thus increased, did persuade the Patricians to show themselves no less forward to fight for their country than the common people were, and to let them know by their deeds, that they did not so much pass the people in power and riches as in true nobility and valiantness. In the country of the Volsces, with whom the Romans were then at war, there was a principal city called Corioli, against which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore the other Volsces, fearing lest the city should be taken by assault, came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to make an onset on them in two several places. The Consul, understanding this, divided his army into two parts, and, taking one part with himself, marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part he left in the camp with Titus Lartius, to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Volsces, making small account of them that lay before the city, made a sally upon them, in which at the first they had the better, and drave the Romans back into their trenches. But Marcius, running out of the camp with a few men, slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight, with a loud voice. Then there flocked about him a great number of Romans, so that the enemies presently gave back: but he, not staying so, did chase them to the gates; and there, perceiving that the Romans retired, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city; and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture to follow the flying enemies; he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates more for the followers than the fliers. Notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him.

Howbeit, he thrust himself into the gates of the city amongst them that fled, not one of them daring at the first to turn upon him, or offer to stay him. But he, seeing that he was in the city with very few men to help him, and that his enemies gathered about him to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, making a lane through the midst of them, and overthrowing those he layed at; that some he made run to the farthest part of the city, and others he made yield themselves and let fall their weapons before him. By this means he got out, and had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city.

The city being thus taken, most of the soldiers forthwith went to looking after spoils; whereupon Marcius, being very angry, cried out to them that they should leave spoiling, and wind themselves out of peril: howbeit, say to them what he could, very few would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves, he went out of the city toward that part where the rest of the army was, exhorting them by the way not to be faint-hearted; and, oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious unto him, that he might come in a good hour to hazard his life in defense of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when put in battle array, had a custom to make their wills at that instant, without any manner of writing, only naming their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Marcius came just while the soldiers were doing after that sort, and the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him all bloody and in a sweat, with few men following him, some began to be afraid; but, soon after, seeing him run with a lively cheer to the Consul and take him by the hand, then they all began to call upon the Consul to give charge upon the enemy. Marcius asked him how the order of the enemies' battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made answer, that he thought the bands in their

vanward were the Antiates, whom they esteemed their warlikest men. Then prayed Marcius to be set directly against them; which the Consul granted, greatly praising his courage. When both armies came almost to join, Marcius advanced a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vanward, that they could no longer stand in his hands. But the two wings turned one to the other, to compass him in between; which the Consul perceiving sent thither of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvelous bloody about Marcius, and in a short space many were slain in the place: but in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies, broke their array, and made them fly. Then they prayed Marcius that he would retire into the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the pains he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had on him. But he answered, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted; and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown.

The next morning, Marcius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army gave thanks to the gods for so great and glorious a victory; then spake to Marcius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, and willed him that he should choose out of all the horses and all the goods, they had taken, ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to the others. Besides this, he gave him testimony that he had won the prize of prowess above all others, a goodly horse, with a caparison and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding did marvelously commend. But Marcius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honorable recompense,

he would none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Then the soldiers, hearing his words, made a marvelous great shout among them; and there were more that wondered at his abstinence, than there were that highly extolled his valiantness. After the noise was somewhat appeased, the Consul began to speak in this sort: "We cannot compel Marcius to take these gifts we offer him, but we will give him such a reward as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called CORIOLANUS, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination." And so, ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.

When this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former sedition; and because most of the arable land had become heathy and barren for lack of plowing, by reason of their wars. Now those busy prattlers, perceiving that there was great scarcity of corn in the city, and that though there had been plenty, the common people had no money to buy it, spread abroad false tales against Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had procured the extreme dearth among them. The people being set on a broil by these words, Marcius, who was now grown to great credit with the noblest men of Rome, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. Then, taking his friends, and such as he could intreat to go with him, he did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvelous great spoil, which he brought away, and reserved nothing to himself. Afterwards, the home-tarriers and house-doves began to repent that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied them that had sped so well, and also, of malice to Marcius, spited to see his credit increase more and more, because they accounted him a great hinderer of the people.

Shortly after this, Marcius stood for the Consulship; and the common people favored his suit, thinking it would be a shame to deny and refuse the chiefest man of noble blood, and especially him that had done so great service to the commonwealth. The custom of Rome was, at that time, that such as did sue for any office should for certain days before be in the market-place, with a poor gown on their backs, to pray the citizens to remember them at the election. Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars: so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed to refuse so valiant a man; and one said to another, we must needs choose him, there is no remedy. But when the day of election was come, and Marcius came to the market-place, accompanied with all the Senate and Nobility, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest entreaty they ever attempted for any man; then the love and good will of the common people turned to hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office into his hands, as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Wherefore they refused him in the end, and made two others Consuls. The Senate did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Marcius; but he took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience.

Meanwhile there came great plenty of corn to Rome, part of it being bought in Italy, the rest given by Gelon tyrant of Syracuse; so that many stood in great hope that, the dearth being holpen, the civil dissension would cease. The Senate sat in counsel upon it immediately; the common people also stood about the palace, gaping what would fall out, persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap, and that which had been given should be divided by the poll, without paying a penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators did wish the same. But Marcius did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein,

calling them people-pleasers and traitors to the Nobility. He said that they who counseled that the corn should be given out to the people *gratis*, as they used to do in the cities of Greece where the people had more absolute power, did but nourish their disobedience, which would break out in the end to the utter ruin of the state. For they will not think it done in recompense of their service, since they have so oft refused to go to the wars; nor for their mutinies when they went; nor for the accusations which they have received against the Senate: but they will rather judge that we grant them this as standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it; yea, we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of division in the city.

Marcius, dilating the matter with many such reasons, won all the young men and almost all the rich to his opinion; insomuch as they rang it out that he was the only man in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. The Tribunes, when they saw that the opinion of Marcius was confirmed by the more voices, left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help. The words of Marcius being openly reported, the people so stomached them, that in their fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault upon Marcius, and sent their sergeants to arrest him. He stoutly withstood these officers; whereupon the Tribunes, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands on him: howbeit, the Patricians, gathering about him, made them give back, and laid sore upon the Ædiles; so for that time the night parted them. The next morning the Consuls, seeing the people in an uproar, were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore, assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon to appease the fury of the people with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favor. The most of the Senators

present thinking this opinion best, and giving their consents unto it, the Consuls then went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and did pacify their fury, using great modesty in persuading them, and also in reproving their faults. So, the most part being pacified, the Tribunes then said that, since the Senate yielded to reason, the people also, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: notwithstanding, they would that Marcius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. This was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Marcius against his nature should be constrained to humble himself, or else, if he continued in his stoutness, he should incur the people's ill-will so far that he could never win them again.

So Marcius came to answer their accusations, and the people held their peace to hear what he would say. But, when they thought to hear lowly words from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking, but also gave himself in words to thunder, and therewithal to look so grimly as though he made no reckoning of the matter; which stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, nor endure his bravery. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruelest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered with his companion, did pronounce Marcius condemned by the Tribunes to die; and commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When they came to lay hands upon Marcius, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen began to cry aloud, Help Marcius! so, those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly: until the Tribunes' own friends did advise not to proceed in so violent a sort as to put such a man to death without process in law, but that they should refer the sentence to the free

voice of the people. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians for what cause they took Marcius out of the officers' hands. The Patricians asked him again why they would of themselves so wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman without law and justice. Well then, said Sicinius, let there be no quarrel against the people; for they grant your demand that the cause shall be heard according to law. Therefore, said he to Marcius, we do will and charge you to appear before the people the third day of our next sitting here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them.

The Patricians assembled often to consult how they might stand to Marcius, and keep the Tribunes from causing the people to mutiny again. Marcius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, asked aloud of the Tribunes what they would burden him with. They answered that they would show how he aspired to be king. He said he did willingly offer himself to be tried upon that accusation; and that, if it were proved he had but once thought of any such matter, he would then refuse no kind of punishment they should offer; conditionally that they should charge him with nothing else. They promised they would not; and under these conditions the people assembled.

And first of all the Tribunes would in any case that the people should give their voices by tribes, and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people came to be of greater force than the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did serve the commonwealth in the wars. When the Tribunes saw they could not prove he went about to make himself king, they began to broach afresh the former words that Marcius spoke in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of corn to the people, and persuading to take the Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged that he had not made common distribution of the spoil gotten of the Antiates, but

of his own authority had divided it among them that were with him. This matter was most strange of all to Marcius, looking not to be burdened with that as any offense: wherefore, having no ready excuse, he fell to praising the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished forever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy as they never made for any battle won upon their enemies, and went home jocundly from the assembly. The Senate in contrary manner were as sad and heavy, repenting that they had not done and suffered anything whatsoever, rather than the people should have so abused their authority. There needed no difference of garments or outward shows, to know a Plebeian from a Patrician; for he that was on the people's side looked cheerfully, but he that was sad and hung down his head was, sure, of the noblemen's side; saving Marcius alone, who did never show himself abashed, nor once let fall his great courage: not that he did patiently bear his evil hap, but because he was so carried away with vehemency of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense of the state he was in; which the common people judge not to be sorrow, although indeed it be the very same.

Now that Marcius was even in that taking, appeared soon after by his deeds. For, when he was come to his house, and had taken leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shrieking out for sorrow, and had also comforted them; he went to the gate of the city, accompanied by a great number of Patricians, and from thence went on his way with three or four friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up. In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to take an honorable course, but was only pricked for-

ward to be revenged of the Romans, he thought it his best way to stir up the Volsces against them, knowing they were able enough to encounter them, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire of revenge was increased.

Now, in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honored among the Volsces as a king. Marcius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than all the Romans besides; because that many times in battles where they met they were ever at the encounter one against the other, insomuch as there was bred a marvelous private hate between them. Yet, considering that Tullus was of a great mind, and that he above all other Volsces desired revenge of the Romans, he disguised himself in such array as he thought no man could know what person he was, and so entered the enemies' town. It was even twilight when he entered, and many people met him, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him wondered what he should be, yet they durst not bid him rise: for disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him asked who he was, and wherefore he came. Then Marcius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, said, "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me dost not believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Marcius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but

this surname;—a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly Nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney hearth: not of any hope I have to save my life thereby; for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, that my services may be a benefit to the Volsces; promising thee that I will fight with better will for you, than I did when I was against you; knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. But if it be so that thou dare not, and art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvelous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, said unto him,—"Stand up, O Marcius, and be of good cheer; for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honor; and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands." So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honorable manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days they fell to consultation in what sort they should begin their wars.

Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volsces, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, he counseled them to take Marcius into their service, and not to mistrust him for anything past, for he

would do more in fighting for them than he ever did in fighting against them. So Marcius was called forth, who spake so excellently that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to pursue the war. Then Marcius, having left order with the rulers to assemble the rest of their power, stole away upon the sudden with the lightest soldiers he had, and marched with all speed, and entered the territories of Rome, before the Romans had any news of his coming; insomuch as the Volsces found such spoil in the fields, that they had more than they could spend in their camp or carry away. Howbeit, this was the least part of his intent: for his chiefest purpose was, to increase the malice between the Nobility and people; and to draw that on, he was careful to keep the noblemen's lands and goods safe from harm, but spoiled all the country besides. This made greater broil between the Nobility and people, than was before. For the noblemen fell out with the people, because they had so unjustly banished a man of so great valor and power. The people, on the other side, accused the Nobility how they had procured Marcius to make this war to be revenged on them, because it pleased them to see their goods burned before their eyes, whilst themselves were well at ease.

In this while all went still to wreck at Rome. For to come into the field to fight, they could not abide to bear it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words; until they had intelligence that the enemies laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in which were all the temples and images of their gods. Then fell there out a marvelous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the Nobility: for the people thought it good to repeal the exile of Marcius, but the Senate would in no case yield to that. Marcius, hearing of this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than before; insomuch that he raised the siege before Lavinium, and, going towards Rome, lodged his camp

within forty furlongs of the city. This did put the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit, for the present it appeased the dissension betwixt the Nobility and the people. For, when they saw the women in a marvelous fear running up and down the city; the temples full of old people weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods; and finally not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety; then they were all of opinion that the people had reason to call home Marcius and reconcile themselves to him. So they all agreed to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war.

The ambassadors were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him. Howbeit, at their coming they were brought to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him. So he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they did in the most humble words they could devise, and with all modesty of behavior: whereupon, for the injury they had done him, he answered very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all the lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars, and give them the honor and freedom of Rome. Thereupon he gave them thirty days' respite to make answer. So the ambassadors returned, and Marcius departed with his army out of their territories.

Marcius, having given the Romans thirty days' respite, thought it good not to lie idle, but went and destroyed the lands of their allies, and took seven great cities of theirs. The time having expired, and Marcius being returned into the dominions of the Romans with all his army, they sent another embassy to pray peace and the remove of the Volsces out of the country. He answered, that as general of the Volsces he would reply nothing to it; but as a Roman citizen he would counsel them to let fall their pride;

and that they should come again within three days, and deliver up the articles agreed upon: otherwise he would no more give them safe conduct to his camp with such vain messages. When the ambassadors had returned and made report to the Senate, the city being in extreme danger, they threw out, as the common proverb saith, their holy anchor. For they appointed all the bishops, priests, ministers of the gods, and keepers of holy things, and all the augurers and soothsayers, to go to Marcius, appareled as when they do sacrifices, and intreat him to leave off the war, and speak to his countrymen, and conclude peace with the Volsces. He suffered them to come into the camp, but granted them nothing more, and willed them either to accept peace under the conditions offered, or else to receive war. When this goodly rabble of priests were returned, it was determined that none should go out of the city, and that they should watch upon the walls, to repulse their enemies, if they came to assault them; referring themselves and all their hope to time and fortune's uncertain favor, not knowing otherwise how to remedy the danger.

Now the Roman ladies and gentlemen did visit all the temples and gods, to make their prayers unto them. But the greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus, among whom was Valeria, Publicola's own sister, who was greatly honored and reverenced of the Romans, and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonor the house she came of. She suddenly fell into a fancy, and had taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and all went straight to the house of Volumnia, Marcius' mother; and, coming in, found her and Marcius' wife set together, and having his young children in her lap. All these ladies sitting in a ring about her, Valeria began to speak in this sort: "We ladies are come to visit you, my lady Volumnia and Virgilia, by no direction from the Senate or any magistrate, but through the inspiration, as I take it, of some god above; who, having taken pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come and

intreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us, as also for the citizens in general, and to yourselves in special; and which shall redound to your more fame, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained when they procured loving peace between their fathers and husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go all together unto Marcius, to intreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report unto him how much you are bound unto the citizens; who, notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt by him, have not sought revenge upon your persons, nor conceived any thought but to deliver you safe into his hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him."

When Valeria had spoken this, all the other ladies with one voice confirmed that she had said. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer: "My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery of our country, and our grief exceedeth yours by reason of our particular misfortune. But the greatest grief is, to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all hope is now cast upon us simple women; because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country, which heretofore he hath holden more precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding, if ye think we can do any good, we will do what you will have us. Bring us to him, I pray you; for if we cannot prevail, we can die at his feet, as humble suitors for our country."

Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Marcius' children with her; and, being accompanied with all the other ladies, they went together unto the Volsces' camp; who, when they saw her, did of themselves pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them durst say a word unto her. Now was Marcius set in his chair of state, and when he spied the women coming afar off, he marveled what it meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife, who came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his rancor. But in the ending, being altered to see

them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair; but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother and embraced her awhile, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought in him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them. Then, perceiving that his mother would speak, he called the chiefest of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:

"If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies and present sight of our raiment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home since thy exile: but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to behold, spiteful fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all others in their adversity, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aid, is the thing which plungeth us in most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas! together pray both for victory to our country and for safety of thy life; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my life-time do make an end of this war; for if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroy the one; trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son so led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them. If it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroy-

ing the Volsces, I must confess thou wouldest hardly resolve on that: for as to destroy thy country, is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honorable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a jail-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety to both, but most honorable to the Volsces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have granted us singular graces, peace and amity; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the honor. But, if it fail, thyself alone shall carry the shameful reproach of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries thou hast forever undone thy friends who did most lovingly receive thee.—My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou take it honorable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not think it an honest man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects, than thyself. Thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?"

With these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. Marcius seeing that could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "O mother, what have you done to me?" And, holding her hard by the right hand, "O mother," said he, "you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly,

he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in the camp that night, the next morning he dislodged and marched into the Volsces' country again.

Now the citizens of Rome plainly showed in what fear and danger they stood, of this war. For so soon as the watch upon the walls perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers on their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly showed by the honorable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on the ladies. For they were all thoroughly persuaded that the ladies only were the cause of saving the city. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honor these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested them to build a temple of Fortune for the women, themselves offering to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods; and the Senate, commending their good will, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city.

When Marcius was returned into the city of Antium, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him, for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away. Wherefore, having procured many of his confederacy, he required Marcius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volsces of his charge and government. Marcius answered, that he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and that he would even at that present give up an account to the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. Hereupon an assembly was held, in which there were certain orators appointed,

who stirred up the common people against him. When they had told their tales, Marcius rose up to answer; and the people quieted themselves and gave him audience: whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he let him speak, he would prove his innocence to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue, thought he might no longer delay his enterprise, nor tarry for the rising of the common people against him. Wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the Volsces. Saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit, it is clear that this murder was not generally consented to of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honor his body, and did honorably bury him; setting up his tomb with great store of armor and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain.

The foregoing abstract makes manifest enough that the Poet was indebted to the historian for somewhat more than the events of the drama. The life and character of the persons, together with the springs and processes of their action, were in a good measure taken from that time-honored repository. And the point worth special noting is, that from the parts and fragments thence derived, rich and fresh as these often are, the Poet should have reproduced, as it were, the entire form and order of their being, creating an atmosphere and environment which so fit and cohere with what he borrowed, that the whole has the air and movement of a perfectly original work. For it may be observed, that all the humorous and amusing scenes—and Shakespeare has few that are more choicely conceived or more aptly used—are supplied from the Poet's own mind: there being no hint towards these in Plutarch, saving the fable rehearsed and applied by old Menenius, who is described as one of "the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people." And yet how exquisite and admirable the keeping of these scenes with the other

matter and course of the play! and how perfectly steeped and charged they seem with the very genius and spirit of old Roman life and manners!

But the drama has what some may not unfairly consider a still higher merit, in that through the whole is poured the high-reaching grace and power of the most deep and broad and mellow philosophy. From its richly-freighted scenes may be gathered, directly or by quick inference, a code and stock of practical wisdom large and various enough to furnish out the moralist and statesman: the whole work bespeaking a mind which, without any loss of strength or vigor, has ripened up into a sage-like calmness, clearness, and sobriety; which, as from a world-commanding eminence, has made a full and complete survey of humanity; which has thoroughly mastered the principles and measures of political growth and influence; which knows men through and through, both as individuals and as members of the state; and which understands how man and man, rank and rank, class and class, sex and sex, act and react on one another in all the civil and social relations of life, so that he can view and touch them, play or be serious with them, laugh at or instruct them, as one that is perfectly at home both among and within them. The play, it is true, has comparatively little of that mighty-rushing energy and torrent of passion, in which the Poet seems at one period of his life to have delighted to dwell. The nature of the theme indeed did not well admit of this. But, surely, the want thereof is more than made up by qualities which, if not nobler in themselves, are much rarer to be met with. And the very choice of the subject-matter, as well as the mode of treating it, argues the state of one who has shaken himself loose from those fierce bewilderments of soul, and set up his rest in the more even and quiet fields of lofty unimpassioned thought; where he is bending all his resources of genius and art to the moving and interesting of men by discoursing the purer truths of the intellect and the heart, and by running the most free and eloquent division upon them.

Hazlitt indeed has charged the Poet that in this play he shows a strong leaning to the side of Patrician arrogance and pride, against the interest and feeling of the people. And herewithal he revels and expatiates at large, to make out how much more of poetry there is in the high treadings of aristocratic insolence, than in the modest walking of Plebeian humility. But Hazlitt's mind seems to have been so preoccupied with spite of what was socially above him, that he could scarce take any reproof but what was leveled at those around and below him: all which may be regarded by some as inferring the spirit of a high-strung aristocrat, soured by disappointment, and so spurning at what itself could not reach. There is, we believe, no ground for such a charge in the present case. On the contrary, the play may be cited as a strong instance of dramatic evenhandedness: impartial justice seems to have been the moral law of the composition. The ugly and offensive points in the hero, those which most naturally, if not justly, drew on him the people's hate, are set forth unsparingly; not indeed naked and alone, for this were but turning them into caricature, but in combination with high and noble traits, just as delivered in the history, and just as we find them perpetually occurring in actual men. So, on the other side, much that is good and generous in the people, as well as what is mean and envious, has a kindly and cordial outlet, sometimes playful indeed, and sometimes otherwise; but still so as, in effect, to engage for them more of pity than of anger. They are represented as bearing much, forgiving much; free to own the greatness of the haughty Patrician, and not more resenting his insolence, than regretting it; and never withheld from making fair returns of honor even against many and great provocations, till set on fire by the tongues of envious and self-seeking flatterers. If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius, a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humorous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in

reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

The hero offers a capital study for those who, in their estimates of men, have not learned to temper their thoughts to "a web of mingled yarn," such as human nature, even in its best specimens, ordinarily presents. The character is a very mixed one; and all its parts, good and bad, are fashioned on so large a scale as to yield matter enough for making out a strong case either way, according as the observer's mind is set to a course of all blame or all praise; while at the same time the several lines are so energetic and bold as to render it not easy for one to steer clear of all extremes, and so to take the impression of a given side as to fit the subject all round. The main features of the man are drawn together in Plutarch with so vigorous yet delicate a hand, that we should seem hardly excusable in omitting the passage. We subjoin it from North, making no changes but what are needful for due compression of the matter:

"Caius Marcius, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother, a widow, who taught us by experience that orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions, that a rare and excellent wit untaught doth bring forth many good and evil things together; as a fat soil bringeth forth both herbs and weeds. For his natural wit and great heart did marvelously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But, on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men, marveling much at his constancy, that he was never

overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travels, thereupon well liked his stoutness and temperance. But, for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another, his behavior was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had. . . . . It is daily seen that, honor lighting on young men before the time, the desire to win more dyeth straight in them, the same having no deep root: whereas the first honor that valiant minds come upon doth quicken up their appetite, hasting them forward as with force of wind to enterprise things of high-deserving. This desire being bred in Marcius, he strained still to pass himself in manliness, and his noble service did still advance his fame. And, as for others, the only respect that made them valiant was, that they hoped to have honor; but, touching Marcius, the only thing that made him to love honor was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For nothing made him so happy, as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him; that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and still embrace him, with tears running down her cheeks, for joy."

In strict keeping with this account of the man, Shakespeare represents pride as the back-bone of his composition. And his pride is rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion, insomuch that, let but a spark of provocation be struck into the latter, and the former at once flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of life. It is therefore perfectly characteristic of the man that an unexpected word of scornful reproach stings him to the quick: the instant it touches his ear, he explodes like a rocket. It is on this principle that the wily Tribunes work, plying their craft and watching their time to provoke him into some fatal provocation of popular resentment. Hence the Poet, with great judgment, and without any hint from the history, makes Aufidius, when the time is ripe for firing off the conspiracy against his life, touch

him into an ecstasy of passionate rage by spitting the term "boy" at him. Now, his very pride, if duly guarded by the ensconcements of reason and self-respect, would have caused him, from the monstrous unfitness of such an epithet, to answer it with calm and silent scorn: but he seems to resent it in proportion as it strikes wide of him, and makes its very unfitness to him the cause of its power over him.

The natural working of these qualities, together with the gigantic structure of the man in other parts, made his character an apt and inviting occasion to represent the struggle between those two antagonist elements in the state, which in their reconcilement and unity did much towards rearing up the solid greatness and grandeur of old Rome. There is in the people much that is really despicable. This the hero seizes on greedily, and makes the most of, as favoring that whereon his pride fastens, and at the same time winks away whatsoever there is in them of a redeeming quality: he scorns their meanness, and is glad to find it in them as giving him cause for scorning them; will see in them nothing but what is vile, and would fain make them as vile as he thinks them, that so his scorn may stand justified to his sense of right. Still he is placed where his pride can only come at its proper food by their suffrage; for its dearest gratification he must needs look to that which most galls and offends it. This puts him upon trying to extort their admiration and homage while making them hate his person: what he most prides himself upon is to have his greatness force honors from them in spite of his insolence to them; because such an inverse proportion between their returns and receipts serves to magnify and set off his superiority. This is well shown in what falls from one of those almost characterless persons of the drama, in whom the Poet sometimes puts much candor and shrewdness of observation, and then uses them as the mouth-piece of his own judgment: "If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with

greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite." Hence, when he goes out to beg their voices, he takes care to season his requests with scorn, and to let them see that his spirit still disclaims what his tongue speaks: then, if they excuse his spirit on the score of his formal compliance, this will be his triumph.

The hero's pride, however, is far from being of a mean and narrow cast: nobly elemented out of the various regards of rank, family, country, talents, and courage, it therefore partakes the general greatness of his character; is of a towering and majestic pitch; and as it grows not less by what he derives from and shares with others, than by what is peculiar to himself, so it is of that high and generous scope that commonly issues in great virtues as well as great faults. Hence it is nowise such as, of itself, to eat out the better juices of humanity: on the contrary, modesty, gratitude, openness of heart and hand, are its chosen playfellows; and it is of an element that would keep clean and fresh the breast where it dwells, and under whose stern yet free patronage, tenderness of heart, purity and rectitude of life, and many of the milder and gentler qualities, have their best cherishing; a sure source of replenishment to whatsoever virtues it guards, because its own best source of thrift is in the noble growth it fosters. Which is rarely shown in that, with all his passionate craving after fame, he still counts it his highest honor to be the cause that others are honored. For he is as jealous of the merit as of the position of his fellow-Patricians: would guard their virtue as carefully as their rank; is no less strenuous to have them deserve than to have them hold the place of supreme rule and reverence in the state. He is prouder, too, of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honor in himself but what he can refer to that honored source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him: in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his

profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such intrinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says,—"My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod"—we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mold, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum: on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporize with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of willfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept,—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" For reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that

binds together successive generations in one continuous life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honors not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

Various other characters in this noble play are wisely conceived, and nicely discriminated. The contrast between Volumnia and Virgilia is wrought out with the greatest delicacy and felicity. And the marshaling of the materials, the adjustment of the parts, the whole social and political ordonnance of the drama, discover such a form and measure of constructive and administrative judgment as might sustain the weight of an empire.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CORIOLANUS

Now we apprehend that Shakspere has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspere's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspere had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is "bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not

reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

The pride of Coriolanus is however not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power, or person, or principle higher than oneself. It is two-fold, a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egotistic; and secondly a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold or selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the Tribunes, he can accept well-pleased a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son, who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has affected more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness, and constant freshness of adhesion:

> O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

In his boy he has a father's joy, and yields to an ambitious hope, and a yearning forward to his son's possible future of heroic action, in which there is something of touching, paternal weakness:

> The god of soldiers,
> With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
> To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
> Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
> And saving those that eye thee!

His wife's friend Valeria is the "moon of Rome,"

> Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
> And hangs on Dian's temple.

In his mother Volumnia, the awful Roman matron, he rejoices with a noble enthusiasm and pride; and while she is present always feels himself by comparison with this great mother, inferior and unimportant.

But Cominius, Menenius, and Virgilia, Valeria and Volumnia, and his boy belong to the privileged class, they are patrician. Beyond this patrician class neither his sympathies nor his imagination find it possible to range. The plebeians are "a common cry of curs" whose breath Coriolanus hates. He cannot like Bolingbroke flatter their weakness while he despises them inwardly. He is not even indifferent towards them; he rather rejoices in their malice and displeasure; if the nobility would let him use his sword he would make a quarry "with thousands of these quarter'd slaves," as high as he could pick his lance. Sicinius the Tribune is "the Triton of the minnows." When Coriolanus departs from Rome, as though all the virtue of the city were resident in himself, he reverses the apparent fact and pronounces a sentence of banishment against those whom he leaves behind; "*I banish you.*" Brutus is warranted by the fact when he says

> You speak o' the people
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

And yet the weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship

he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgment and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome, and his subsequent fate.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE EXPULSION OF CORIOLANUS

The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to extrude an element that is inimical; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the Republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well meriting servants that it retained within its bosom. Yet even the egotism of Coriolanus, which urges him to abet the enemies of his country for the sake of revenge, never suggested a thought of erecting a tyranny, and even retained him zealous and satisfied in an inferior military command. It is a mere calumnious imagination of the tribune that he had any artful motive for preferring the second place;—it is quite clear that this is but part of his habitual loyalty to the aristocratic system which he bows to readily and instinctively, so long as it is true to what he conceives to be its

proper genius as well as only safety.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

VOLUMNIA

In Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, "she saved Rome and lost her son." Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigor, is without harshness. Though Volumnia is a Roman matron, and though her country owes its salvation to her, it is clear that her maternal pride and affection are stronger even than her patriotism. Thus, when her son is exiled, she bursts into an imprecation against Rome and its citizens:

> Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
> And occupations perish!

But the triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additonal beauty.—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Among its members it counts no grander figure than Volumnia, Marcius' mother, "the most noble mother of the world." No creation of the dramatist is so genuinely antique as this ideal Roman matron. Patriotism is with her

a religion, and virtue is summed up in the valor which is eager to bleed for its country on the battle-field. Thus her pride in her only son is less a purely maternal feeling than the exultation of the lion-hearted dame who has given to Rome a champion of unrivaled prowess. There is a metallic clang about the very words in which she recounts her loyalty to her conception of a patriot-mother's duty:

"When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons . . . I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

In a similar spirit she dwells triumphantly on the number and position of Marcius' wounds, and while he is at the wars she gloats in imagination over his bloody exploits in the field. But it is no mere brute courage that she has instilled into him; it is the heroism that looks on "extremity" as the trier of spirits; and that takes with a smile fortune's blows, "when most struck home." But along with these "precepts that would make invincible the heart that conn'd them," Volumnia had taught her son less salutary lessons. Her patriotism, measureless in its depth, is narrowed by her class feeling, and does not embrace the plebeians, whom she has instructed Marcius to consider

"Woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of [his] ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war."

—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

VIRGILIA

But the wife plays a very subordinate part; it would be absurd to agree with Mr. Ruskin, and call Virgilia "perhaps the loveliest of Shakespeare's women"; though subtly sketched, she is quite in the background, before which the figure of Volumnia stands so strikingly prominent; poetic justice to Virgilia would have been poetic injustice to the legend which was nine-tenths of the drama.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

MENENIUS

Among the secondary characters in this play of *Coriolanus*, the most estimable, as well as the most interesting, is old Menenius, the patrician and senator. He forms an amiable link between the two orders; he is precisely the character a nobleman should be; wearing the insignia of his rank with a bland and easy dignity; gracefully condescending, and even familiar with the commonalty, sympathizing with their wants, difficulties, and privations; and this gives him the privilege to speak to them with the authority of his longer experience, with better education and knowledge. This same sympathy, too, which they all recognize, gives him the warrant to visit their misconduct and their senseless waverings, their vacillations, irrational turbulence, and revolt, with an asperity which they would ill bear from another who cared less for them and their destitute condition. It is observable, that throughout all his displeasure and petulance against the mob, Menenius never makes use of a cruel or even unkind speech: in his spleen he is sufficiently and humorously contemptuous; but we hear no such expression as the scoundrelly exultation of Coriolanus at the approaching war with the Volscians, when he says—

> "I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
> Our musty superfluity";

a speech admirably in character with one who considered the masses below him in the commonwealth only as so much material to build up his own pomp and ambition. Menenius has described his own nature and temper in that sparring scene between himself and the tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius. It is a happy display of a testy, wayward, and humorous old man, with a rich vein of kind-heartedness running through his crusty temper.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE TRIBUNES

And then the tribunes! They are not mere demagogues. They are fighting the battle of their class with prudence, intelligence, and skill, against the stupidity and oppression of the upper class. Not with the unreason of the mob-orator, but with resolute foresight, they determine to overthrow Coriolanus as the common enemy of the people. Once he is exiled they can deal with the rest of the patricians in a quiet way, and with a good hope of success. And they give themselves to that aim with cool precision of attack. They use no wild words. They speak throughout with quietude and resolution, as men who care for the cause of their fellow-citizens more than for themselves.—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

THE POPULACE

If we observe closely, we cannot even find that the people are here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in Julius Cæsar appear much worse than in Coriolanus. Great attention is here paid to the character of the age. In Antony, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in Cæsar, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness;

in Coriolanus, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities. We must allow that the populace are not flattered. The multitude are not alone blamed by Coriolanus as inconstant and variable, but they make him conscious of their changeableness by their behavior concerning his election. Not alone does Menenius say that their imprudence "transports them by calamity thither where more attends them," but we find them actually on this road, and their leaders surpass them in popular frenzy; what is inconvenient is not believed and is concealed from the people, and the messenger is flogged who brings the unwelcome truth. It is true they are not alone reproached by words with unjustly ascribing to the government what is perhaps the decree of Providence, that they curse the justice that overtakes the criminal, and persecute the great with hatred; we see them ourselves in action, now loving and now hating without a reason, and, as it always happens in stirring times, scattering abroad the exciting commonplaces which have much show and little truth. Coriolanus despises all the deed and capacity of the people, which, "where it should find lions, finds hares," but the poet has actually shown us their cowardice and their love of plunder. On the other hand, we must not be, like Coriolanus, unreasonable, and overlook the fact that Shakespeare has introduced some better and braver among the people, who, when the general calls for volunteers, all shout and follow him, to his great joy and admiration. We must not omit to observe that the whole mass of the people acknowledge the merit of Coriolanus, that the zeal to admire and applaud the conqueror is universal, that his party among the people seems very great, that even the inflamed and excited people acknowledge that he is not avaricious, that he is not more proud than brave; that, with regard to his haughtiness, they take into consideration the power of his nature, and acknowledge that his merit surpasses their power to recompense. Menenius imagined that if the nobles did not keep them in awe they would destroy them-

selves, yet they acknowledge readily the wisdom of his fable, before which their wisdom yields. The friends of Coriolanus expected that the people, when left to themselves on his banishment, would fall into confusion, but, to their surprise, peace and union prevail. If fickleness be the attribute of the populace in all ages, there is an advantage even in this fault, which is totally opposed to the stiff obstinacy of the aristocrat; the populace become, through this quality, a manageable mass, which a wise man, like Menenius, can easily guide; if it be easily inflamed, it is also easily calmed again, and this quality of ready forgiveness Menenius himself praises in the people. Their hostility against Coriolanus is excusable on account of his indifference and haughty contempt, and on account of the scorn and enmity with which the proud man intentionally challenges their hatred.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

"CORIOLANUS" AS A DRAMA

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is construed strictly according to rule; the plot is simple and powerful, and is developed, with steadily increasing interest, to a logical climax. With the exception of *Othello*, Shakespeare has never treated his material in a more simply intelligible fashion. It is the tragedy of an inviolably truthful personality in a world of small-minded folk; the tragedy of the punishment a reckless egoism incurs when it is betrayed into setting its own pride above duty to state and fatherland.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

DIFFICULTIES IN THE MATERIAL FOR THE PLAY

Even the literary artist who tells his own story has trouble enough with its plot; but the dramatist who prefers to construct his plots from the stories of others often finds the task still more troublesome. This was Shakespeare's fate

more than once, and he did not altogether escape it in *Antony and Cleopatra;* he does not escape it in *Coriolanus.* That a man of the high breeding and lofty experience of Coriolanus—who had done more for his country than any score of men living—should suddenly, and in desire of a vulgar revenge, lead against his country her bitterest foes, is of course an outrage on the ordinary instincts of humanity. That Shakespeare felt this is evident from the many passages in which he tries to prepare us for such a violation of the moral law. Again, that the brave leader of the Volsces should suddenly turn coward, hypocrite, and villain is an outrage on dramatic propriety; and once more the poet did what he could (IV, vii, 35–54) by way of apology. The same difficulties stood in his way when writing *King John;* but these he surmounted by making the nation his hero instead of the despicable sovereign. Something like it is the sorry part played by Laertes; a gentleman of perfect breeding suddenly stoops to the basest treachery; but Hamlet himself changes in character as the play proceeds.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE THEME

The Roman plays belong to the sphere of clear, plastic antiquity, and we find that their inner center also stands out with a certain degree of plastic definiteness and clearness. Yet they have frequently been misunderstood. Thus it is quite erroneous to suppose that *Coriolanus* is merely a representation of party spirit in its historical significance. The factious element, *i. e.* the pursuit of personal interests under the cloak of some general motive, is indeed introduced, but is not the actual lever of the action. The main thing is the struggle between the two opposite principles of a republican polity—the aristocratic and the democratic. These principles can come into conflict only where heroic greatness, manly worth, and moral power are still looked upon as gifts of nature, consequently as dependent upon noble birth, or where the con-

sciousness of the equal rights of all men is beginning to make itself felt, because of their equal moral and mental capacities; they can only come into conflict where ancient rights—which, through abuse, have become doubtful or even partially lost—are to be protected from total extinction, or where new claims—called forth by a changed state of the consciousness of right—rebel against the ancient rights. The struggle does not only mark a transition stage in the republican polity, but also a new phase of legal and moral consciousness.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

The theme is the tragedy of a man of great courage, great honesty, and great intellect, whose splendid qualities are ruined by an insensate and inhuman pride. Coriolanus is a giant, and his superiority is real; but his passionate contempt of the common crowd amounts to positive hatred, and the violence of his temper is absolutely ferocious. His behavior in the "gown of humility" is outrageous and utterly unreasonable: nothing is asked of him but common civility. Politically he is simply a revolutionist: his action tends to a destruction of the constitution of the republic. Moreover, he is without patriotism; he is not even loyal to his own class. He is loyal to his own family only. Pride and the ferocity of his temper make of him a public enemy, and there was nothing to be done with such a man but to banish him or make him despot. The interest of the play is almost as concentrated as that of *Othello.*—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE DRAMATIC MORAL

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves; therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden.

They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest, that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute; to thrust down that which is low still lower, and to make wretches desperate: to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice;* it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

This preliminary scene is designed by Shakespeare to illustrate, first, the principles which in his opinion regulated the well-being of a State, which, if it is to present a firm front to rivals, must not be divided against itself. The interdependence of all classes must be fully recognized, for we may recollect that the story of the belly and its members may be made to tell the other way, if it happened that the digestive organs were recalcitrant or neglectful. Moreover, the incident, like the speeches of Brutus and Antony in *Julius Cæsar,* serves the purpose of showing what in Shakespeare's opinion was the right way to deal with the rabble. Appeals to the reason, as shown by the uselessness of the suggestions of the 2d Citizen, were futile. Homely illustration, humorously and good-temperedly delivered, was the truer method of dealing with the uneducated. Had the patricians been all of the type of

Menenius, the friction between the different classes in the State would have been reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately Menenius was an exception to his class, and the opposite but prevailing type of its spirit is introduced in Caius Marcius, whom the plebeians have already singled out as the representative of the patrician class.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Caius Marcius, *afterwards* Caius Marcius Coriolanus
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *generals against the Volscians*
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus*
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *tribunes of the people*
Young Marcius, *son of Coriolanus*
A Roman Herald
Tullus Aufidius, *general of the Volscians*
Lieutenant to Aufidius
Conspirators with Aufidius
A Citizen of Antium
Two Volscian Guards

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus*
Virgilia, *wife to Coriolanus*
Valeria, *friend to Virgilia*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and the neighborhood; Antium*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Rome has been suffering from a famine which has been relieved by a free distribution of corn. Now the plebeians are demanding that the patricians supply them with corn at their own price. They are granted five tribunes of their own choice to defend their wishes. Among the patricians is one named Caius Marcius, who, although a high-minded man, is very brusque in his manners. The people believe him to be responsible for the high price of corn and desire to kill him. Just at this time a war breaks out with the Volsces under Aufidius. Marcius's deeds of bravery at Corioli win for him from the other generals and soldiers the title of Coriolanus.

ACT II

On his return to Rome, he is given a triumph; the senate elects him consul, but before he can assume the office, the people must give their consent. The plebeians would willingly have given him their support, but the speeches in which he asks for it are made so listlessly that it is very easy for Brutus and Sicinius, two demagogues, to persuade them to change their decision.

ACT III

In his anger at this treatment Coriolanus says many things about the people's rights, and Brutus and Sicinius joyfully seize upon these statements and use them to condemn him to exile.

ACT IV

Coriolanus, "in mere spite, to be full quit of those his banishers," goes to Tullus Aufidius at Antium. He makes peace with his old enemy, who is glad to accept his aid for a campaign that he is about to start against Rome. When the news of this treaty gets abroad, all Rome is much distressed over it.

ACT V

Rome feels herself helpless before the invaders and sends Coriolanus's particular friends to him to intercede for peace. He refuses them all until his mother and wife come to him. Then he abandons the siege without striking a blow and returns to Antium. He is charged with treachery by Aufidius, and during the quarrel which follows the accusation, Coriolanus is assassinated.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits

on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,

21. *"object of our misery"*; that is, apparently, the *sight* or *spectacle* of their misery: their *"leanness"* was the *"object"* that served, by comparison, to remind the Patricians of their own abundance; and so the sufferings of the Plebs were a gain to them. Mr. Collier's second folio turns *"object"* into *abjectness*.—H. N. H.

you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish,

87. In North's *Plutarch* the account of this insurrection runs as follows: "It fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed mony. For those that had litle were yet spoiled of that litle by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury; who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold on, and they were made bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their countrey; of the which the last warre they had made was against the Sabynes, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made, that from thenceforth they would intreate them more gently. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battel, seeing they were never a whit the better, and that the Senate would give no care to them, but suffered them to be made slaves to their creditours; they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stirre up dangerous tumults within the city. Whereupon their

and their store-houses crammed with grain;
make edicts for usury, to support usurers;
repeal daily any wholesome act established
against the rich, and provide more piercing
statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the
poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;
and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must
not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:
but, an 't please you, deliver.

chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they shold somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and a litle qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion, and Martius for one. For he alleged that the creditours losing their money was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore, he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many daies in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. The poore common people, seeing no redresse, gathered themselves one day together, and all forsook the city, and encamped upon a hil, called at that day the holy hill, along the river of Tyber, offering no creature any hurt, nor making any shew of actuall rebellion, saving that they cried, as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing els but to be slain or hurt with continuall wars, and fighting for defence of the rich mens goods."—H. N. H.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!

105, etc. The fable of the Belly and the Members has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables; so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited version of it in Camden's *Remains;* but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch.*—H. N. H.

118. *"Which ne'er came from the lungs";* the lungs were regarded as the seat of joyous laughter.—C. H. H.

122. *"most fitly";* exactly.—H. N. H.

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counselor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

146. *"the court, the heart";* according to the old philosophy, the

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Aye, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *"the court."* So in a previous speech: *"The counselor heart."*—Modern editions, until Knight's, put a dash after *"heart,"* thus making the latter part of the line in apposition with the former, and interpret *"brain"* to mean *understanding:* which is evidently wrong; the right sense being, apparently,—"I send the general food through the rivers of your blood to the heart, which is the court; I send it to the seat of the brain," that is, the head: for the belly may as justly claim the honor of sending nourishment to the head as to the heart. —H. N. H.

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

169. *"rascal"* and *"in blood"* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood,* thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." *"Worst in blood"* has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition.*—H. N. H.

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offense subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

[illegible] *"your virtue,"* etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offenses have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson). —I. [illegible]

And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

221. *"break the heart of generosity";* give the death-blow to the power of the nobles.—C. H. H.

Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what 's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius,
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true-bred! 253
First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius: we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow. 261
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

262. *"The present wars devour him";* that is, his pride on account of his valor and success in "the present wars," devours him. So in *Troilus and Cressida:* "He that is proud *eats up* himself." "Eat up with pride" is still a common expression.—The meaning of the latter part of the sentence seems to be, "he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant."—H. N. H.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known

9. *"press'd"*; the use of *"press'd"* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch:* "The common people, being set

Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumor'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretenses veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained.*"—This note were hardly needful, but that the word is commonly given *prest,* and explained *ready, prompt,* from an old French word.—H. N. H.

Auf. O, doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more, Some parcels of their power are forth already, And only hitherward. I leave your honors. If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet, 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'

35–36. That is, keep on striking till one hath struck his last. Modern editions, following Malone, have turned *"ever"* into *"never."* —H. N. H.

8. *"plucked";* attracted.—C. H. H.

entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less

18. *"bound with oak,"* as a mark of honor for saving the life of a citizen.—I. G.

This incident is related with much spirit in *Plutarch* as translated by North: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aide of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battell, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."—H. N. H.

dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:' his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria

46. *"gilt"* is an old word for *gilding*. So in *King Henry V:* "Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd."—H. N. H.

49. *"At Grecian sword, contemning,"* etc.; F. 1 reads "At Grecian sword. *Contenning,* tell *Valeria,"* etc.; the reading in the text is

We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet madam.
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?
Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.
Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so

substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.—I. G.

The second folio changes *sword* to *swords*, and *contemning* to *contending*. *"Contemning"* was long since proposed by Mr. Singer, and is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio. There can be little doubt that it is the right word; and certainly it makes a most apt and striking figure.—H. N. H.

set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

97. *"moths"*; the word was pronounced "motts." There is thence, apparently, a play upon the cant meaning "lovers," a sense still current in Ireland. The *Slang Dict.* gives "mot," a girl of indifferent character.—C. H. H.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colors, Marcius, Titus Lartius Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.
Lart. My horse to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I 'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off! [*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

14. *"that fears you less"*; Johnson conj. *"but fears you less"*; Johnson and Capell conj. *"that fears you more"*; Schmidt, *"that fears you,—less."* The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in *"nor"* and *"less."*—I. G.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on:
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds:

31. *"you herd of—Boils,"* Johnson's emendation. Ff. 1, 2, *"you Heard of Byles"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"you Herd of Biles"*; Rowe, *"you herds of biles"*; Pope (ed. 1), *"you herds; of boils"*; Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, *"you! herds of boils"*; Collier MS., *"unheard of boils,"* etc., etc. —I. G.

As the text stands, Marcius is characteristically seized with a transport of passion, and the break in his speech finely marks his sudden explosion of rage.—H. N. H.

42. *"trenches followed"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"trenches followes"*; Collier (ed. 1), *"trenches follow"*; (ed. 2), *"trenches. Follow!"*; Dyce, Lettsom conj. *"trenches: follow me,"* etc.—I. G.

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

57. *"Cato's"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Calues"* and *"Calves"*; Rowe, *"Calvus."*—I. G.

The original has it,—"Even to *Calues* wish"; a misprint easily corrected by recurring to North's *Plutarch:* "For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet of course was led into the anachronism, by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.—H. N. H.

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. [*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

63. *"make remain"*; "make" is redundant.—C. H. H.

5. *"hours"*; Pope and Johnson changed *hours* to ***honours***. ***Hours*** is ascertained to be the right reading, by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to cary away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."—H. N. H.

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

6. *"ye"*; Ff., *"the."*—I. G.
The original has *"The* Roman gods"; but the words "give *you* thankful sacrifice" show that it should be *Ye*. The printer no doubt mistook *Ye* for the usual contraction of *the*.—H. N. H.

I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Aye, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

36. *"pitying"*; that is, remitting his ransom.—H. N. H.

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take*

53. Shakespeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiats.*—H. N. H.

70. "*his person*" is evidently used here for "his *personal danger*," or "*danger to his* person."—H. N. H.

him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

76. Ff., *"O, me alone! make you a sword of me?"*; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."—I. G.

84–85. This passage has caused a good deal of perplexity. Mr. Singer many years ago proposed *some* instead of *four,* supposing what is known to have sometimes been the case, that the long *s,* as then written, was mistaken by the printer for an *f.* The change is indeed plausible; but the passage, though something awkward, seems intelligible enough as it stands. Of course the meaning is, that Marcius, in order to save time, will delegate to certain men the office of selecting, for the body he is to command, such as have most heart for a post of special danger. Mr. Collier's second folio reads,—"Please you, march *before;* and *I* shall quickly draw"; thus suppressing *to,* transposing *four* and changing it into *before,* and inserting *I;* all which is mending with a witness.—H. N. H.

Scene VII

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

12. That is, the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Steevens suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote anything peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, etc.—H. N. H.

14–15. *"you have shamed . . . seconds"*; "You have to my shame sent me help, which I *condemn* as intrusive."—H. N. H.

Scene IX

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

12. The meaning is, "This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show."—H. N. H

Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;

29. *"Should they not"*; that is, *not be remember'd.*—H. N. H.

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

41–53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of *"coverture"* for *"overture,"* as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; *"him"* is seemingly used here instead of the neuter *"it."*—I. G.

Touching the whole passage as here given, we may observe, that Marcius is referring to the "long flourish" which has just been made by the musical instruments in honor of his stout and valiant action. This he regards as a profanation; an using of that which was meant as an incitement to do, for the purpose of glorifying what has been done. And he wishes, not simply, as it is in the common reading, that those instruments may never sound more, but that they may never sound more, when thus abused to the end of sounding com-

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius 59
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamor of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:

pliments and flatteries on the battle-field. All such "false-fac'd soothing" he would have confined to "courts and cities," where steel itself is used for ornament, not for fighting. That Marcius, with his all-devouring passion for war, should speak of courts and cities as made up of false-faced soothing, is quite characteristic; but, as he thinks they *are* so already, he would not wish they might *become* so when drums and trumpets leave prompting and turn to complimenting feats of arms. So that the sense of the whole is well stated by Mr. Verplanck: "Let trumpets and drums cease to sound, when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flattery have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war."—H. N. H.

I mean to stride your steed; and at all times 71
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

71–73. That is, "he will endeavor to support the honorable distinction conferred upon him, to the fair extent of his power."—H. N. H.

82–87. The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch:* "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave." This is all there is said of the matter.—H. N. H.

Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so I think should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

2. *"good condition"*; good terms.—C. H. H.

Hath not that honor in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

13. *"where"* for *whereas.*—H. N. H.

19. That is, "my valour, to reach his life, shall lose its nature, cease to be generous in respect of time and means."—In the next line, the meaning is, *"he* being naked, sick."—H. N. H.

25. That is, in my own house under my brother's protection.—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks as follows: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius' character." This comment is commented on by Mr. Verplanck thus: "Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. . . . The mortification of defeat embitters Aufidius' rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life."

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Aye, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

17. *"In . . . poor in"*; so, likewise, in a Letter from Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, found among the Weymouth

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

manuscripts, and quoted by Malone: "I did earnestly inquire of him *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former debts."—H. N. H.

42–45. *"O that,"* etc.; alluding to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.—H. N. H.

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can 't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it

57–59. *"one that converses,"* etc.; rather a late lier down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labor's Lost:* "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."—H. N. H.

66. *"the ass in compound,"* etc.; an element of the fool in all you say.—C. H. H.

71. *"map of my microcosm";* according to the theory of the early Mystic philosophers, man was a microcosm or epitome of creation; and the universe a macrocosm, or man on a grand scale. Bacon

that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous sub-

(*Ad. of Learning,* bk. ii.) mentions "the ancient opinion that man was *microcosmus,* an abstract or model of the world."—C. H. H.

87–88. *"set up the bloody flag";* that is, declare war against patience.—H. N. H.

97–99. So in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence."—H. N. H.

jects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Aye, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. } Nay 'tis true.
Val. }

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would

134. *"Galen";* divers critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. We leave it for others to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy.—H. N. H.

144. *"On's brows";* that is, *"he brings victory* on his brows"; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the *oaken garland.* Volumnia's thoughts stick upon Menenius's question,—"Brings a' victory in his pocket?" and she takes no notice of the words,—"The wounds become him."—H. N. H.

not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! aye, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before

him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honor follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honor newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

186. That is, he has but to lift up his hand and let it fall, and men sink beneath it.—H. N. H.

200. By *"gracious silence"* is probably meant, "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour:* "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable,* in the sense of the Italian *gratiato.*—H. N. H.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed

233. *"chats,"* is changed to *cheers* in Collier's second folio. To this Mr. Singer objects, that *"cheers* is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of *applauding"*; and he proposes to read *claps*. It seems to us that *chats* is just the right word, as it agrees precisely with *prattling*. Of course, "she *chats* him" means "she *makes him the theme* of chat."—H. N. H.

With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners for whom we stand but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honors; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,

250. *"end," i. e.* to where he should end.—I. G.

256. *"proud to do 't,"* is the same as "proud of doing it."—H. N. H.

259. *"The napless vesture of humility";* this refers to the "cus-

Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested

tom," described by Plutarch, for suitors to wear a single garment only.—C. H. H.

267. *"as our good wills";* that is, as our interest requires; *"wills"* being a verb.—H. N. H.

271. *"to 's power";* that is, to *the utmost* of his power.—H. N. H.

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

280. *"touch,"* Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"teach";* Theobald, *"reach."*—I. G.

288–289. *"matrons flung gloves,"* etc.; here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honor of the successful combatant.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as

23. *"discover"*; prove.—C. H. H.

that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that

31. *"bonneted"* is commonly explained as meaning to *take off* the cap or bonnet in token of humility. Knight, however, thinks, and with apparent justice, that the context requires the opposite meaning, thus: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who, using the arts of popularity, *put on* the cap of office and patrician dignity, without doing any thing further to earn it."—H. N. H.

Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honors' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held

89–91. *"It is held that valor,"* etc.; this thought was evidently

That valor is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;

borrowed from *Plutarch:* "Now, in those daies, valiantnes was honored in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other speciall vertues besides."—H. N. H.

101. *"struck him on his knee";* not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.* —H. N. H.

107. To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman:* "You have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, has "A *lurch,* duplex palma, facilis victoria."—H. N. H.

And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less

111. *"weeds"*; so in the first folio; in the second *"weeds"* is changed to *waves,* which is preferred by some editors.—H. N. H.

116. *"was timed"*; that is, the cries of the dying *keep time with* his every motion.—H. N. H.

117. *"mortal"*; *i. e.* to anyone who entered it alone,—in the thought of those who looked on.—C. H. H.

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
But on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,

133. *"misery"* for *avarice,* because *miser* signifies *avaricious.*—H. N. H.

142. *"that custom";* Plutarch tells that suitors went in a *toga*—the principal and peculiarly Roman garment—without a *tunica,* or woolen sleeveless undergarment. North translated Amyot's rendering of this, "un robbe simple, sans saye dessoules," by "a simple gown . . . without any coat under it."—C. H. H.

Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

150. *"your form"* is the form which custom prescribes to you.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of

4–5. *"power"* in the first instance here means *natural power,* or *force,* and *then moral power,* or *right.*—H. N. H.

one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own

tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.

66–67. *"virtues Which our divines lose by 'em," i. e.* "which our divines preach to men in vain"; but the line is possibly corrupt.—I. G.

This use of the term *"divines"* has been set down as another anachronism. No doubt it is so. And so in North's *Plutarch* we often find that the ancient Greeks and Romans had *bishops* among them. The Poet simply uses the language of his time to represen' what has been done at all times.—H. N. H.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Aye, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

77. *"but"*; F. 3 and F. 4 print *not* for F. 1 *"but."*—C. H. H.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,

121. *"seal"*; I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The *"seal"* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.—H. N. H.

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here comes moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:

128. *"woolvish toge";* Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone; F. 1 reads *"Wooluish tongue";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Woolvish gowne";* Capell, *"wolfish gown";* Mason conj. *"woollen gown,"* or *"foolish gown";* Beckett conj. *"woolish gown";* Steevens' conj. *"woolvish tongue";* Grant White conj. *"foolish togue";* Clarke, (?) *"wool'nish," i. e. "woolenish."*—I. G.

This use of *wolvish* has been most variously argued and discussed. We believe it to be nothing less nor more than a simple allusion to the scriptural figure of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not by any means that the Poet meant to make Coriolanus call himself a wolf; but he regards the figure in question merely as a general image of one trying to seem what he is not; and so makes the speaker apply it to himself simply as one who stands there clad in "the napless vesture of humility," while his heart is full of pride and disdain towards the part he is acting, and towards those whose suffrage he is asking. Brutus expresses the same thing afterwards: "With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds."—H. N. H.

Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

188. *"ignorant";* that is, why did you lack the wit to discern it?—H. N. H.

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Aye, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,

251–259. *"and what stock,"* etc.; Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in *Plutarch,* from whence this passage is taken: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by con-

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,

duits. Censorinus *came of that familie,* that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by acqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.—H. N. H.

257–259. *Vide* Preface.—I. G.

Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late
When corn was given them gratis, you repined.
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass

48–49. *"Not unlike,"* etc.; that is, likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, "Why, then, should I be consul?"—H. N. H.

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This palter ing
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

60. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.—H. N. H.

69–71. The thought is from North's *Plutarch:* "Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people."—H. N. H.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'!
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

90. *"from the canon"*; an infraction of the rule; the tribunes have acted *ultra vires* in declaring what is to be, without the consent of the people.—C. H. H.
93. *"Hydra here"; i. e.* "the many-headed multitude"; so Ff. 2.—I. G.

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great's taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

98–101. *I. e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).—I. G.

110. It has been remarked that there was never a constitution which looks more unworkable on paper than the Roman. But the Romans had a genius for government, which prevented deadlocks.—C. H. H.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valor, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

121. *"recompense";* that is, the recompense due from us to them. We learn from Mr. Collier, that in a copy of the fourth folio, which once belonged to Southern, *"our"* is changed to *their.* But it seems indifferent whether the reading be, *our* recompense *to* them, or *their* recompense *from* us.—H. N. H.

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic

154. *"jump";* Mr. Singer has lately set forth, with much confidence, an opinion, which we were at first inclined to adopt, that *jump* in this place is a misprint for *imp*. *Imp* is a term in falconry, and signifies, primarily to graft or insert feathers into the damaged wing of a hawk; and so runs into a secondary meaning of to repair or restore by artificial means. He says of *jump* that "nothing can be made of it." Mr. Singer is entitled to more respect than he sometimes shows towards others who are not less worthy of it than

That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

himself. As explained and confirmed by our quotations, to *jump* a body is just the very thing that would needs be done by using *dangerous physic;* nor is anything more natural or more common than to use such physic in cases where the patient is "sure of death without it." In other words, the sense of *risk* agrees much better with the context here, than that of *mend.*—H. N. H.

159. *"integrity"* seems to be here used in its primitive sense of *wholeness*, or *entireness.*—H. N. H.

170–171. "Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must*

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion 's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

be meet, that is, *shall be done,* and put an end at once to the tribunitian power."—H. N. H.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

213. *"the rock Tarpeian";* a precipice on the Capitol, whence criminals were thrown.—C. H. H.

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace!
Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;

230. "*your*"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*our*."—I. G.

We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request

242. *"One time will owe another";* "Another time will offer when you may be quits with them." There is a common proverb, "One good turn deserves another."—H. N. H.

With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. 260

[*A noise within.*

Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know 270

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

275. *"Do not cry havoc";* this signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the *Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre,* 1513: "That no man be so hardy as to crye *havoke,* upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll."—H. N. H.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honor'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

293. *"Jove's own book"*; a Jewish not a Roman idea.—C. H. H.

304. *"clean kam"* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam;* of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim kam,* and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."—H. N. H.

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woolen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

16. *"O, sir, sir, sir";* in Mr. Collier's second folio this is altered to.

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Aye, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!

"O, *son, son, son!*" which is certainly a plausible, perhaps an admissible change.—H. N. H.

21. *"thwartings of"*; Theobald's reading; Ff., *"things of"*; Rowe, *"things that thwart"*; Wright conj. *"things that cross."*—I. G.

24. *"Aye, and burn too"*; the Folios give this speech to Volumnia; but modern editors, arguing that she is advising patience, take it from her. Yet her point of view is quite clear. She despises and hates the plebeians as much as Coriolanus can, but she would choose her own time to show her wrath.—C. H. H.

29–31. This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem

Mr. Collier's second folio a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

> "I have a heart as little apt as yours
> *To brook control without the use of anger;*
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning. Mr. Singer thinks it probable "that the word *apt* has been misprinted for *soft.*"—H. N. H.

32. *"to the herd";* Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"to the heart";* Collier MS., *"o' th' heart,"* etc.—I. G.

The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,

55. *"roted";* the old copy reads *roated.* Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *rooted:* we have no example of *roted* for *got by rote,* but it is much in Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.—H. N. H.

56. *"though but bastards and syllables";* Capell, *"but bastards";* Seymour conj. *"although but bastards, syllables";* Badham conj. *"thought's bastards, and but syllables."*—I. G.

64. *"I am in this";* Warburton, "In this advice I speak as your wife, your son," etc.—I. G.

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

69. *"that want"; i. e.* the want of that inheritance.—I. G.

78. *"Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart"*; Johnson, *"With often,"* etc.; Capell, *"And often"*; Staunton conj. *"While often"*; Nicholson conj. *"Whiles-often"*; Warburton, *"Which soften."*—I. G.

That is, "which often *do*—thus,—correcting thy stout heart." Of course at the word *thus* she waves her head several times, acting out the verb while omitting it in her speech, and so making a practical illustration of what she would have him do. Commentators have stumbled much at the passage, from not knowing what to do with *which*. All becomes clear enough, when we thus make *which* to be governed, not by the *verbal sign* of the action, but by the action itself.—H. N. H.

If the text is right, "humble" must be an imperative. "Humble (your head), correcting thy pride with submissive gestures, like these." The passage barely yields sense; but of the many alterations proposed (such as Johnson's "with" for "which") none can be called convincing. Prof. Littledale proposes instead of "often," "offer" (as if for decapitation).—C. H. H.

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirt.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't;
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Aye, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt*

125–127. *"let . . . stoutness";* the meaning probably is, "let me suffer the worst that thy pride can bring upon me, rather than thus live in fear of what will grow from thy obstinacy."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favor'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Aye, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honor'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!

29. "*which looks,*" etc.; which promises with our aid to break his neck.—C. H. H.

35. "*among's,*" *i. e.* among us; F. 1, "*amongs*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*amongst you*"; Pope, "*amongst you*"; Capell, "*among us.*"—I. G.

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

36. *"throng,"* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"Through."*—I. G.
55. *"accents,"* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"actions."*—I. G.

But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonor'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still

127–133. *"Have the power . . . blows";* Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders,* till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves;* so that for want of those capable of conducting their defense, they may fall

To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle.—H. N. H.

130. *"not"*; Capell's correction of Ff., *"but."*—I. G.

133–135. *"Despising,"* etc.; "It is remarkable that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one that he might have borrowed from this speech:—*'The people cannot see, but they can feel.'* It is not much to the honor of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

7–9. *"fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning"; i. e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, *"gently warded";* Hanmer, *"greatly warded";* Collier MS., *"gentle-minded."*—I. G.

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I 'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

30. The *"fen"* is the dragon's pestilential abode, which is talked of and shunned.—H. N. H.
32. *"common,"* has *hazards* understood.—H. N. H.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years

33. *"first"* is used here, apparently, in the sense of *noblest.*—H. N. H.

36. *"exposture"*; doubtless a misprint for *exposure.*—H. N. H

49. That is, of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she 's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods

11. *"hoarded";* stored up for future vengeance.—C. H. H.

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Aye, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens! 20

Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I 'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

16. *"Are you mankind?";* that is, "are you a *man?*" implying, of course, that she is somewhat viraginous. She kills the insult by ignoring it, choosing to understand him as asking whether she be *human.*—H. N. H.

Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favor is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike

preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in

the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

23. *"My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon";* Capell's emendation. F. 1 reads, *"My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon";* Ff. 2, 3, *"My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon";* F. 4, *"My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon";* Pope, *"My birth-place have I and my lovers left";* Becket conj. *"My country have I and my lovers lost,"* etc.—I. G.

Scene V

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

10–11. That is, in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.—H. N. H.

Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this?
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
Third Serv. A marvelous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Aye.
Third Serv. Where 's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Aye; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
[*Retires.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge

67. *"appearance";* F. 1, *"apparance"* (probably the recognized form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time).—I. G.

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live and most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest

117. *"anvil of my sword";* he calls Coriolanus the *anvil of his*

As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.—H. N. H.

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.
Sec. Serv. Who? my master?
First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.
Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.
First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.
Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defense of a town, our general is excellent.
First Serv. Aye, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!
First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.
Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.
First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.
First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?
Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.
Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.
First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he

scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

211. *"sanctifies himself";* considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.—H. N. H.

227. *"directitude";* probably meant as a blunder for *discreditude;* the servant endeavoring to say something very grand and fine. Collier's second folio unnecessarily changes it to *dejectitude.*—H. N. H.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Aye, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Rome. A public place.

nter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.
Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.
Sic Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. God-den, our neighbors.
Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumorer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

94. *"butterflies";* the repetition, otherwise irritating, of "flies" in the next line, makes it possible that Shakespeare used here the form "butterflee," found in Drayton, *Mus. Elys.* viii., rhyming with "be" (L.).—C. H. H.

98. *"the breath of garlic-eaters";* to smell of *garlic* was a brand

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Aye; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged
him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face

of vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people.—H. N. H.

100. *"shake down mellow fruit";* a ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.—H. N. H.

105. *"constant";* confirmed.—C. H. H.

112–114. *"They charg'd and therein show'd,"* has here the force of "they would charge, and therein show."—H. N. H.

To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made
fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like
beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clus-
ters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defense,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many cox-
combs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
Sec. Cit. And so did I.
Third. Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, aye, what else?
[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.
Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving

34. *"as is the osprey";* referring to the power of fascination formerly attributed to the osprey. This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Poly-Olbion,* Song xxv.:

"The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."
—H. N. H.

41. *"nature, not to be other,"* etc.; his unbending temperament. — C. H. H.

42–43. *"not moving from the casque to the cushion";* Aufidius as-

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.

signs three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war (Johnson).—H. N. H.

46. *"not all";* in their full extent.—H. N. H.

49. *"to choke it in the utterance";* but such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.—H. N. H.

49–53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.—I. G.

"our virtues lie," etc.; our reputation for virtue is in the hands of our contemporaries; and power, confident of its own merits, has no more obvious road to ruin than by proclaiming them. This I think the clear sense. But some commentators prefer to understand the whole as a tribute to Coriolanus, taking "tomb" in the sense of "monument."—C. H. H.

55. *"fouler";* Dyce's ingenious reading, *"falter,"* is the best conjectural emendation of the line.—I. G.

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

5. *"knee";* so in the original. Modern editions generally have demented the expression by turning *knee* into *kneel.* Of course, to *knee* one's way is to go on one's *knees,* as to *foot* one's way is to go on one's *feet.*—H. N. H.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had banish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offense.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

16–17. That is, destroyed a noble *memorial* of Rome by expatriating the great fame and services of Coriolanus. The original gives the passage thus, precisely:

"A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory."—H. N. H.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

50. "This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings" (Warburton).—H. N. H.

56. *"priest-like fasts";* the Poet here attributes to the old Romans the modern customs of the Romish Church; by whose discipline the priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.—H. N. H.

And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

63. "The ambassadors that were sent were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for at their coming they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty" (North).—C. H. H.

69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *"to what he would not,"* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions;"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.—I. G.

The transaction is obscurely described. Apparently it is thus. Coriolanus indicates what he will concede, and binds himself by oath to concede nothing more.—C. H. H.

So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?
Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
First Sen. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good, my friends,

70–72. That is, "unless there be hope *in* his noble mother and his wife"; or perhaps the construction should be thus: "Unless his noble mother and his wife solicit him for mercy to his country; who, as I hear, mean *to do so*."—H. N. H.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

13. "*passable*"; is no pass-word here.—C. H. H.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimations.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand

for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

82. *"your"*; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, *"our."*—I. G.

91–92. *"though I owe My revenge properly"; i. e.* "though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians."—I. G.

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 102

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.* 110

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. 120

[*Exeunt.*

113. *"die by himself";* that is, by his own hands.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

3. *"how plainly"* is how *openly*, how remotely from artifice or concealment.—H. N. H.

Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plow Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now

I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle

46. *"by the jealous queen of heaven";* Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.—H. N. H.
65. *"The moon of Rome";* Luna was identified with Diana and

That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never

was hence the goddess of chastity. The "chaste," "cold" moon belongs to classic, the "fickle" ("lunish") moon to mediæval, folklore. —C. H. H.

67. *"dear Valeria";* a lady named Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle ages. The following lines, from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice,* deserve to be cited here:

> "Thou art chaste
> As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
> Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
> Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."
>
> —H. N. H.

71. *"supreme Jove";* this is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.—H. N. H.

80. *"The thing I have forsworn,"* etc.; *i. e.* in saying no, I shall not be refusing *your* request, as such, but merely observing my oath to refuse any.—C. H. H.

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm of having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Aye, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman 's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thow know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man

152. *"charge";* so Theobald for Ff., "change."—C. H. H.

Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I 'll speak a little.
[*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was moved withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work

201–202. *"out of that,"* etc.; "I will take advantage of this to regain my former credit and power."—H. N. H.

Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Aye, by and by:—

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:

he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,

25. *"made for";* that is, as one made to resemble Alexander.—H. N. H.

And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? 51
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

56. *"Make the sun dance"*; alluding to the belief that the sun danced on Easter Day; *cf.* Sir John Suckling—

"she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."—C. H. H.

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well today:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!
First Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'ed,
And with his charity slain.
Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame

36–37. *"reap the fame which he did end";* that is, which he *in the* end *did make* all his. We are not a little moved to adopt in this place a change proposed by Singer, as *reap* and *end* seem to mean the same thing, whereas the context clearly requires words of different meanings. Mr. Collier's second folio having changed *end* to *ear,* Singer remarks thereupon as follows: "The substitution of *ear* for *end* is a good emendation of an evident misprint, but the correctors have only half done their work: *ear,* that is, plough, and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing." The reading would then be,—"Holp to *ear* the fame which he did

Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvel'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,

reap all his." The passage, however, makes tolerable sense as it stands, and therefore we retain it.—H. N. H.

40. *"waged"*; the verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend, to reward.* The meaning is, "the countenance he gave me was a kind of *wages.*" So in Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon*: "I receive thee gladly to my house, and *wage* thy stay."—H. N. H.

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colors; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,

67–68. *"answering us with our own charge";* that is, making the cost of the war its recompense.—H. N. H.

That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honor to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Aye, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Aye, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't.

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My

102. *"No more"*; that is, "no more" than a "boy of tears."—H. N. H.

daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.'
'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth. His last offenses to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors

126–127. *"his fame folds in this orb";* his fame overspreads the world.—H. N. H.

To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he 152
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*

155. *"memory";* here again we have *memory* used for *memorial.*—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. *"abased"*); III. iii. 132.

Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 143.

Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.

Addition, title; I. ix. 66.

Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.

Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 24.

Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.

Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 113.

Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 187.

Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.

Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.

After, afterwards; II. ii. 58.

After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.

Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.

Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.

Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.

Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 82.

All, any; III. i. 144.

——, "all gaze;" the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 9.

——, "all our lamentation"; *i. e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.

Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 54.

Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.

Allowance, acknowledgment; III. ii. 57.

Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 97.

An, if; II. i. 150.

Ancient, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 253; IV. v. 103.

Anon, at once; II. iii. 155.

Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.

——, take advantage; II. iii. 273.

——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.

Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.

Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.

Antique, old; II. iii. 132.

Appeared, apparent; (Hanmer, *"affeer'd"*; Warburton, *"appeal'd"*; Jackson conj. *"apparel'd"*); IV. iii. 9.

Approbation, "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 158.

Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.

Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.

Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.

Are to, belong to; I. i. 283.

Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.

ARRIVING, having reached; II. iii. 195.
ARTICLE, condition; II. iii. 210.
ARTICULATE, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. *22*; I. i. 223.
——, as that; II. i. 256.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
ASSEMBLY (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 165.
ASSISTANCE, persons assisting; (Hanmer, *"assistants"*; Walker, *"assistancy"*); IV. vi. 33.
AT, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
AT A WORD, in a word, in short; I. iii. 126.
AT HOME, in my own home; I. x. 25.
ATONE, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
AT POINT, on the point of; III. i. 194.
ATTACH, arrest; III. i. 175.
ATTEND, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 166.
ATTENDED, waited for; I. x. 30.
ATTENDS, awaits; I. i. 84.
AUBURN, probably flaxen; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Abram"*); II. iii. 22.
AUDIBLE, quick of hearing; IV. v. 244.
AUGURER, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
AUSTERITY AND GARB, austere demeanor; IV. vii. 44.
AUTHORITY, those in power; I. i. 16.
AVOID, quit; IV. v. 26.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 35.

BAES, cries *ba;* II. i. 12.
BALD, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 210.
BALE, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it;" I. i. 173.
BARE; "a b. petition,"= a mere petition; V. i. 20.
BATS, heavy sticks; I. i. 61.
BATTEN, grow fat; IV. v. 36.
BATTLE, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
BEAM; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
BEARD TO BEARD, face to face; I. x. 11.
BEAR THE KNAVE, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
BECAUSE THAT, because; III. ii. 52.
BEMOCK, intensive form of *mock;* I. i. 267.
BE NAUGHT, be lost; III. i. 231.
BENDED, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 290.
BE OFF, take my hat off; II. iii. 112.
BE PUT, come; III. i. 233.
BEST, *i. e.* best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
BESTRID, bestrode, *i. e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 98.
BE THAT I AM, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
BEWRAY, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
BISSON CONSPECTUITIES, purblind powers of sight; (Ff. 1, 2, *"beesome"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"beesom"* and *"Besom"*); II. i. 73.
BLEEDING, *i. e.* "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 90.
BLESS'D, happy; II. ii. 64.
BLESS FROM, preserve from; I. iii. 51.
BLOOD, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
BLOWN, swollen; V. iv. 52.
BOLTED, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
BONNET, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.

Bonneted, *i. e.* unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets; (Johnson conj. *"unbonnetted"*); II. ii. 31.

Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.

Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 102.

Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 115.

Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.

Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 127.

Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.

Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.

Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.

Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.

Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.

Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 104.

Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.

Bulks, the projecting parts of shop on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 235.

Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.

By, at; I. vi. 5.

——, in comparison with; I. x. 18.

——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 98.

Came off, escaped; II. ii. 118.

Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 98.

Canopy, *i. e.* the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 42.

Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.

Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.

Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 80.

Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 201.

Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.

Catched, caught; I. iii. 72.

Cats, a term of contempt; (Collier MS. *"Curs"*; Staunton conj. *"Bats"*; Gould conj. *"Rats"*); IV. ii. 34.

Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 208.

——, quarrel; III. i. 235.

——, "as c. will be obeyed," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.

Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.

Censure, judgment; I. i. 278.

——, sentence; III. iii. 46.

Censured, estimated; II. i. 24.

Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.

Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 49.

Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

Change of honors, fresh honors, variety of honors; (Theobald, *"charge"*); II. i. 223.

Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.

Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.

Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 50.

Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.

Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 233.

Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.

Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 41.

Chose, chosen; II. iii. 168.

Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.

Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.

CLEAN KAM, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.

CLIP, embrace; I. vi. 29.

CLUCK'D, called, as a hen does; (F. 1, *"clock'd"*); V. iii. 163.

CLUSTERS, mobs; IV. vi. 122.

CLUTCH'D, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.

COCKLE, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.

COG, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.

COIGN, corner; V. iv. 1.

COME OFF, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.

COMFORTABLE, cheerful; I. iii. 2.

COMMANDED, entrusted with a command; I. i. 272.

COMMANDMENT, command; II. iii. 244.

COMMEND, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 151.

COMMON, commons, people; I. i. 161.

COMMON PART, share in common; I. ix. 39.

COMPANIONS, fellows; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.

COMPLEXIONS, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 237.

COMPOUNDED, agreed; V. vi. 84.

CONCLUDE, decide; III. i. 144.

CONDEMNED, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.

CONDITION, disposition; II. iii. 109.

CONFIRMED, determined, resolute; I. iii. 68.

CONFOUND, waste; I. vi. 17.

CONFUSION, ruin; III. i. 110.

CONIES, rabbits; IV. v. 231.

CONN'D, learned; IV. i. 11.

CONSENT OF, agreement about; II. iii. 26.

CONSTANT, true to my word; I. i. 249.

CONTRIVED, plotted; III. iii. 63.

CONVENTED, convened; II. ii. 60.

CONVERSES, is conversant, associates; II. i. 57.

CORIOLI WALLS, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.

CORMORANT, ravenous; I. i. 131.

COUNTENANCE, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.

COUNTERPOISED, equaled, counterbalanced; II. ii. 93.

COUNTRY (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.

COURAGE, plain speaking; (Collier MS. and Singer MS. *"carriage"*); III. iii. 92.

CRACK, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 78.

CRACKING, breaking; I. i. 78.

CRAFTED FAIR, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.

CRANKS, winding passages; I. i. 147.

CRY, pack; III. iii. 120.

——, proclaim; III. i. 275.

CUDGEL, thick stick; IV. v. 157.

CUNNING, knowledge; IV. i. 9.

CUPBOARDING, hoarding; I. i. 109.

CURDED, congealed; (Ff., *"curded"*; Rowe, *"curdled"*); V. iii. 66.

CYPRESS GROVE, grove of cypress trees; (Ff., *"Cyprus grove"*); I. x. 30.

DANCES, causes to dance; IV. v. 123.

DAWS, jackdaws; (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 49.

DEBILE, weak; I. ix. 48.

DECLINES, falls; II. i. 186.

DEED-ACHIEVING HONOR, honor gained by achievement; II. i. 198.

Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 104.

——, show; V. vi. 141.

Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.

Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.

Demerits, merits; I. i. 282.

Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.

Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.

Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.

Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.

Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 43.

Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 106.

Devour, destroy; I. i. 268.

Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.

Differency, difference, (so F. 1; F. 2, *"difference"*); V. iv. 12.

Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 227, 228.

Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 77.

Discharge, perform; (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.

Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 146.

Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 121.

Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 103.

Dishonor'd, dishonorable; III. i. 60.

Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.

Dispropertied, taken away; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"disproportioned"*); II. i. 273.

Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 174.

Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.

Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.

Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 47.

Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.

Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.

Drachma, an ancient Greek coin; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Drachme"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Drachm"*; Staunton, *"dram"*); I. v. 6.

Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

Each way, in every way; III. i. 49.

Ears; "by the e.," quarreling; I. i. 243.

Edge, sword; I. iv. 29.

Effected, achieved; I. ix. 18.

Embarquements, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance; (Rowe, *"Embarkments"*; Hanmer, *"Embankments"*; Warburton, *"Embarrments,"* etc.); I. x. 22.

Embracements, embraces; I. iii. 5.

Empiricutic, quackish, (probably a coined word); (Ff. 1, 2, *"Emperickqutique"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Empericktique"*; Pope, *"Emperic"*; Collier MS. *"Empiric physic"*); II. i. 134.

Emulation, envious contention; I. i. 224.

End; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis; (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 269.

End all his, make all his own at last; ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest); V. vi. 37.

Endure, remain; I. vi. 58.

Enemy, (used adjectively; F. 4, *"enemy's"*); IV. iv. 24.

Enforce, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 233.

Enter'd in, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.

ENTERTAINMENT, engaged for service; IV. iii. 51.
——, reception; IV. v. 10.
ENVIED AGAINST, shown malice, ill-will toward; (Becket conj. *"inveigh'd"*); III. iii. 95.
ENVY, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
ENVY YOU, show hatred against you; (Keightley, *"envy to you"*); III. iii. 57.
ESTIMATE, worth; III. iii. 114.
EVEN, equably; IV. vii. 37.
EVER, EVER, always the same; II. i. 217.
EXPOSTURE, exposure; IV. i. 36.
EXTOL, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
EXTREMITIES, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

FACTIONARY, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
FACTIONS, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 203.
FAIL IN, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
FAIR, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
FAIRNESS, best; I. ix. 73.
FALSELY, treacherously; III. i. 60.
FAME AND ENVY, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
FANE, temple; I. x. 20.
FATIGATE, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 123.
FAVOR, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
FEAR, fear for; I. vii. 5.
FEEBLING, weakening; I. i. 205.
FELL, cruel; I. iii. 51.
FELLEST, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
FIDIUSED, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Ff., *"fiddious'd"*); II. i. 151.
FIELDED, in the field; I. iv. 12.
FILLIP, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
FIRE (dissyllabic); I. i. 201.
FIRES OF HEAVEN, stars; I. iv. 39.
FIRST, first-born; (Heath conj. *"fierce"*; Keightley, *"fairest"*; Cartwright conj. *"dear'st"*); IV. i. 33.
FIT O' THE TIME, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
FIT YOU, fit yourself; II. ii. 148.
FLAMENS, priests; II. i. 238.
FLAW, gust; V. iii. 74.
FLOUTED, mocked; II. iii. 173.
FOB OFF, trick, cheat; I. i. 103.
FOIL'D, defeated; I. ix. 48.
FOLD-IN, enclose; III. iii. 68.
FOND, foolish; IV. i. 26.
FOOL, play the fool; II. iii. 134.
FOR, as for; I. i. 74.
——, against; II. ii. 94.
FORCE, urge; III. ii. 51.
FORE-ADVISED, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 205.
'FORE ME, an oath; probably used instead of *"'fore God"*; I. i. 130.
FORGOT, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
FORSWORN TO GRANT, sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
FORTH, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
FOR THAT, because; I. i. 123.
FOSSET-SELLER, seller of fossets or taps; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Forset"*; F. 4, *"Fauset"*); II. i. 82.
FOUR, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
FOXSHIP, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
FRAGMENTS, a term of contempt; I. i. 232.
FRAME, fashion; III. ii. 84.
FREE, liberal; III. ii. 88.
FREE CONTEMPT, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 214.

Freelier, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule; (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 44.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 90.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 187.

Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 209.
Gan, began; II. ii. 121.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 194.
——, *i. e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 107.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 158.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i. e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 221.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 95.
Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 278.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 266.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 118.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (F. 4, *"good-e'en"*); II. i. 108.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
——, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation; I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III. iii. 4.
Grace, show honor to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 200.
Grained ash, rough, tough ashen spear; IV. v. 115.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 46.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 43.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 19.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 107.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 126.
Hale, haul; V. iv. 42.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 289.
Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 13.
Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 79.

Has, he has; (F. 3, *"Ha's"*; F. 4, *"H'as"*); III. i. 161.

Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 91.

Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.

Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 32.

Have with you, I am with you, come on; II. i. 295.

Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.

Head; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.

Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 35.

Heart, sense; II. iii. 218.

Helms, those at the helm, *i. e.* the leaders; I. i. 85.

——, helmets; IV. v. 132.

Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.

Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.

Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 66.

Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.

Him, *i. e.* this one; I. vi. 36.

Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.

Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert; (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 129.

Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.

Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue; (Ff., *"hollow"*); I. viii. 7.

Holp, helped; III. i. 277.

Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.

——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 109.

Honor'd, honorable; III. i. 72.

Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 122.

Hoop'd, *i. e.* whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 85.

Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 136.

Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.

Hours, time; (Rowe (ed. 2), *"honors"*); I. v. 5.

Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 58.

Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger; (Qq., *"hem"*); V. i. 49.

Humorous, full of whims and humors; II. i. 52.

Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.

Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.

Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 80.

Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

Impediment; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 80.

Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 55.

In, of; II. ii. 16.

——, into; II. iii. 270; III. ii. 91.

——, by; III. i. 210.

——, on; III. iii. 102.

Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 140.

Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.

Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.

Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 94.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 37.

Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.

INHERITED, realized, enjoyed; II. i. 224.
INJURIOUS, insulting; III. iii. 69.
INJURY, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
INNOVATOR, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
INTERIMS, intervals; I. vi. 5.
INTERJOIN, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
ISSUES, children; IV. iv. 22.
IT IS, he is; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 48.

JACK GUARDANT, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 67.
JEALOUS QUEEN OF HEAVEN, *i. e.* Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
JUDICIOUS, judicial; V. vi. 127.
JUMP, risk, hazard; (Pope, *"vamp"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"imp"*); III. i. 154.

KICK'D AT, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 130.
KNEE, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

LACK'D, had lost; III. ii. 23.
LAMENTATION; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
LARUM, alarum, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
LATE, lately; III. i. 196.
LAY, lodged; I. ix. 82.
LEADS, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
LEASH, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
LEASING, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
LEAVE, leave off; I. iii. 99.
LEAVES, leave; IV. v. 140.
LENITY, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
LESSER, less; (Ff. 1, 2, *"lessen"*; Rowe, *"Less for"*); I. vi. 70.
LESSON'D, taught by us; II. iii. 191.
LET GO, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
LETS, he lets; II. ii. 17.
LIES, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
LIES YOU ON, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
LIEVE, lief, gladly; (Ff. 2, 3, *"live"*; F. 1, *"liue"*; Capell, *"lief"*); IV. v. 188.
LIKE, equal; I. i. 110.
——, likely; I. iii. 16.
LIKING, good opinion, favor; I. i. 205.
LIMITATION, required time; II. iii. 152.
LIST, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
LOCKRAM, coarse linen; II. i. 234.
LONG OF YOU, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'LONGS, belongs; V. iii. 170.
LOOKS, seems likely, promises; (Hanmer, *"works"*); III. iii. 29.
LOSE, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 67.
LOTS TO BLANKS = all the world to nothing; (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
LOVER, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
LURCH'D, robbed; II. ii. 107.

MADE DOUBT, doubted; I. ii. 18.
MADE FAIR HANDS, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
MADE HEAD, raised an army; II. ii. 92.
MAIMS OF SHAME, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 93.

MAKE A LIP, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 133.
MAKE GOOD, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
MALICE, hatred; II. i. 253.
MALKIN, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 233.
MAMMOCKED, tore in pieces; I. iii. 75.
MAN-ENTERED, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 105.
MANIFEST, notorious; I. iii. 57.
MANKIND, (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
MANY, multitude; (F. 1, *"meynie"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"meyny"*); III. i. 66.
MARK, power; II. ii. 95.
MATCH, bargain; II. iii. 90.
MEASLES, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
MEED, reward; II. ii. 103.
MEMORY, memorial; IV. v. 78.
MERCY; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
MERELY, absolutely; III. i. 305.
MET, are met; (Hanmer, *"meet"*; Capell, *"are met"*; Anon. conj. *"we've met"*); II. ii. 53.
MICROCOSM, little world; II. i. 71.
MINDED, reminded; V. i. 18.
MINNOWS, small fry; III. i. 89.
MIRTH; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company," (Schmidt); I. iii. 121.
MISERY, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 133.
MOCK'D, scoffed at; II. iii. 172.
MODEST, moderate; III. i. 275.
MOE, more; II. iii. 138 .
MONSTER'D, exaggerated; II. ii. 83.
MORE, greater; III. ii. 124.
MORTAL, fatal; II. ii. 117.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
MOTION, motive; II. i. 57.
——, "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 59.
MOUNTEBANK THEIR LOVES, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
MOVERS, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
MULL'D, flat, insipid; IV. v. 245.
MULTITUDINOUS TONGUE, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
MUMMERS, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 87.
MUNIMENTS, supplies of war; I. i. 128.
MURRAIN; "a m. on't," a plague upon it; (an oath); I. v. 3.
MUSE, wonder; III. ii. 7.
MUTINERS, mutineers; I. i. 260.
MY HORSE TO YOURS, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.

NAME, credit; II. i. 156.
NAPLESS, threadbare; II. i. 259.
NATIVE, origin, source; (Johnson and Heath conj. *"motive"*); III. i. 129.
NATURE, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
NAVEL, center; III. i. 123.
NEEDER, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
NERVES, sinews; I. i. 148.
NERVY, sinewy; II. i. 185.
NEVER-NEEDED; "so n.n.," *i. e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
NICELY-GAWDED, daintily bedecked; (Lettsom conj. *"nicely-guarded"*); II. i. 242.
NOBLE, nobles; III. i. 29.
NOBLE TOUCH, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.

Noise and horn, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
Nose, to scent; V. i. 28.
Not, not only; (Hanmer, *"not only"*); III. iii. 97.
Note, notice; I. ix. 49.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 114.
Notion, understanding; V. vi. 107.
Now, just; I. ix. 79.

Object, sight; I. i. 21.
Occupation; "the voice of o.," *i. e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'er-beat, overwhelm; (Ff., *"o're-beat"*; Rowe, *"o'er-bear"*; Becket conj. *"o'er-bear't"*); IV. v. 138.
O'er-peer, rise above; II. iii. 134.
Of, from; II. iii. 251.
——, concerning; I. i. 279.
——, by; I. ii. 13.
Offer'd, attempted; V. i. 23.
—— about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
Official marks, tokens of office; II. iii. 154.
On, of; (Ff. 1, 2, *"one"*); I. ii. 4.
Once, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 17.
One danger, (?) "constant source of danger"; (Theobald, *"our"*); III. i. 288.
Only, sole; I. ix. 36.
On's, of his; I. iii. 76.
On't, of it; III. i. 152.
Ope, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 281.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 38.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 24.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 82.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish; (Ff., *"Aspray"*); IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us; (Hanmer, *"their"*; Ingleby conj. *"for"*; Lettsom conj. *"a"*; Kinnear, *"as"*); III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 128.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors; (F. 1, *"out a doore"*); I. iii. 124.
Out of; "out of daily fortune," *i. e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equaled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savors most of theirs; (Johnson, *"must palate"*); III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 236.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating; I. i. 112.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 93.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 22.
Particulars; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 51.
Party, side, part; I. i. 244.
Pass, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 145.

PAST DOUBT, without doubt; II. iii. 271.
PATIENCE; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 85.
PAWN'D, pledged; V. vi. 21.
PENELOPE, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.
PENT, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
PERCEIVE'S, perceive his; II. ii. 162.
PEREMPTORY, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
PESTERING, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
PHYSICAL, salutary; I. v. 19.
PICK, pitch; I. i. 210.
PIECE, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 226.
PIERCING, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 92.
PIKES, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitchforks; (used with play on both senses); I. i. 24.
PLACE; "his p.," *i. e.* the consulship; II. i. 172.
PLEASE IT, if it please; V. vi. 140.
PLEBEII, plebeians; (Rowe, *"plebeians"*); II. iii. 198.
PLOT; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
POINTS, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
POISON, destroy; V. ii. 94.
POLL, number, counted by heads; (Ff., *"pole"*); III. i. 134.
POLLED, bared, cleared; (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 220.
POOREST, smallest; III. iii. 32.
PORTANCE, bearing, demeanor; II. iii. 238.
PORTS, gates; I. vii. 1.
POSSESSED, informed; II. i. 153.
POST, messenger; V. vi. 50.
POT; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
POTCH, poke; I. x. 15.
POTHER, uproar; II. i. 243.
POUND UP, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
POWER, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
POW, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 164.
PRACTICE, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
PRANK THEM, deck themselves; (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
PRECIPITATION, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
PREPARATION, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
PRESENT, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; IV. v. 234.
PRESS'D, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
PRETENSES, intentions; I. ii. 20.
PROGENY, race; I. viii. 12.
PRONOUNCE, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
PROOF; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
PROPER, own; I. ix. 57.
PROPERLY, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 92.
PROUD; "p. to be"= proud of being; I. i. 269.
PROVAND, provender; (Pope, *"provender"*); II. i. 276.
PROVE, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
PULING, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.
PUPIL AGE, pupilage, minority; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Pupil-age"*); II. ii. 104.
PURPOSE; "our p. to them," of

announcing our intention to them (*i. e.*, the people); II. ii. 158.

PUT IN HAZARD, risked; II. iii. 270.

PUT UPON, incited, urged; II. i. 281.

PUT YOU TO'T, put you to the test; I. i. 239.

PUT YOU TO YOUR FORTUNE, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.

PUTTING ON, instigation; II. iii. 266.

QUAKED, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.

QUARRY, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead; (a hunting term); I. i. 208.

QUARTER'D, slaughtered; I. i. 209.

QUIRED, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

RACK'D, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.

RAKES, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men; (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 25.

RAPT, enraptured; IV. v. 123.

RAPTURE, fit; II. i. 232.

RASCAL, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 169.

REASON = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 254.

—, argue for; V. iii. 176.

——, converse; I. ix. 58.

REASONS, arguments; V. vi. 59.

RECEIPT; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 122.

RECEIVE TO HEART, take to heart; IV. iii. 23.

RECKLESS, thoughtless; III. i. 92.

RECOMMEND, commit the task; II. ii. 157.

RECTORSHIP, guidance; II. iii. 219.

REECHY, dirty; (literally *smoky*); II. i. 234.

REEK, vapor; III. iii. 121.

REJOURN, adjourn; II. i. 83.

REMAINS, it remains; II. iii. 153.

REMOVE, "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.

RENDER, render up, give; I. ix. 34.

REPEAL, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.

REPETITION, utterance, mention; I. i. 49.

REPORT, reputation; II. i. 136.

——, "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 35.

REQUEST, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 156.

REQUIRE, ask; II. ii. 162.

REST, stay; IV. i. 39.

RESTITUTION; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.

RETIRE, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).

RHEUM, tears; V. vi. 46.

RIDGES HORSED, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 236.

RIPE APTNESS, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 25.

ROAD, inroad; III. i. 5.

ROME GATES, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 218.

ROTED, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.

RUB, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.

RUTH, pity; I. i. 207.

Safe-guard; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.

Sat, if there sat; III. iii. 70.

Save you, *i. e.* God save you, (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.

Say, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.

Scabs, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 176.

Scaling, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 262.

Scandal'd, defamed; III. i. 44.

Scarr'd, wounded; IV. v. 116.

Scorn him, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.

Scotched, cut, hacked; IV. v. 201.

'Sdeath, a contraction of *God's death*, a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 227.

Season'd, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.

Seeking, request, demand; I. i. 198.

Seld-shown, seldom seen; II. i. 238.

Self; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 100.

Sennet, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 186–187.

Sensible, sensitive; I. iii. 98.

Sensibly, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.

Servanted to, subject to; V. ii. 91.

Set down before 's, besiege us; I. ii. 28.

Set on, incited, instigated; (? go on!); III. i. 58.

Set up the bloody-flag, *i. e.* declare war; (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 87.

Several, separate; IV. v. 129.

Sewing, embroidering; I. iii. 58.

Shall, shall go; III. i. 31.

Shall's, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.

Shame, be ashamed; II. ii. 73.

Shent, reproved, rated; V. ii. 106.

Shop, workshop; I. i. 143.

Should, would; II. iii. 27.

Show'd, would appear; IV. vi. 114.

Show'st, appearest; IV. v. 69.

Shrug, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.

Shunless, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 118.

Side, take sides with; I. i. 203.

Silence, silent one; II. i. 200.

Since that, since; III. ii. 50.

Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 40.

Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 93.

Singularity; "more than his s." *i. e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 288.

Sithence, since; III. i. 47.

Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.

Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 112.

Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.

Slip; "let s.," let loose; (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.

Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.

Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.

Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.

Soldier (trisyllabic); I. i. 126.

Solemness, gravity; I. iii. 124.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 206.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 62.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 55.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 79.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapors came"; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 218.
Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 185.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 59.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 243.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale't, make it stale; (Ff., *"scale't"*); I. i. 101.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 95.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 113.
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 281.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 251.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 271.
Stitchery, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 79.
Stood, stood up in defense of; IV. vi. 45.
Stood to't, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.
Store; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.
Stout, proud; III. ii. 78.
Stoutness, pride; III. ii. 127.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 122.
Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 57.
Stride, bestride; I. ix. 71.
Strucken, struck; IV. v. 157.
Stuck, hesitated; II. iii. 18.
Subdues, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 185.
Subtle, smooth and deceptive; V. ii. 20.
Sudden, hasty; II. iii. 265.
Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 23.
——, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.
Suggest, prompt; II. i. 270.
Summon the town, *i. e.* to surrender; I. iv. 7.
Surcease, cease; III. ii. 121.
Surer; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 182.
Surety, be sureties for; III. i. 178.
Sway, bear sway; II. i. 229.
Swifter composition, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.
Sworn brother; people who had

taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers; II. iii. 107.

TA'EN FORTH, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
TA'EN, NOTE, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
TAG, rabble; III. i. 248.
TAINTS, infects; IV. vii. 38.
TAKE IN, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
TAKE UP, cope with; III. i. 244.
TAKEN WELL, interviewed at a favorable time; V. i. 50.
TAME, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
TARGET, a small shield; IV. v. 127.
TAUNTINGLY, mockingly, disparagingly; (Ff. 1, *"taintingly"*; F. 2, 3, *"tantingly"*); I. i. 120.
TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
TENT, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
TETTER, infect with tetter, *i. e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
THAN THOSE, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
THAT'S, that has; II. ii. 85.
THAT'S OFF, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 66.
THOU WILT, that thou wilt; IV. v. 92.
THREAD, file through singly; III. i. 124.
TIBER, figurative for water; II. i. 54.
TIGER-FOOTED, tiger-like, ("hastening to seize its prey"); III. i. 312.
TIME, immediate present, present time; II. i. 294.
TIME, "the t." *i. e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'TIS RIGHT, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 261.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 135.
——, against; IV. v. 134.
——, "to his mother"=for his mother; V. iii. 178.
TOLD, foretold; I. i. 237.
TOOK, took effect, told; II. ii. 114.
To's POWER, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 271.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
TOUCH'D, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 295.
TRADUCEMENT, calumny; I. ix. 22.
TRAITOR, "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
TRANSLATE, transform; II. iii. 203.
TRANSPORT, bear, carry; II. i. 249.
TREATY, proposal tending to an agreement; II. ii. 61.
TRICK, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
TRITON, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.
TROTH; "o' my t.," on my word; (a slight oath); I. iii. 66.
——, faith; IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v. 200.
TRUE PURCHASING, honest earning; II. i. 162.
TRUMPET, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
TUNS, large casks; IV. v. 106.
TURN, put; III. i. 284.
TWIN, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

UNACTIVE, inactive; I. i. 108.
UNBARB'D, SCONCE, unarmed, bare, head; (*sconce*, used con-

temptuously; Becket conj. *"imbarbed"*; Nicholson conj. *"embarbed"*); III. ii. 99.

UNBORN; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.

UNDERCREST, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.

UNDER FIENDS, fiends of hell; IV. v. 99.

UNGRAVELY, without dignity; II. iii. 239.

UNHEARTS, disheartens; V. i. 49.

UNLIKE, unlikely; III. i. 48.

UNMERITING, as undeserving; II. i. 48.

UNPROPERLY, improperly; V. iii. 54.

UNSCANN'D, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.

UNSEPARABLE, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.

UNSEVER'D, inseparable; III. ii. 42.

UPON, laid upon; III. ii. 141.

——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 253.

——, against; III. iii. 47.

USED; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.

USHERS, forerunners; II. i. 182.

VAIL, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.

VANTAGE, advantage, benefit; I. i. 170.

——; "v. of his anger," *i. e.* the favorable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 274.

VARIABLE, various, all kinds; II. i. 287.

VAWARD, vanguard; I. vi. 53.

VENT, get rid of; I. i. 235.

——; "full of vent," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 244.

VERIFIED, supported the credit of (or, spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.

VEXATION, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.

VIAND, food; I. i. 109.

VIRGINAL, maidenly; V. ii. 46.

VIRGIN'D IT, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.

VIRTUE, valor, bravery; I. i. 43.

VOICE, vote (verb); II. iii. 248.

VOICES, votes; II. ii. 146.

'VOIDED, avoided; (Ff., *"voided"*); IV. v. 89.

VOUCHES, attestations; II. iii. 130.

VULGAR STATION, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 240.

WAIL, bewail; IV. i. 26.

WANT, am wanting in; I. iii. 94.

WARM AT 'S HEART, *i. e.* he is gratified; II. iii. 166.

WARRANT, measures; III. i. 276.

WAR'S GARLAND, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.

WATCH'D, kept guard; II. iii. 140.

WAVED, would waver; II. ii. 19.

WAVING, bowing; III. ii. 77.

WAXED, grew, throve; (F. 2, *"wated"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"waited"*); II. ii. 105.

WEAL, good, welfare; I. i. 161.

——, commonwealth; II. iii. 195.

WEALSMEN, statesmen; II. i. 61.

WEEDS, garments; II. iii. 167.

WELL-FOUND, fortunately met with; II. ii. 50.

WHAT, why; III. i. 317.

——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.

WHEEL, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.

WHERE, whereas; I. i. 110.

WHERE AGAINST, against which; IV. v. 114.

WHICH, who; I. i. 197.

WHITHER, (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
WHO, he who; I. i. 186.
——, whom; II. i. 8.
——, which; III. ii. 119.
WHOLESOME, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 69.
WHOM, which; I. i. 274.
WILLS; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 267.
WIND, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
WIN UPON, gain advantage, get the better of; (Grant White conj. *"win open"*); I. i. 230.
WITH, by; III. iii. 7.
WITHAL, with; III. i. 141.
WITH US, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
WIVES, women; IV. iv. 5.
WOOLEN, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
WOOLVISH TOGE, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 128.
WORD, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
WORN, worn out; III. i. 6.
WORSHIP, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
WORST IN BLOOD, in the worst condition; I. i. 169.
WORTH; "his w. of contraction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
WORTHY; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
——, justifiable; III. i. 241.
WOT, know; IV. v. 173.
WREAK, vengeance; IV. v. 92.
WRENCH UP, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

YIELD, grant; II. ii. 60.
YOU MAY, YOU MAY, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 41.
YOUNGLY, young; II. iii. 250.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What is the date of publication of this play? What is the approximate date of composition? Give a reason.

2. Criticize the play as to its acting merits, its uniformity, and historical accuracy of customs. What nation does it portray?

3. What was the undoubted source of the play and in scene i how does the plot vary from the original? What is the duration of the time of action on the stage and what the actual historical time?

4. What is the theme of the play? Is it an exposition of individualism or, a study of Roman civics?

ACT I

5. Why is the opening scene a strong one, dramatically? Where is the first clue to the character, Caius Marcius?

6. Comment on the bearing of Menenius and on that of Caius Marcius, towards the rabble. What fable does Menenius employ to justify the conduct of the senators to the plebeians, and how does he apply it?

7. In the comments (scene i) of the tribunes upon Marcius, how do they characterize him?

8. In scene ii, what idea is brought out as to the relations of Marcius and Tullus Aufidius?

9. In scene iii, what typical Roman characteristic is revealed in the discourse of Volumnia? How does Virgilia compare in nobility of character?

10. How does Marcius address the retreating Roman soldiers? What does the break in his speech indicate?

11. What opinion has Marcius of the spoils of war, and wherein does it add to the reader's conception of his character?

12. What duel takes place in scene viii and what is the spirit of the two participants?

13. In scene ix, explain the line "Here is the steed, we the caparison."

14. How does Marcius accept the praise of the people upon his victory? What name does he acquire as a result of his conquest at Corioli?

15. Why do Sicinius and Brutus suffer Menenius to scoff at their weaknesses, when they cannot endure the ridicule of Coriolanus (scene i)? Where does Menenius draw a character-sketch of himself?

ACT II

16. Why does Volumnia gloat over her son's wounds? Descibe Coriolanus' greeting to his wife.

17. Why do Sicinius and Brutus plot to defeat the consulship of Coriolanus, and how do they criticize his remarks concerning his suit for the office?

18. How does the conversation of the two Officers (scene ii) explain the unpopularity of Coriolanus among the plebian people?

19. In his public suit for the consulship, is Coriolanus possessed of modesty or, arrogance or, both? Give reasons. What is the result of his suit?

ACT III

20. What uproar of the common people occurs in scene i?

21. Upon what topic does Coriolanus continue to expostulate, against the advice of Menenius?

22. What is the substance of Coriolanus' exhortation to the Senators?

23. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd and how does he avert a civil war?

24. Who prevails upon Coriolanus to humble himself before the people and what is the policy recommended to him?

25. In his promise to curry favor of the people, what comparisons does Coriolanus make of his weakness?

26. What charges and what sentences does Brutus suggest (scene iii) against Coriolanus?

27. What is the significance of Brutus' words just before the trial, "Put him (Coriolanus) to choler straight"?

28. What accusation makes Coriolanus forget that he has promised to be mild in his speech? Is his anger justifiable?

29. What sentence is finally given to Coriolanus? What do his last words imply?

30. Explain the several allusions to the *Tarpeian* rock.

ACT IV

31. How does Coriolanus make use of his mother's own words to him, in his endeavor to reconcile her to his banishment?

32. How does scene i reveal the softer side of Coriolanus' nature?

33. In scene ii, what change has come over Volumnia?

34. What is the dramatic value of scene iii?

35. What suggestion of humor is there in scene iv?

36. Whom does Coriolanus seek out in Antium and how does he gain access to him?

37. What misrepresentation is Coriolanus guilty of, in his narration of his banishment?

38. Explain his words, "make my misery serve thy turn."

39. Is the alliance between Coriolanus and Aufidius a purely ironical feature of the play? Does the servants' conversation help to confirm this idea?

40. How are situations reversed in scene vi?

41. How do Cominius and Menenius lay the blame of the impending catastrophe upon the two Tribunes?

42. In scene vii, what grievance has Aufidius in mind against Coriolanus?

43. Select three passages in this scene which are involved in their meaning.

ACT V

44. What success does Cominius meet with, upon his embassy to Coriolanus?

45. In what two ways does Menenius hope to secure an audience of Coriolanus?

46. What final expedient does Cominius suggest to win over Coriolanus, and where, previously, in this play, was it adopted?

47. To what extent, does Coriolanus carry his allegiance to the Volscians (scene ii)?

48. What goddess is referred to in the words of Coriolanus, "the jealous queen of heaven" (scene iii)?

49. Does Volumnia prevail upon Coriolanus more through her Roman prerogative as a mother or, by her plea for justice to the Roman people?

50. What future use is Aufidius planning to make of this scene?

51. What treachery does Aufidius practice on Coriolanus, upon their return to Antium? Is this consistent with the plot of the play?

52. What is the significance of Aufidius' addressing Coriolanus as "Marcius"?

53. What epithet rouses the anger of Coriolanus?

54. Explain "His fame folds in This orb o' the earth," lines 126–127, scene vi.

55. How does Coriolanus meet death?

56. To what overpowering trait does he owe his misfortunes and death?

57. In line 155, scene vi, what is the meaning of "noble memory"?

58. In this play, is it Shakespeare's purpose to descry democracy and praise aristocracy or, is his attitude an impartial one?

THE WINTER'S TALE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Winter's Tale appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the "Comedies." It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the "Names of the Actors" are given.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(I) Apart from considerations of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610–1611:—(i) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii) Dr. Simon Forman in his *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof* has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theater on May 15, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612–1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drollerics*."

(II) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evidence:—(i) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV, no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii) the logical structure is "more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's"; (iv) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v) finally, there are the unmistakable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, "its companion and complement"—the Romances which belong to the close of the poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; "Timon the misanthrope" no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> "O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
> That has such people in 't!"

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels, *Pandosto: the Triumph of Time* (*or, Dorastus and Fawnia*); "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of

fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*" [1] The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, "Maister of Artes in Cambridge," whose death-bed utterances, reported in his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, anticipated a veritable "Triumph of Time," save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum*, "Maister of Artes in Neither University," was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, "the only Shake-scene in a country." The "scald, lying, trivial pamphlet" (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale*, at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he "beautified himself" with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia*.[2]

THE NOVEL AND THE PLAY

Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i) in the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamored of his unknown daughter; (iii) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv) Hermione's character is ennobled

1 Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*. (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

2 A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido*, as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

"Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,
To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?"

throughout; Shakespeare admits no "incautiousness" on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily, the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connection with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale*, from this latter point of view, suggests comparison with the "tragi-comedy" of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.[1]

AUTOLYCUS

Shakespeare's rogue has distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his

[1] *Cp.* the passage quoted above, which has been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'erpower my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest. . . .
Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine."

—(W. F. Nevins.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly "lives, though yet she speaks not"; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX of the *Odyssey*, 392–8:—

> "Autolycus, who th' art
> Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
> But by equivocation) first adorn'd
> Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
> By Jove's descend'nt, ingenious Mercury."[1]

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favorite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI).[2]

THE SEABOARD OF BOHEMIA

Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous *Conversations*, recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geopraphical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in "a winter's tale": he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Guilio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> "It is in my power
> To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
> To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

[1] Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp. "My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles."*

[2] It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's *Book of Dives Pragmaticus*, 1563 (reprinted in Huth's *Fugitive Tracts*, 1875).

THE DURATION OF ACTION

The Winter's Tale, with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,[1] may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed "Unity of Time"—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both "time and place." *The Winter's Tale*, perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasizes, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "Now Grown in Grace
> Equal with Wondering."

[1] Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. sc. iv. and Act V., *i. e.* the seventh and eighth days.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice we have of *The Winter's Tale* is from the manuscript *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, lately discovered in the Ashmolean Museum. The description there given is so close as to leave no room for doubt or mistake; bearing date May 15, 1611, and running thus: "Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him, who gave the king of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, etc.; and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the king of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, etc. Beware of trusting feigned beggars and fawning fellows."

Malone once thought *The Winter's Tale* to have been written in 1604; but he gave up this opinion late in life upon finding it stated in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, that *The Winter's Tale* was "an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck." Buck became Master of the Revels in October, 1610, which office he held till May, 1622. So that we may fairly conclude the play to have been new, and probably in its first run, when Forman saw it at the Globe Theater.

It also appears from the accounts of Sir George Buck, that "a play called *The Winter's Night's Tale*" was acted at Whitehall by "the king's players," November 5, 1611. As the king's players were the company to which Shakespeare belonged, there can be little doubt that *The Winter's Night's Tale* was Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*. In the same account are included eleven other plays, *The Tempest* being one, the oldest of which probably had not been written more than three years; which yields something of an argument that *The Winter's Tale* was selected for performance at court because it was then popular and new. Both this play and *The Tempest* are most likely referred to by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomew Fair*, which was first acted in 1614; and that the style of the reference favors the opinion that the plays had not then lost the charm of novelty. Upon the whole, therefore, we have no scruple in setting down the composition of *The Winter's Tale* to the winter of 1610–1611, when the Poet was in his forty-sixth year.

That *The Winter's Tale* was written after *The Tempest*, has been justly argued by Mr. Collier, and for this reason: Shakespeare, as we shall presently see, in his plot and story closely follows the *Pandosto* of Robert Greene. In the novel, however, the new-born babe is put into a boat and turned adrift at sea without a keeper, and so floats to the place where she is found by the shepherd: and there is no apparent reason why Shakespeare should have varied from the novel herein, unless it were to avoid a repetition of inci-

dent; he having already done a similar thing in the case of Prospero and Miranda.

As for the rest, *The Winter's Tale* first appeared in the folio of 1623, being the fourteenth in the series of Comedies, regularly divided into acts and scenes, and having at the end a list of the persons headed "The Names of the Actors." The printing is remarkably clear, though in several passages the sense is so perplexed and obscure as to make us regret the want of earlier impressions.

Greene's *Pandosto*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Dorastus and Fawnia*, seems to have been one of the most successful books of the time; there being no less than fourteen old editions of it known, the first of which was in 1588, and the second in 1607; and between these there were, no doubt, several editions that have been lost, as that was the very time when it would naturally have been in the greatest demand. Greene was a scholar, a man of some genius, Master of Arts in both the Universities, and had indeed much more of learning than of judgment in the use and application thereof; it having been seemingly impossible for him to write without overloading his pages with classical allusion, or to hit upon any thought so trite and commonplace but that he must run it through a series of aphoristic sentences twisted out of Greek and Roman lore. Like all the surviving works of Greene, *Pandosto* is greatly charged with learned impertinence, and in the annoyance thence resulting one is apt to overlook the real merit of the performance. It is better than Lodge's *Rosalynd* for this reason, if for no other, that it is shorter. It has been lately republished by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare Library*. How largely the Poet drew from this source may be seen by the following abstract.

Pandosto, king of Bohemia, and Egistus, king of Sicilia, had passed their childhood together, and grown into such a mutual friendship as kept its hold on them long after coming to their several crowns. Pandosto had for his wife a very beautiful, wise, and virtuous lady, named Bellaria,

with whom he led a most sweet and happy life, and who had borne him a son, called Garinter, in whom both himself and his subjects greatly delighted. After many years of separation, Egistus "provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion," who hearing of his arrival went with a great train of lords and ladies to meet him, received him very lovingly, and wished his wife to welcome him as his old friend and acquaintance. Having saluted and embraced each other, they rode to the palace, recounting how they had spent their youth in friendly pastimes; and no pains were spared to honor the royal visitor, and make him feel at home. Bellaria, "to show how much she liked him whom her husband loved," treated Egistus with great confidence, often going herself unto his chamber to see that nothing should be amiss. This honest familiarity increased daily; for, each finding the other adorned with sundry excellent qualities, "there grew such a secret uniting of affections that the one could not well be without the other's company"; insomuch that when Pandosto was busy with state affairs they would walk into the garden, and pass their time in pleasant devices. This continuing some time, Pandosto began to have doubtful thoughts, calling to mind the beauty of his wife, the comeliness and bravery of his friend; and considering "that Egistus was a man and must needs love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject to love." These and such thoughts, "a long time smothering in his stomach," at last grew to a flaming jealousy, so that he could take no rest; he began to measure all their actions, to misconstrue their familiarity, and to watch them narrowly, if he could get any certain proof to confirm his suspicions. His mind soon became so charged with jealousy that he was quite sure of what he feared, and studied for nothing so much as revenge. He resolved to work by poison, and called upon his cup-bearer, Franion, to serve as agent in this black design; who standing out and trying to dissuade him therefrom, he set before him the alternative of preferment and death. Being thus be-

set, and seeing no way but to dissemble, Franion gave his consent, thereby to gain time, and then, after some debate with himself, went to Egistus and told him the secret, and stole away with him. No sooner were they fairly off than the king, full of rage at being thus baffled, let loose his fury against the queen, giving order that she should forthwith be carried to prison. When the men put upon this work came to her lodging, they found her playing with the young prince: they wept as they did the message, and she, having nothing but a clear conscience to plead her cause, resigned herself to the hard measure. The king then had his suspicion proclaimed as a certain truth, and though the queen's character went far to discredit the charge, yet the sudden flight of Egistus caused it to be believed. And he would fain have made war upon Egistus, but that the latter not only was of great strength and prowess to withstand him, but had many kings in his alliance, his wife being daughter to the Emperor of Russia.

Meanwhile the queen in prison gave birth to a daughter; which when the king heard of, being certain that Egistus was father of the child, he ordered that both the mother and the babe should be burned. Against this cruel sentence his nobles stoutly remonstrated; but the most they could prevail with him was, that he should spare the child's life; his next device being to put it in a boat and leave it to the mercy of the winds and seas. At the hearing of this hard doom the poor queen fell down in a trance, so that all thought her dead; but at last, coming to herself, she yielded up the babe, at the same time saying,—"Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee it may help to succor thee."

When the time came for the queen's trial, the king assembled his nobles and counselors, and had her called into open court. The charge being read, she, standing like a prisoner at the bar, and seeing that nothing less than her death would satisfy the king, "waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice, for mercy she neither

craved nor hoped for"; and that her accusers might be brought before her face. The king replied, that they were of such credit that their word was enough, the secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirming what they had said; that it was her part "to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault"; and that she should be punished with some cruel death. Undismayed at this rough answer, she told him her life had ever been such as no spot of suspicion could stain; and that, if she had borne a friendly countenance towards Egistus, it was only as he was her husband's friend; "therefore, if she were condemned without further proof, it was rigor, and not law." The noblemen who sat as judges said she spoke reason, and entreated that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn: the king answered, that in this case he would dispense with law, and that the jury should take his word as sufficient proof, else he would make the proudest of them repent it. The queen then told him, that if his fury might stand for law it were vain for the jury to yield their verdict; and therefore she begged that for the love of his young son he would send six of his noblemen to "the Isle of Delphos," there to inquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she were guilty of the crime laid to her charge. This request he could not for shame deny, and so despatched the messengers, ordering that his wife meanwhile should be kept in close prison. The ambassadors making all haste soon came back with the sealed answer of Apollo; whereupon, the nobles and counselors being again assembled, and the queen brought into court, the scroll was opened and read in their presence, its contents being much the same as in the play; and at the hearing thereof the people gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear. Then the king, smitten with shame and remorse, besought his nobles that they would persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries, and went on to tell how he had tried to compass the death of Egistus. While he was telling this, word came that the young prince was suddenly dead; at the hearing

of which the queen fell down, and could never be revived: the king also sunk down senseless, and lay in that state three days; and there was nothing but mourning to be heard throughout Bohemia. The king, upon reviving, being in a frenzy of grief and horror, would have killed himself, but that his peers being present stayed him therefrom, entreating him to spare his life for his people's sake. As soon as he could go abroad he had his wife and son very richly and piously entombed; and from that time forth repaired daily to the tomb to bewail his loss.

Now the boat containing his infant daughter was carried by tempest and tide to the coast of Sicilia, where it stuck in the sand. A poor shepherd, who got his living by other men's flocks, chanced to miss one of his sheep, and, knowing they were fond of browsing on the sea-ivy, wandered thither in search of it. As he was about to return he heard a child cry, and, there being no house near, thought it might be the bleating of his sheep; and going to look more narrowly he spied a little boat from which the cry seemed to come. After wondering awhile what it might be, he waded to the boat, and found the babe lying there ready to die of hunger and cold, wrapped in an embroidered mantle, and having a chain about the neck. As he had never before seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, he at first thought it was a little god, and went to worshiping it; but when it began to cry again he knew it was a child, and, being touched with pity, took it in his arms, and as he was fixing the mantle there fell at his feet a very fair rich purse containing a great sum of gold, whereat his spirits were much revived. That he might keep this wealth, he was careful to let nothing of his discovery be known: so he took the babe home as secretly as he could, gave it in charge to his wife, telling her how he had found it, and after that went to his sheep with a merry note. The shepherd's name was Porrus, his wife's Mopsa; the precious foundling they named Fawnia; and, being themselves childless, they bred her up tenderly as their own daughter, and became very fond of her, seeing that she waxed in beauty

as in age; and she in turn grew to love them as her father and mother. With the gold Porrus bought a pretty farm and a small flock of sheep, which Fawnia at the age of ten was set to keep; and she did this so well that the flock prospered greatly in her care. In a short time the shepherd became a man of some wealth and credit; and as Fawnia was likely to be his only heir, many rich farmers' sons came to his house as wooers; for she was of singular beauty and excellent wit, and at sixteen grew to such perfection of mind and person that her praises were spoken at court. Nevertheless she still went forth every day with the sheep, veiling her face from the sun with a garland of flowers, which attire became her so well that "she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty."

Now Egistus had an only son, named Dorastus, about the age of twenty; a prince so adorned with the gifts of nature and fraught with virtuous qualities, that both king and people had great joy of him. He being now of a ripe age, his father sought to match him with some princess; but the youth was little minded to wed, as he had more pleasure in the exercises of the field and the chase. About this time there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in that section, and Fawnia was the mistress of the feast; and as evening drew on and their sports ceased, taking a companion along, she went home by the flock to see that they were well folded; and it chanced that the prince, who had been hunting all that day, met them on the way, and casting his eye upon Fawnia "he was half afraid, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be in any mortal creature": and as he stood amazed one of his pages told him the maid was Fawnia, she whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Falling into conversation with her, he was still more charmed with her inward graces of mind, and upon going home his thoughts were so bewitched with this vision that he could take no rest. She, too, was equally taken with his noble person and manly behavior; and all that night she was kept awake with thinking of him, or if at any time she fell asleep she was still dreaming of him.

After this he would sometimes steal from court alone to the place where the shepherdess kept her flock; and the more they were together the more they could not bear to be asunder, for there was no thought between them but of honor and truth; and when at last he told how he loved her, and asked if she would be his, she answered,—"Yes, when Dorastus becomes a shepherd." After thinking some while with himself he resolved to do this, saying,—"Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherd's weeds: the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd; they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love." So, the next time he came disguised as a shepherd, insomuch that she at first thought him to be one indeed; but when she saw he was the prince she rose up modestly and saluted him; and he taking her gently by the hand repaid her courtesy with a kiss, and prayed her to sit down by his side, saying,—"Fawnia, thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceased to be a prince, and became a shepherd; and see, I have made the change, not to miss of my choice." Thus their sweet courtship ended in a mutual vow and troth-plight; she saying,—"I yield, resting Dorastus' handmaid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice to his honor, nor to my credit"; and he "swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune should diminish his affection, but that he would remain loyal unto death."

The prince knew his father's consent could not be won to such a match: so he determined to provide a mass of money and many rich jewels, and to flee into Italy till he should either make terms with his father or succeed to the crown; with which device Fawnia was much pleased; for she feared, that if the king should hear of the contract his anger would be such as nothing but death might appease. She therefore kept to the care of her flock, the prince visiting her every day in the disguise of a shepherd, till he could put all things in readiness for their departure. And because he could not well do this alone, he made an old servant, named Capnio, privy to his affairs; who, being

unable to shake his purpose, dealt so secretly in the cause that every thing was soon ready for the passage. In the night time he conveyed the treasures into the ship, and by secret means let Fawnia know they were to start the next morning; and she, rising very early, and going out as to her flock, waited for the prince, who coming along presently, they hastened together to the haven, and got safe aboard, and were ready to sail as soon as Capnio should come.

Meanwhile the secret meetings of the lovers had come to the old shepherd's ears; who, fearing what mischief might grow therefrom both to Fawnia and himself, resolved to carry the mantle and jewels to the king, and inform him all how he had found her; hoping that he would take her into his service, and let him pass unblamed. As he was making for the palace on this business, Capnio, being on his way to the ship, met him, and, knowing he was Fawnia's father, and suspecting some mischief, and being a wily fellow, began to question him, and soon drew from him all what he was going about; then told him he did but lose his labor in going to the palace, for the king meant that day to take the sea air, and that if he would follow his counsel and turn back with him to the haven, he should speak with the king there. This advice the old man gladly took, and when they were come to the sea-side Capnio asked him to go and see the ship, and, he declining this, had him carried on board by force; which done, they forthwith set sail and were off. A terrible storm overtaking them at sea, they were well nigh devoured by the waves; were driven from their course, and after some days landed in Bohemia. Dorastus, knowing what had passed between his father and Pandosto, was half afraid to go ashore, but Capnio advised him to conceal his real name and country till he could get passage into Italy; which advice he readily followed. This matter being duly arranged, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was soon spread through the city, and came to the king's ear, who thereupon grew so curious to see her that he had them apprehended as spies, and brought to the

court. At the first sight he fell passionately in love with her, and, that he might stay her in his eye, went to quarreling with the prince, sternly demanding their names, and whence they came, and why they were there; and when Dorastus gave a fictitious account of himself, he feigned not to believe his story, and caused him to be put in prison till the truth might appear. This done, he then went to courting Fawnia with all his might, and, after a deal of passionate solicitation, being still repulsed, he at last flung from her in a rage, swearing that if she would not yield to reason, she should to force; all which only caused her to hate him the more.

While the king was nursing this wicked purpose there came ambassadors from Egistus, who, hearing through certain Bohemian merchants of his son's imprisonment by Pandosto, had sent to have him set free, and Fawnia and Porrus put to death. Pandosto received the ambassadors with great honor, to make amends for his former injuries to their king; and, being certified by them that his prisoner was Dorastus, forthwith ordered his release, embraced him very lovingly, and had him seated by his side in a chair of state. By this time Pandosto's love of Fawnia was turned to deadly hate; and as he was proceeding to execute the will of Egistus on her and Porrus, the latter, to save his own life, declared the whole truth concerning her, at the same time showing the chain and jewels he had found with her in the boat. As soon as this was done the king leaped from his seat and kissed Fawnia, saying she was his daughter whom he had sent to float in the seas. Then was Fawnia joyful that she had found such a father; Dorastus glad he should have such a wife; the ambassadors rejoiced that their prince had made such a choice, and that the kingdoms would now be reconciled in close amity; and the Bohemians made bonfires and shows to express their joy at the finding of their lost princess. After some time passed in sports and rejoicings Pandosto made the old shepherd a knight, and, a sufficient navy being provided, all set sail together for Sicilia, where they were

sumptuously entertained by Egistus, and the marriage of the young lovers celebrated; which being ended, Pandosto, calling to mind how he had betrayed Egistus, and caused the death of Bellaria, and then lusted after his own daughter, "fell into a melancholy fit, and, to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, slew himself."

From this sketch it would seem that Shakespeare must have written with the novel before him, and not merely from general recollection. We have been careful to take in whatsoever points and particulars of the story may have furnished anything towards the play; our aim being to set forth the Poet's obligations at large: to appreciate his superiority in judgment and taste, one must consult the original, and see what he left. The free sailing between Sicily and Bohemia he retained, reversing, however, the local order of the incidents, so that Polixenes and Florizel are Bohemian princes, whereas their prototypes were Sicilians. In the novel Paulina and the Clown are wanting altogether, and Capnio yields but a slight hint, if indeed it be so much, towards the part of Autolycus. And, besides the great addition of life and matter in these persons, the play has several other judicious departures from the novel. In Leontes all the revolting features of Pandosto, save his jealousy and the headstrong insolence and tyranny consequent thereon, are purged away; so that while the latter has neither intellect nor generosity to redeem his character, jealousy being the least of his faults, the other has a liberal stock of both. And in Bellaria the Poet had little more than a bare framework of incident wherein to set the noble, lofty womanhood of Hermione,—a conception far, far above the reach of such a mind as Greene's. In the matter of the painted statue Shakespeare, so far as we know, was altogether without a model, as he is without an imitator; the boldness of the plan being such indeed as nothing but entire success could justify, and wherein we can scarce conceive of anybody but Shakespeare's having succeeded. And yet here it is that we are to look for the idea and formal cause of Hermione's char-

acter, while her character, again, is the shaping and informing power of the whole drama. For this idea is really the prolific germ out of which the entire work is evolved, the living center and organic law in and around which all the parts are vitally knit together. But, indeed, largely as the Poet here drew from his predecessor, his own most original and inimitable method of conceiving and working out character is everywhere dominant.

In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change, which certainly, at first view, strikes us as not a little a-clash with nature: we cannot well see how one state of mind grows out of a preceding state: his jealousy shoots in comet-like, seems out of place and keeping, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character. Which makes that this feature appears to have been suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the Poet seems strangely at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, its turns and vicissitudes, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation; and if, which is sometimes the case, he usher in a passion at its full height, he so manages to throw the mind back or around upon various predisposing causes and circumstances, as to generate a spontaneous concurrence of our feelings with the whole representation. And, certainly, there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct but by supposing a strong predisposition to jealousy in him, which, however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly overacts the confidence of friendship. There needed but a spark of occasion to set this secret magazine of passion all a-blaze. Wherein, after all, is but exemplified the strange transformations that do sometimes occur in men upon sudden and unforeseen emergencies. And it is observable that the very slightness of the queen's indiscretion, the fact that she goes but a

little, a very little too far, only works against her, causing the king to suspect her of great effort and care to avoid suspicion. And on the same principle, because he has never suspected her before, therefore he suspects her all the more vehemently now: that his confidence has heretofore stood unshaken and even untouched, he attributes to extreme artfulness on her part; for even so, to an ill-disposed mind, perfect innocence is apt to give an impression of consummate art.—A passion thus groundless and self-generated might well be full-grown as soon as born: and it is the more greedy and craving, that it has nothing real to eat; and so proceeds at once to "make the meat it feeds on," causing him to magnify whatsoever he sees, and to imagine many things that are not. That jealousy, however, is not the habit of his mind, appears in that it takes him by surprise, and finds him totally unprepared; insomuch that he forthwith loses all self-control, and runs right athwart the rules of common prudence and decorum, and becomes an object at once of pity, hatred, and scorn.

The workings of his passion have been critically traced by Coleridge in a passage which we should scarce be pardoned for omitting. "Jealousy," says he, "is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humor, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct

from a high sense of honor, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

The Poet manages with great art to bring Leontes off from the disgraces of his passion, and repeal him home to our sympathies, which had been freely drawn out to him at first by his generous cordiality of friendship. And to this end jealousy is represented as his only fault, and this as a sudden freak, which passes on directly into a frenzy, and whips him quite out of himself, temporarily overriding his characteristic qualities, but not combining with them; the more violent for being unwonted, and the shorter lived for being violent. In his firm, compact energy of thought and speech, after his passion has cleared itself, and in his perennial gushes of repentant sorrow after his bereavement, are displayed the real tone and texture of his character. Quick, impulsive, headstrong, he admits no bounds to anger or to penitence; condemns himself as vehemently as he does others; will spend his life in atoning for a wrong he has done in a moment of passion: and others are the more willing to forgive him, forasmuch as he never forgives himself.

The old poets seem to have contemplated a much wider range of female excellence than it has since grown customary to allow; taking for granted, apparently, that whatsoever we feel to be most divine in man might be equally so in woman; and so pouring into their conceptions of womanhood a certain *manliness* of soul, wherein we realize a union of what is lovely with what is honorable,—a combination which any right-minded man would naturally fear as well as fancy; which would inspire him at the same time with tenderness and with awe. Their ideas of delicacy did not preclude strength; and in the female character they were rather pleased than otherwise to have the sweetness of the violet blended with the nobleness of the oak; probably because they saw and felt that woman might be big-hearted and brave-minded, and yet be none the less womanly; and that love might build all the higher

and firmer for having its foundations laid deep in respect. This largeness of heart and liberality of thought often comes out in their writings, and that, too, whether in dealing with ideal or with actual women; which suggests that there must have been something in the spirit of the age and in the characters they saw, to favor them herein; that in what they chose to create they were much influenced by what they were accustomed to perceive. Of this the aptest illustration that our reading has lit upon is in Ben Jonson's lines on the Countess of Bedford, describing "what kind of creature I could most desire to honor, serve, and love":

> "I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
> Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
> I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
> Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat:
> I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
> I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to reside:
> Only a learned and a manly soul
> I purpos'd her; that should, with even powers,
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours."

That Shakespeare fully shared in this magnanimous bravery of sentiment, we need no further proof than is furnished in the heroine of this play; whom we can scarce call sweet, or gentle, though she is both; she is a *noble* woman,—one that, even in her greatest anguish, we hardly *dare* to pity. As she acts the part of a statue in the play, so she has a statue-like calmness and firmness of soul. A certain austere sweetness pervades her whole demeanor, and seems, as it were, the essential form of her life. Appearing at first as the cheerful hostess of her husband's friend, and stooping from her queenly elevation to the most winning affabilities, her behavior rises in dignity as her sorrow deepens. With an equal sense of what is due to the king as her husband, and to herself as a woman, a wife, and a mother, she knows how to reconcile all these de-

mands; she therefore resists without violence, and submits without weakness. And what her wise spirit sees to be fit and becoming, that she always has strength and steadiness of character to do: for which cause, notwithstanding the insults and hardships wantonly put upon her, she still preserves the smoothnesses of peace; is never betrayed into the least sign of anger, or impatience, or resentment, but maintains, throughout, perfect order and fitness and proportion in act and speech: the charge, so dreadful in itself, and so cruel in its circumstances, neither rousing her passions, as it would Paulina's, nor stunning her sensibilities, as in case of Desdemona; but, like the sinking of lead in the ocean's bosom, going to the depths without ruffling the surface of her soul. Her situation is indeed full of pathos, —a pathos the more deeply-moving to others, that it stirs no tumults in her; for her nature is manifestly fitted up and furnished with all tender and gentle and womanly feelings, only she has the force of mind to control them, and keep them all in the right place and degree. And thus amidst the worst that can befall she remains within the region of herself, calm and serenely beautiful, stands firm, yet full of grace, in the austere strengths of reason and conscious rectitude. And when at her terrible wrongs and sufferings all hearts are shaken, all eyes wet, but her own, the impression made by her stout-hearted fortitude is of one whose pure, tranquil, innocent breast is the home of sorrows too big for any eye-messengers to report; a place where none but majestic pains may dwell; and that she has "that honorable grief lodged there, which burns worse than tears drown."

The long concealing of herself has been censured by some as repugnant to nature. It does not seem repugnant to nature as individualized by her reason and will; nor is her character herein more above or out of nature than the ideal of art abundantly warrants. For to her keen sensibility of honor the king's treatment is literally an *infinite* wrong; nor does its cruelty more wound her affection than its meanness quenches her respect; and one so

strong to bear injury might well be equally strong to remember it. And she knows full well that in so delicate an instrument as married life if one string be out of tune, the whole is ajar, and will yield no music: for her, therefore, all things must be right, else none are so. And she is both too clear of mind and too upright of heart to put herself where she cannot be precisely what the laws of propriety and decorum require her to seem. Accordingly, when she does forgive, the forgiveness is simply perfect; the breach that has been so long a-healing is at length *completely* healed; every part of her being is in concert with her hand; for to be entire in whatsoever she does, to "move all together, if she move at all," is both an impulse of nature and a law of conscience with her. Moreover, with her severe chastity of principle the reconciliation to her husband must begin where the separation grew: they can never be reunited save in the offspring and representative of their former union; she can never be again his wife but as the mother of his child. Nor, on the other hand, can she be the mother of his child but as his wife: where they are father and mother, there they are and must be one. Thus it was for Perdita alone to restore the parental unity which her being expresses, but of which she had occasioned the breaking.

During the first three acts the interest of this play is mainly tragical; the scene is densely crowded with incidents; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic; the style, suiting the matter, quick, sharp, severe, flashing off point after point in brief, sinewy strokes; and all is rapidity and despatch: what with the insane jealousy of the king, the noble agony of the queen, the enthusiasm of the court in her behalf, and the king's violence towards both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump: all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises; not to say, that such a prolonged hurry of movement and stretch of expectation would at length become monotonous and wearisome in themselves.

Far otherwise the latter half of the play: here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met: the general effect is soothing and composing; the tones, dipped in sweetness, fall gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still, and listen, and contemplate; thus making the play, what Coleridge pronounces it, "exquisitely respondent to the title." It would seem, indeed, that in these scenes the Poet had for once specially endeavored how much of silent effect he could produce, without deserting the form or substance of the drama: and to do this he provides resting-places for thought, suspends or retards the action by musical pauses and periods of lyrical movement; breathing in the mellowest strains of poetical harmony, till the eye is "made quiet by the power of beauty," and all tumult of mind is hushed in the very intensity of feeling.

In the last two acts we have a most artful interchange and blending of romantic beauty and comic drollery. The lost princess and the heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the center of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and sherpherdesses amid their pastimes and pursuits, the whole being enlivened by the tricks and humors of a merry peddler and pickpocket. For simple purity and sweetness the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the prince and princess is not surpassed by anything in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated; forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth forever.

Perdita, notwithstanding she occupies so little room in the play, fills a large space in the reader's thoughts, almost disputing precedence with the queen. And her mother's best native qualities reappear in her, sweetly modified by pastoral associations: her nature being really much the same, only it has been developed and seasoned in a differ-

ent atmosphere, and amid far other influences;—a nature too strong indeed to be displaced by any power of circumstances or supervenings of art, but at the same time too delicate and susceptive not to take a lively and lasting impress of them. So that, though she have thoroughly assimilated, still she clearly indicates, the food of place and education; insomuch that the dignities of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her goodliest. We can scarce call her a poetical being; she is rather poetry itself, and every thing lends and borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them we are at loss whether they take more inspiration from her, or she from them. If, as Schlegel somewhere remarks, the Poet be "particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired," surely he has nowhere done it with finer effect than in this "prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward." There is much to suggest a comparison between Perdita and Miranda; yet how shall we compare them? Perfectly distinct, indeed, as individuals, still their characters are strikingly similar; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by influences from without; while Miranda carries more of a magical and mysterious charm, woven into her character by the supernatural ministers that obey her father's so potent art. So like, and yet so different, it is hardly possible to say which is best of the two; or rather it seems impossible not to like her best with whom we last conversed.

Of Florizel it is enough to say, that none but a living abstract and sum total of all that is manly could have so felt the perfections of such a woman. He is manifestly drawn and held to her by a powerful instinct of congeniality: but that his spirit were akin to hers, he would not have found out his peer through such a disguise of circumstances. And then, the heavenly purity of their courtship!

who, O who can be untouched, unsweetened by it, and still hope to be forgiven!

The minor characters of this charming play are both finely conceived and skillfully disposed; the one giving them a large personal, the other a larger dramatic interest; while at the same time they are so diversified as to secure all the effect that mere variety can yield.—Paulina is perhaps the most amiable termagant that we have any portrait of. Without any of the queen's dignified calmness and reserve, she is alive to all her beauty and greatness of character: with a head to understand and a heart to reverence such a woman, she unites a temper to fight, a generosity to die for her. Loud, voluble, violent, and viraginous, with a tongue sharper than a sword, and an eloquence that almost blisters where it touches, she has, therewithal, too much honor and magnanimity either to use them without good cause or to forbear them when she has such cause. Mrs. Jameson classes her, and justly, no doubt, among the women, and she assures us there are many such, who seem regardless of the feelings of those for whom they would sacrifice their life.—Shakespeare was perhaps a little too fond of placing his characters in exigencies where they have to be false, in order to be the truer: which doubtless happens sometimes; yet, surely, in so delicate a point of morality, some care is needful, lest the exceptions grow to oversway rather than establish the rule. And something too much of this there may be in case of the honest, upright, yet deceiving old lord, Camillo; who, though little more than a staff in the drama, is nevertheless a pillar of state; his integrity and wisdom making him a light to the counsels and a guide to the footsteps of the greatest around him. Fit to be the stay of princes, he is one of those venerable relics of the past, which show us how beautiful age can be, and which, linking together different generations, form at once the salt of society and the strength of government.—Autolycus, the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," is the most amiable and ingenious rogue we

shall desire to see; who cheats almost as divinely as those about him love, and whose thieving tricks the very gods seem to crown with thrift as a reward for his wit. His self-raillery and droll soliloquizing upon the sins of his own committing leaves it rather uncertain whether he does them more for lucre or for fun.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

LEONTES

Of the jealousy that animates Leontes, the jealousy that needs no extraneous prompting to suspicion Emilia, in *Othello*, gives a perfect description. In answer to the hope which she expresses to Desdemona that Othello's harsh bearing towards her is due to state affairs, and to "no conception, nor no jealous toy concerning you," Desdemona replies, "Alas the day, I never gave him cause!" To this Emila rejoins,—

> "But jealous souls will not be answered so;
> They are ever jealous for the cause,
> But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
> Begot upon itself, born on itself!"

This is the jealousy which Shakespeare has portrayed in Leontes,—a jealousy without cause,—cruel, vindictive, and remorseless almost beyond belief. Othello, moreover, has been wedded, so far as we see, but a few brief weeks. He had not had time to prove how deeply Desdemona loved him. But years of happy wedlock had assured Leontes of Hermione's affection,—years in which he had tested the inward nobility which expressed itself in that majestic bearing, of which he speaks again and again, long after he has reason to believe her to be dead. Maintaining through all her life the charm of royal graciousness and dignity, she has inspired the chivalrously enthusiastic admiration and devotion of every member of the Court; a woman, in short, with whom no derogatory thought could be associated, being, as she is described by one of them, to be "so

sovereignly honorable."—MARTIN, *On Some of Shakespeare's Characters.*

The nature of Leontes is naturally noble; that we see afterwards. Even Paulina (and after she has known his crimes) confesses his nobility. But his nature is also weak; he is weak even in his repentance. Violence, it is said, goes with weakness; and the more furious the violence, the greater the weakness. Again, violence is often the refuge of that ignorance of what to do in trouble which results from the wavering of weak-mindedness. Then, again, the weak man knows he is weak, and is violent, as Richard II was, to hide his weakness from himself, or to prove himself strong. He who knows his strength has no desire to prove what he knows, and is quiet.

Excess of passion adds a new weakness to the natural weakness of Leontes. "I have *tremor cordis* on me," "My heart dances, but not for joy—not joy." Enervated by unbroken happiness, he has no guard against the invasion of jealousy. It reaches its full and maddest height in him. There is not one touch of any other passion, of any other thought but jealous thought, while the tempest lasts. He is not a man; he is jealousy itself.

This tempest of passion is brief: it dies as suddenly as it arose. Evil naturally exhausts itself, and all the more if the nature it attacks be good. And Leontes, originally a good but weak man, repents with as much passion as he sinned. But a good passion does not exhaust itself; on the contrary it grows in power. And then, the wrongdoer, having done deeds meet for repentance, gets the good, but not till then, of the evil trouble he has battled through. He suffers the inevitable punishment, but he conquers a higher goodness than he had when as yet his goodness was untried. And in the end Leontes attains full purification. Weakness in him becomes strength; pride, humility; remorse, repentance; sudden judgments, temperate acts; sorrow, sympathy with others; punishment, a means of progress; violence, steadfast obedience to law.

As to his native jealousy, it has been worked through. It cannot occur again. And its complete destruction means the destruction also of the other evil passions. When one passion, raised to its highest pitch of evil force, has been extinguished, there is no need to care about conquering the others. They are already beaten. For the thing to crush, in order to be self-conqueror, is not the passions, but their excess; and if we conquer excess in one, we conquer it in all. For then we have strengthened the will to win the good which is opposite to the evil in which we have been entangled; and if we have made the will strong, it is as strong against all the passions as it has been against one. The work is done, and needs not twice doing. The whole nature of Leontes is tempered into steadfast calm.—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

The contrast of the character and jealousies of Leontes and of Othello has frequently been remarked upon; it lies between the vice self-sown, self-born, and self-developed, and that which, however springing from a native germ, is only forced and ripened to venomous germination by the heat of tending malice, and the fostering of all unlucky moral and external circumstances. The jealousy of Leontes is the headlong plunge of the beast of prey that he is named after, and thinking of him with the lightly limbed and fine-thoughted Othello, we are reminded in a general way of the difference:—

"The headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green."

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not,—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive

of it,—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, not brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honor, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

HERMIONE

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own—yet sometimes;—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description: to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal

power:—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakespeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters, of whom it has been said proverbially, that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Shakespeare has given Leontes a wife and a monitress who are both better fitted to guide him to the false origin of his delusion than Desdemona and Emilia were with respect to Othello. Hermione is soft as "childhood and grace"; she is also full of dignity and majesty. She unites to Desdemona's goodness a discretion, thoughtfulness, and eloquence which the other did not possess. Desdemona consented unreflectingly to a secret marriage with the Moor, to whom she had offered herself; Hermione, on the legitimate proposal of Leontes, had required some months for consideration, then, however, she was his forever. This calm reflection, this resolution after reflection, this strong feeling of honor and duty, and the consciousness of moral nobility, penetrate the whole character of Hermione, and render it a strong contrast to Desdemona's. When she becomes aware of the suspicion of the king, she does not, like Desdemona, utter in her confusion things that may seem to criminate herself; her *husband* shrinks from uttering the word that would brand her whole life and character; but *she* does not, like Desdemona, shrink from it, because she is too conscious of her purity to fear that she could stain herself by it; notwithstanding her mental agitation, her answers are calm, even proud: she is sorrowfully firm in her resignation. She, like Desdemona, keeps back

her tears, but not like her from surprise and offense; they are contrary to her pious, resigned character, which makes her look upon this unexpected occurrence as sent for her good. She even bids her women spare their tears until they find she has deserved her imprisonment. To speak before the court of justice as Hermione did would have been hard for Desdemona; it was not her way to look her situation in the face; frightful presentiments arise in the depths of her soul, but she banishes them from her thoughts. Hermione, on the contrary, prepares for the worst, reconciles herself to the idea of losing her life, which, like her sorrow after the experience she has just had, she esteems but lightly; yet she, the Russian emperor's daughter, defends her honor with persuasive eloquence, lest her disgrace should descend upon her child. This outward honor would have been the last thing the sensitive Desdemona would have thought about; she had enjoyed too early and too bright a happiness, and she could not calmly have resigned both happiness and life. But then she had not witnessed the exposure of her child, she had not had time to reflect on the lost love of her husband; she had not been separated, as one infected, from her other child, and robbed of all regard. This had roused in Hermione the self-respect belonging to a woman, to the daughter of the emperor, and made her hear the accusation with dignity and magnanimity, and submit with patience to her fate. This calm and noble bearing, which would have shaken Othello in his delusion, made no impression upon her husband.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

When Claudio leaves us to pray at the tomb of his betrothed, we never let ourselves be moved at this grief; we know the tomb is empty; we have been expressly told that Hero is not dead, and that at the decisive moment she will reappear. But, on the contrary, in *The Winter's Tale,* the poet keeps the secret to himself; not for a single instant does he admit us to the councils of Fate. He wishes us to be involved in the despair of his characters;

he would have us, like Leontes, believe in the death of Hermione, and to the very last he leaves us the dupes of Paulina's device. Hence it is that the *dénouement* is profoundly solemn. Then, then our anxiety is at its height; and when the statue stirs, when marble becomes flesh, when the queen descends from the pedestal, it cannot be but that we are present at some magic invocation by a supernatural power, and at this unexpected resurrection, we feel an indescribable emotion of wonder and surprise.—Victor Hugo, *Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare.*

PERDITA

This love of truth, this *conscientiousness*, which forms so distinct a feature in the character of Perdita, and mingles with its picturesque delicacy a certain firmness and dignity, is maintained consistently to the last. When the two lovers fly together from Bohemia, and take refuge in the court of Leontes, the real father of Perdita, Florizel presents himself before the King with a feigned tale, in which he has been artfully instructed by the old counselor Camillo. During this scene, Perdita does not utter a word. In the strait in which they are placed, she cannot deny the story which Florizel relates—she will not confirm it. Her silence, in spite of all the compliments and greetings of Leontes, has a peculiar and characteristic grace; and at the conclusion of the scene, when they are betrayed, the truth bursts from her as if instinctively, and she exclaims, with emotion,

> The heavens set spies upon us—will not have
> Our contract celebrated.

—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the Prince, whom love converts into a

voluntary shepherd; and the Princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands the nosegays become crowns. Shakespeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry close by the side of the most vulgar prose; and this is also generally the case in the world of reality. Perdita's foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see that whatever ennobles her belongs to herself. The merry pedlar and pickpocket Autolycus, so inimitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita, on her part, seems to render fit for an assemblage of deities in disguise.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures.*

PAULINA

Paulina—as we expect in these latest plays—is a striking advance on Emilia [in *Othello*]; she adds refinement to daring and fidelity. She represents that commonest example of the real, and rarest creation of the ideal—a woman whose attractiveness must be sought in her moral rather than her mental and physical qualities. Dramatically, moreover, she helps to bridge the long interval of sixteen years, and by her assiduous "counsels" to Leontes she does not a little to prepare us for the final reconciliation, and to lessen its repugnancy.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Paulina is one of the most admirable and original figures Shakespeare has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello*, but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal

which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Ochlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

AUTOLYCUS

But for Autolycus, the ideal world would have wanted its most admirable rascal,—the actual world would have been deprived of a type for characters that are like him in everything but his brilliancy. For he is a brilliant scapegrace; a knave of many faculties; of sparkling versatility of parts; with wit equal to his thievery; quick, sharp and changeable. Most thoroughly Autolycus despises those whom he cheats; and he never loses his self-respect being detected, or by failure. He is equally perfect in the rogue's philosophy and practice. Next to the disgrace of being outwitted would be the infamy of being a stupid rustic and an honest man. "How blessed are we," he says, "that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these; therefore I'll not disdain." Excellent humility! the moderation of a mind really elevated, which is never insolent in superiority, because it feels that no human greatness is self-derived, but comes by Genius, Destiny, Opportunity. Autolycus is the generic charlatan, and is consummate in those arts of lying, fraud, and imposition, which constitute the character.—GILES, *Human Life in Shakespeare.*

Upon the whole, one can hardly help being half inclined to think that Autolycus, with his evident abilities, his enjoyment in the Daffodils, the songs of the birds (not forgetting the tirra-lirra of the lark), his real love *for*, and talents *in* Music, all weighed together, will ultimately turn over a new leaf in his course of life;—or,—which comes to the same thing,—one can hardly help fancying that it was Shakespeare's intention to point at some such possibil-

ity for this very remarkable Pedlar of *The Winter's Tale.* —Roffe, *A Musical Triad.*

ANTIGONUS

It is observable that the only person in the play who encounters the severity of retributive justice is the lord Antigonus; and we scarcely regret his fate since he lent himself to the king's cruelty (however unwillingly and by oath) to leave the infant Perdita on the desert seashore of a strange country; a savage hire,—and the wages he receives are as dispiteous, for he is devoured by a beast.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE REUNION

If the incidents of the play were supposed to conform to any standard of probabilities, we might wonder not only how the queen's presence close to the palace could be so long entirely concealed, but how Paulina's impulsive nature could bear the burden of her momentous secret till after Perdita's recovery. Shakspere, however, is not concerned to give plausibility to these strange events of his own devising, and all curious questionings are stilled in our rapt concentration upon the impressive closing scene. Hermione's stately repose of bearing fits her in unique degree to impersonate her own statue, and the dramatist has heightened the effect of the episode by the most subtle strokes of his art. Leontes' criticism that Hermione was not so wrinkled, as she appears in stone, and Paulina's answer that the sculptor has carved her as she would look had she lived; his instinctive desire to kiss her hand, checked by the warning that the statue is but newly fixed, and the color not dry; his growing wonder at this mockery of life by an art so rare that it can counterfeit breath and the motion of the eye;—all these touches intensify the agitation of the scene, and prepare us for the startling climax, when the statue steps down from the pedestal, and proves

capable of movement and of speech. But with fine instinct Shakspere does not lengthen out this episode. After Hermione's long seclusion few words befit her lips, and a silent surrender to her husband's embrace, followed by a prayer of blessing on her daughter's head, are sufficient tokens to those who know her nature of the measureless joy that floods her being at this reunion with those she loves.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

TRAGIC AND COMIC ELEMENTS

The play may meet with the objection of being tragical in the first three acts, and comic in the last two. Externally this certainly appears to be the case. But the objection holds good only upon a superficial examination of the piece and when individual features alone are considered. Viewed externally the comic elements—in the narrower sense of the word—are certainly crowded into the last two acts. But every careful reader will feel even in the first three acts that the whole is based upon the comic view of life. This is why the colors used to describe the jealousy of Leontes, the unhappiness of his wife, and the king's repentance and sorrow, are nowhere laid on with glaring thickness, but tempered and given in light touches. Even individual points in the declaration of the oracle, as, in fact, its very introduction into the play, points to a happy issue. Accordingly, the comic scenes at the shepherds' festival in Bohemia, and subsequently those in Sicilia, are most naturally connected with the conclusion of the third act. The contradiction is indeed not wholly removed; this could not be were it only on account of the circumstance that the last two acts are played sixteen years after the first, in quite new surroundings, under different relations and by different individuals. The division of the piece into two separate parts remains an undeniable defect in the composition. Still, what remains of the contradiction is nevertheless perfectly in keeping with the story-like character of the play and serves to bring this more prominently for-

ward. As in a tale, so here pain and anxiety are directly mingled with fantastic pleasure and grotesque merriment; as in a tale, the distance of time and place disappear in the mysterious haze which envelops the whole; as in a tale, the apparently widely-diverging threads are ultimately wound one into another and form an harmonious design, in which every figure receives its proper place.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *Four Lords of Sicilia*
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia*
FLORIZEL, *prince of Bohemia*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita*
Clown, *his son*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue*
A Mariner
A Jailer

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses

Time, as Chorus

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Polixenes, king of Bohemia, wishes to terminate his visit to his old school friend Leontes, king of Sicily, but he is prevailed upon to stay longer when Hermione, Sicily's queen, adds her entreaties to her lord's. This incident arouses Leontes to an insane jealousy concerning the honor of his wife and his friend. Camillo, one of his courtiers, promises to prepare a poisoned drink and give it to Polixenes, but instead of fulfilling his agreement, he tells the Bohemian king of his danger and flees with him to Bohemia.

ACT II

Leontes, when he knows of Polixenes' flight, believes his suspicions to be well founded. He imprisons Hermione in a dungeon, where after a short time she gives birth to a daughter. The child is carried to its father by Paulina, a lady of the court. The king disavows the babe and orders Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to carry it to some remote and desert place, quite out of his dominions, there to leave it "without more mercy, to its own protection and favor of the climate."

ACT III

Hermione is brought to trial. She is proved innocent by the words of the Delphic oracle:—"Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not

found." Leontes declares there is no truth in the oracle and orders the sessions to proceed. But while he is speaking a servant rushes in and announces the death of his only son. Hermione faints at this news, and the king, repentant now and believing the oracle, orders her to be taken hence and tenderly cared for. In a few moments Paulina reënters and announces the queen's death. The unhappy Leontes resolves to do the daily penance of visiting the chapel where lie the bodies of his wife and son. In the meantime, Antigonus comes to the coast of Bohemia with the babe, who has been named Perdita because she is counted as lost forever. As he leaves the child, he is pursued, caught, and devoured by a bear. Perdita is rescued by a shepherd, who brings her up as his own child.

ACT IV

Sixteen years pass by. Perdita has grown to be a lovely maid and is secretly courted by Florizel, son of Polixenes. The latter, accompanied by Camillo and both of them in disguise, go to the shepherd's house to spy on the prince. They arrive just as the young people are about to conclude a marriage contract. The king is very angry and the lovers decide to leave the country. Camillo secretly offers his services to them and assures them that they will be welcomed at the court of Sicily.

ACT V

Leontes does royally welcome the prince and his bride, and in the latter he perceives a likeness to his dead queen. The old shepherd, having come to Sicily also, now produces the clothes and the remaining jewels (he had sold some to purchase flocks) which he had found with the babe. Perdita's identity is disclosed. The joy of Leontes and Polixenes, who had pursued the runaways, over the marriage of their children is very great. Furthermore, Paulina invites the court to view a life-like statue of the late queen. It is so perfect as to seem living. At last it moves

and embraces Leontes and he finds in his arms the wife he had mourned as dead for so many years. Hermione tells him how she had lived with Paulina awaiting the time when the prophecy should be fulfilled and Perdita found again. As a reward for their services, Leontes marries Paulina to Camillo.

THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience,

may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

28. *"which"*; as.—C. H. H.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?
Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.
Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say

12. *"that may blow,"* etc.; this sentence is somewhat loosely dependent upon the previous one,—"fears of what may chance" being mentally replaced by the equivalent "wish that they may not,"—that no sneaping winds, etc.—C. H. H.

'This is put forth too truly:' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

14. "*'This is put forth too truly'*"; this foreboding is too well justified.—C. H. H.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

41. *"To let him";* to permit him to remain.—C. H. H.

44. *"What lady she her lord";* "she" has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed "should," destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase "lady she"="a woman that is a lady," taking "she"="woman"; others print "lady-she"; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favor this latter view.—I. G.

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

70. *"The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd";* so Folio 1; the later Folios, *"no, nor dream'd":* Spedding, *"neither dream'd";* perhaps *"doctrine"* should be read as a trisyllable; a harsh line would, however, result; and the reading of the later Folios has much to commend it.—I. G.

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offenses we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before? 90
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's

76. *"sacred";* royal.—C. H. H.

91. *"cram's"* and *"make's"* for *cram us* and *make us;* and a few lines before *to's* for *to us:* so in the original, and doubtless written so by the Poet.—H. N. H.

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

113. *"fertile bosom";* expansive kindness.—C. H. H.

As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Aye, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!

Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou wan'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,

129. *"full like me";* that is fully, or entirely like me.—H. N. H.

131–132. *"false As o'er-dyed blacks";* Folios 1, 2, 3, *"o're dy'd";* the words have been variously interpreted to mean "fabrics dyed over with some other color," or, "dyed too much"; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, "the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning."—I. G.

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

154. *"methoughts";* so the Folios in this and other places: this erroneous form was probably due to *"methinks";* it is noteworthy that the correct *"methought"* occurs a few lines below.—I. G.

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

163. *"be 's dole";* that is, may it be his *dole,* or *portion,* to be a happy man.—H. N. H.

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Aye, my good lord. 210

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,

201. *"It is a bawdy planet,"* etc.; vice is a sort of planet of unchastity, whose influence makes wives unfaithful wherever it prevails. —C. H. H.

217. They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring, not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.—H. N. H.

When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Aye, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

222. *"taken"*; perceived.—C. H. H.
236. *"nearest things to"*; things nearest to.—C. H. H.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—

266. *"its"*; see note to line 178, Act II, sc. iii—Ed.

But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumor
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

271. *"cogitation resides not";* of course the next clause, "my wife is slippery," follows both *think* and *thought;* the overlooking of which has called forth some rare drops of wisdom from the commentators.—H. N. H.

284. *"that"; i. e.* "that of which you accuse her."—I. G.

Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: aye, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,

How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms

324. *"Make that thy question"*; treat Hermione's guilt as open to discussion, and be cursed!—C. H. H.
337. *"thereby"*; moreover.—C. H. H.

Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near:
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honor and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me

397. *"ignorant concealment";* concealment under the pretext of ignorance.—C. H. H.

Cry lost, and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

419. *"his that did betray the Best";* that is, Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."—H. N. H.

430. *"continue the standing of his body"; i. e.* as long as his body stands.—C. H. H.

Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
That one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir away.

[*Exeunt.*

460. *"his ill-ta'en suspicion";* an obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. It is quite probable that a line slipped out in the printing. As it stands, the best we can do with it is,—May a speedy departure be my friend, and bring comfort to the queen, who is part of the theme whereon the king dwells, myself being the other part; but who has really done nothing to justify his ill-taken suspicion.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this!
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now

11. *"Who taught you this?";* Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, *"taught 'this"* (with an apostrophe before *"this,"* indicating an elision); the later Folios, *"taught this."*—I. G.

What color are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late 19
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it. 31
Her. Come on, then,

25. *"A sad tale's best for winter,"* hence the title of the play.—I. G.

And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

39–41. *"There may be in the cup A spider,"* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.—I. G.

50. *"He has discover'd"*; (Camillo) has betrayed.—C. H. H.

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made the swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
' 'Tis pity she 's not honest, honorable':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest': but be 't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake:

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom.
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; aye, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

82. *"thou thing, which I'll not call,"* etc.; he will not call a queen by the "bold title" she has deserved.—C. H. H.

90. One that knows what she should be asham'd to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.—H. N. H.

You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my lords,
I am prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears

100. *"if I mistake"*; that is, no foundation can be trusted.—H. N. H.

105. *"but that he speaks"*; he who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.—H. N. H.

As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove,
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Aye, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

122. *"for my better grace"*; to set me in a fairer light.—C. H. H.
134. *"I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife"; i. e.* "I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel."—I. G.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this proves true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honor,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal

143. *"I would land-damn him";* so the Folios; *"land-damm," "laudanum," "lamback,"* (*i. e.* "beat"), *"half-damn," "live-damn," "landan* (*lantan, rantan*)," "*lant-dam,*" are among the various emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *"I would—Lord, damn him!"* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *"damn'd,"* here uses *"land-damn,"* as a sort of grim quibble for *"landan,"*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.—I. G.

148. *"false generations";* bastard offspring.—C. H. H.

149. *"glib";* geld.—C. H. H.

153. *"As you feel doing thus,"* probably = my doing thus to you

The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground, and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice, the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,

(*i. e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *"the instruments that feel"* = my fingers.—I. G.

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,

177. *"That lack'd sight only,"* etc.; (conjecture) that wanted nothing but ocular evidence to be proof.—C. H. H.

191. *"give rest to the minds of others";* this is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion: if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god. In like manner there are men in our day, as perhaps there have been in all days, who will never recognize God as speaking save when His voice sounds to the tune of their own minds; and who, accordingly, so use the Scriptures as, in effect, to arm their own wills and opinions with divine authority. Is not jealousy a species of fanaticism?—H. N. H.

Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Jailer.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Jail. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Jail. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from

198. *"raise"*; rouse, stir up.—C. H. H.

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Jailer.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Jailer, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

50. *"tempt"*; attempt.—C. H. H.

Jail. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Jail. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?

5. *"out of the blank and level of my brain"*; out of the aim of my missiles, beyond the reach of my plots.—C. H. H.

Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,

18. *"him"* of course refers to Polixenes. The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures of 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval."—H. N. H.

20. *"Recoil"*; recoils,—is instinctively rejected as infeasible.—C. H. H.

Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That 's enough.

Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

30. *"free"*; innocent.—C. H. H.
38. *"humor"*; capricious mood.—C. H. H.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest

61. *"the worst about you";* that is, the *weakest,* or *least warlike.*—H. N. H.

Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You 'ld call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire:
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray,—What will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place

178. *"to it own protection,"* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *"its";* the old possessive form *"it,"* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 102); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *"it own,"* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *"its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,"* to be found in Act I. ii. 266 is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.—I. G.

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath

Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,

2. *"the isle";* the critics have remarked upon what they are pleased to call Shakespeare's *blunder* in speaking of Delphos as an island. In this, however, he followed Greene, who, being Master of Arts in both the Universities, would hardly be suspected of *blundering* in his geography.—H. N. H.

The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

7. "*Even*" in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently*.—H. N. H.

Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,

29. Hermione's speech borrows several turns from Bellaria's in Greene. "If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spiteful discredit. . . . How I have led my life before Egistus coming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience."—C. H. H.

Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

40. *"Owe";* own, possess.—H. N. H.

44. *"for life";* I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare.—H. N. H.

59. *"than to perform it first";* it is to be observed that originally in our language, two negatives did not *affirm,* but only strengthen the

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honor he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more,* or *wanted* should be *had.*—H. N. H.

61. *"More than mistress of,"* etc.; the passage is probably corrupt; possibly a line has been omitted. But the meaning intended is clear: "I must not in any degree acknowledge faults charged against me further than they are mine."—C. H. H.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post

87. *"those of your fact";* that is, they who have done like you. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."—H. N. H.
102. *"it";* see note to line 178, Act II, sc. iii.—Ed.

Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law. Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Aye, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves

138. In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde."—H. N. H.

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil

188. *"show thee of a fool";* Warburton proposed to read,—That did but show thee *off* a fool; Theobald, *soul,* instead of *fool.* Touching the latter, Coleridge remarks,—"I think the original word is Shakespeare's. 1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian;—'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy'; 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian."—A similar expression occurs in Phaer's *Virgil:* "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood.*"—H. N. H.

Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:

195. *"water out of fire";* that is, a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.—H. N. H.

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long

238. *"upon them"*; on their common grave.—C. H. H.

I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Aye, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:

I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

22. "so becoming"; so seemly in her sorrow.—C. H. H.

Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the

47. *"thy character";* that is, *description.* The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.—H. N. H.

47. *"these";* the gold and clothes which he lays down.—C. H. H.

55. *"a lullaby too rough";* so, in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"—H. N. H.

56. *"a savage clamor";* this clamor was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then, seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chase,* that is, the *animal pursued.*—H. N. H.

57. *"the chase";* the quarry.—C. H. H.

between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting— Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how

it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogs-head. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't.

So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

127. *"You're a made old man";* Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading, *"mad,"* confirmed by a passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do

1. *"Time, the Chorus";* this device was probably suggested by the title of Greene's romance, *Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time*—the title being expanded in the ensuing words of the title-page, as quoted in the Introduction.—C. H. H.

6. *"leave the growth untried";* inquire not what has grown (in the interval).—C. H. H.

7. *"wide gap";* that is, leave unexamined the progress of the time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows everything, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of his own making.—H. N. H.

To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the kings, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

15. *"to it," i. e.* "the present."—I. G.

19. *"me"* is here redundant, as in Falstaff's praise of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc.—H. N. H.

29. *"allow"*; approve.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia,

4. *"It is fifteen years since,"* etc.; changed by Hanmer to *"sixteen,"* the number intended by Shakespeare.—I. G.

prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence;

36. *"missingly noted";* that is, from missing him I have noted.—H. N. H.

but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

54. *"angle"* is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son away like a fish.—H. N. H.

4. That is, the *"red* blood" of *spring* now reigns where *winter* lately held dominion. But *pale* is used here in a double sense, as referring to the *pale colors* of winter, and as we still say "the *pale* of fashion," and "the *pale* of the Church." "English *pale*" and "Irish *pale*" were common expressions in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered un-

23. *"when the kite builds, look to lesser linen";* alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.—I. G.

23–32. Upon this passage Coleridge remarks,—"Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"—H. N. H.

24. *"Autolycus";* in Greek myth a son of Hermes, whom the Romans identified with their god Mercury, and, like his father, reputed for his skill in theft. Both facts are played on in the assertion that he is "littered under (the planet) Mercury."—C. H. H.

der Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to

35. *"odd shilling";* one shilling.—C. H. H.

50. *"psalms to hornpipes";* these were probably much the same as what in our day are sometimes called "Geneva jigs." It would seem that even so early as Shakespeare's time the notion had been taken up and carried out, of turning hornpipes, jigs, waltzes, and such like, into sacred music by setting religious words to them. For proof how faithfully the old Puritans have been followed

horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horse-

herein by their descendants, see some cords of *Boston Singing-Books*.—H. N. H.

55. *"raisins o' the sun"*; sun-dried raisins.—C. H. H.

58. *"I' the name of me ——"*; probably, as has been suggested, the Clown's exclamation of *"Mercy"* is interrupted by Autolycus.—I. G.

man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man

well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

139. *"Jog on, jog on"*; this, with two similar stanzas, belonged to a song which was reprinted in 1661 in the collection of lyrics called *An Antidote against Melancholy*.—C. H. H.

12. *"Digest it with a custom"*; carry it off through habit.—C. H. H.

To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

14. *"to show myself a glass";* she probably means, that the Prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as in a glass how she ought to be dressed, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up."—H. N. H.

32. *"piece";* creature.—C. H. H.

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

33. *"in a way so chaste";* with so pure an aim.—C. H. H.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labor and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep

74. *"for you there's rosemary and rue";* so in *Hamlet,* Act iv. sc. 5. Ophelia says,—"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance. . . . There's rue for you; . . . we may call it herb of grace." These

Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,

plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."—H. N. H.

87. *"an art";* "the *art* is simply the transmission of the pollen from one flower to another of different colour, which may be done either by the hand of man, or by nature, by means of the air and by bees" (Roach Smith, *The Rural Life of Shakespeare,* quot. Deighton).—C. H. H.

And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is,

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given

97. *"art itself is nature";* this identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Lord Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the *History of Arts* as a branch of *Natural History,* because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature,* and *artificial* from *natural."* Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."—H. N. H.

100. *"to set one slip of them";* Perdita is too guileless to take the force of Polixenes' reasoning; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says,—"She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."—H. N. H.

105. *"the marigold that goes to bed,"* etc.; "Some call it *sponsus solis,* the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him" (Lupton's *Notable Things*).—H. N. H.

To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

116. *"O Proserpina";* this image is from Ovid's narrative in *Metam.* (bk. v.), a book with which Shakespeare was (prob. in the original, but certainly in Golding's translation) very familiar.—C. H. H.

121. *"Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath";* the beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet color by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's βλεφάρων κυανεάων in a passage which has been rendered

> "Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
> Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
> Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets *dim*, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.—H. N. H.

Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

134. *"Whitsun pastorals";* plays performed at Whitsuntide. *Cf. Two Gentlemen,* iv. 4., where Julia feigns to have played "at Pentecost . . . a lamentable part"—"'twas Ariadne passioning for Theseus' perjury."—C. H. H.

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

164. *"Not a word";* the clown checks Mopsa's angry retort in the presence of the strangers.—C. H. H.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.
Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.
Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all

188. *"better"*; more opportunely.—C. H. H.

sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

193. *"milliner";* dealer in fancy articles of dress; in Shakespeare's time a masculine occupation.—C. H. H.

199. *"break a foul gap";* make a foul parenthesis in the song (by violence).—C. H. H.

Clo. You have of these peddlers, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Aye, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they

should bear their faces? Is there not milk-
ing-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-
hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you
must be title-tattling before all our guests?
'tis well they are whispering: clamor your
tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by
the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose noth-
ing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print o' life, for then we are sure they are
true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty
money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed
to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

254. *"clamor your tongues";* Hanmer's emendation *"charm"* has been generally adopted, but *"clamor"* is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote *"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues"*); *"clamour"* or rather *"clammer,"* is probably radically identical with *"clumber,"* the Scandinavian original of which *"klambra"*="to pinch closely together, to clamp."—I. G.

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

284. *"another ballad of a fish"; cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1604.—I. G.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.
Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Peddler, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.
[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

344. *"bowling"*; the smooth, even motion of ordinary dancing, as distinguished from the jumps and capers of the "Satyrs."—C. H. H.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The peddler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,

359. *"you 'll know more of that hereafter";* this is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.—H. N. H.

374. *"looks";* looks for.—C. H. H.

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

380. *"bolted"*; sifted.—C. H. H.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou are too base
To be acknowledged: thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

447. *"Far than Deucalion off"; "far"="farther";* the Folios all correctly read *"farre," i. e.* the old form of the comparative of *"far."* —I. G.

457. *"Even here"; i. e.* without waiting for the threatened doom.—C. H. H.

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father;
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of forescore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

462. *"looks on alike";* Sir John Davies in his *"Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:

"Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it not inelegantly:

"The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper."—H. N. H.

466. *"But milk my ewes and weep";* Coleridge says,—"O, how more exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" For our part, we should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!—H. N. H.

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
Thou knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

474. *"where no priest shovels in dust";* before the reform of the burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.—H. N. H.

478. *"to die when I desire";* some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish noble honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.—H. N. H.

Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,

519. *"benefit your knowledge";* profit you to know.—C. H. H.
521. *"easier";* more pliant, susceptible.—C. H. H.
527. *"purchase";* win.—C. H. H.

And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honor
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavors in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,

549. *"bring him up to liking";* dispose him to approval.—C. H. H.
554. This *"unthought-on accident"* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.—H. N. H.

And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves

577. *"point you forth";* indicate for you.—C. H. H.

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,

597. *"i' the rear o' her birth"*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"'our birth"*; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read *"o' our"* for *"o' her."*—I. G.

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word. [*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till

605. *"appear," i. e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).—I. G.

618. *"trinkets had been hallowed";* this alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.—H. N. H.

he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

630. *"geld a codpiece of a purse"*; pick a purse from the pocket of the hose, where it was often carried.—C. H. H.

632. *"my sir's"*; the clown's.—C. H. H.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard

671. *"my prophecy"*; viz., that hinted in the auspicious phrase he has just used.—C. H. H.

Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange? Sure the

gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

702. *"extempore"; i. e.* without taking any precautions.—C. H. H.

705. *"piece"*; work, act.—C. H. H.

707. *"the more knavery"*; the greater knavery,—the opposite course of betraying the prince being itself, in Autolycus' view, "dishonest" but in a less degree.—C. H. H.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my peddler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me

742. *"at palace"*; Folio 1, *"at 'Pallace"*; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."—I. G.

750. *"condition"*; nature.—C. H. H.

have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

760. *"give us the lie";* the meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie.—H. N. H.

763. *"with the manner";* that is, *in the fact.*—H. N. H.

780. A *"pheasant"* was a very common present from country tenants to noblemen.—H. N. H.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.
Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.
Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.
Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.
Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?
Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.
Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.
Shep. Why, sir?
Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.
Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.
Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.
Clo. Think you so, sir?
Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those

803. *"capable";* able to apprehend.—C. H. H.

that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offenses being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though au-

thority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Aye, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

889. *"I am proof against that title";* he may be called a rogue by way of abuse, but is secure against legal arrest and punishment as a "rogue and vagabond."—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason

As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me

60. *"Why to me?";* sc. this humiliation. The Camb. edds. compare the opening of Jonson's *Execration upon Vulcan:*—

> And why to me this? thou lame god of fire,
> What have I done thus to provoke thy ire?—C. H. H.

To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Aye, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

100. *"that theme";* Hermione.—C. H. H.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,

Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the scepters
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

171. *"a graceful gentleman"*; that is, full of grace and virtue.—H. N. H.

172. *"sacred"*; *i. e.* in virtue of his royalty, the epithet being currently applied to all sovereigns as such.—C. H. H.

Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request

My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded

out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many

55. *"weather-bitten conduit";* changed to *"weather-beaten"* in

kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth

Folio 3; but *"weather-bitten"* is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.—I. G.

72. *"rehearse"*; repeat.—C. H. H.

75. *"innocence"*; simplicity.—C. H. H.

the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of

112. *"a piece";* work of art.—C. H. H.

114. *"that rare Italian master";* Giulio Pippi, known as "Giulio Romano," was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as "a type of artistic excellence," makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a "painted picture." Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).—I. G.

answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing.

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Aye, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Aye; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?
Aut. Aye, an it like your good worship.
Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.
Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.
Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.
Shep. How if it be false, son?
Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.
Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.
Clo. Aye, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

7. *"surplus"*; overplus.—C. H. H.

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,

Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color 's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

62. *"but that, methinks, already—"*; Leontes' passion causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intent-

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel

ness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say,—"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."—H. N. H.

68. *"mocked with art";* here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understandings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.—H. N. H.

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Aye, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a."= only make a short stay; IV. iii. 105.

Aboard him, *i. e.* aboard his ship; IV. iv. 886.

Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.

Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on"= this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.

Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.

Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 475.

Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.

Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.

Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition; V. ii. 43.

Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.

Air, breath; V. iii. 78.

"Alack, for lesser knowledge"; *i. e.* "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.

Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.

Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.

Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.

Amazedness, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.

Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.

Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.

Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 88.

Ape, imitator; V. ii. 117.

Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 107.

Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.

Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.

Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 608.

Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.

Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 33.

Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.

At, (?) to; (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"= "when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.

At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.

Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.

Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 32.

Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11.

Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 88.

Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 445.

Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.

Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or

cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 122.

BENCH'D, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

BENTS, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

BIDE, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

BLANK, "the white mark in the center of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

BLENCH, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

BLESS ME, preserve me; IV. iv. 276.

BLOCKS, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

BLUSTERS, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

BOHEMIA = the king of B.; I. i. 7.

BOOT, avail; III. ii. 27.

BOOT, profit; IV. iv. 660, "grace to b.," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

BORING, perforating; III. iii. 95.

BORROW, borrowing; I. ii. 39.

BOSOM, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 579.

BOURN, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.

BRANDS, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.

BRAVE, fine; IV. iv. 204.

BREAK-NECK, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.

BREED, educate; III. iii. 48.

BRING, take, accompany; IV. iii. 128.

BUG, bugbear; III. ii. 95.

BUGLE, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 228.

BUT, but that; V. i. 141.

BUT THAT, only because; II. i. 105.

BY-GONE DAY, day gone by = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

CADDISSES, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 211.

CALLAT, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.

CAME HOME, "did not get hold"; (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.

CAP-A-PE, from head to foot; IV. iv. 773.

CAPARISON, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.

CARBONADOED, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 273.

CARRIAGE, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.

CARVER, sculptor; V. iii. 30.

CENSURE, judgment; II. i. 37.

CENTER, "the earth as the supposed center of the world"; II. i. 102.

CHAMBER-COUNCILS, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.

CHANGED, exchanged; I. ii. 68.

CHANGELING, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 125.

CHARACTER, handwriting; V. ii. 41.

CHARGE, weight, value; IV. iv. 265.

CHEAT, (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.

CHILD, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 72.

CHILDNESS, childishness; I. ii. 170.

CHURL, peasant; IV. iv. 448.

CIRCUMSTANCE, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 36.

CLAMOR (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 254.

CLAP, clap hands, *i. e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.

CLEAR'D, excepted; I. ii. 74.

Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 63.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 38.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Color, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 571.
Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 573.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 95.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 108.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 146.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 88.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 840.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 36.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, hast to do with; IV. iv. 440.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 40.
Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 258.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 260.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis*, early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 530.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 139.
Custom, "with a c." from habit; IV. iv. 12; trade, custom; V. ii. 116.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 225.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 450.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 514; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 153.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 46.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.
Difference, *i. e.* d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.
Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 196.
Dim, "violets dim," prob. "of quiet color, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 656.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 548.
Discover, disclose, show; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 753.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 675.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 416.
Dis's wagon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 433.

Do, describe; V. ii. 68.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 83.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 668.
"Eggs for money," a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behavior; III. ii. 51.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 767.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 416.
Estate, "unspeakable e.," *i. e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 47.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 115.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 745.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 197.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want, V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 498.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 738.
Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 106.
Favor, countenance, look; V. ii. 57.
Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i. e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 103.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 124.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 664.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 442.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 439.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 43.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 545.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 189.

Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 530.
Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless; II. iii. 30; accessible to all; II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 564.
Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 438; IV. iv. 567.
Friends, "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
From, away from; IV. ii. 44.
Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 604.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 341.
Gallows, *i. e.* the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 29.
Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
Gently, kindly; IV. iv. 840.
Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.
Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 815.
Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 172.
Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 226.
Go about, intend; IV. iv. 223; attempt; IV. iv. 730.
Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.
Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
Grace, favor; III. ii. 49.
Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 32.
Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 554.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 103.
Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 808.
Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 473.
"Happy man be's dole," a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.
Have, possess; IV. iv. 579.
Have at, I 'll try; IV. iv. 308.
Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 752.
Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.
Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 118.
Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.
Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 140.
Hereditary, *i. e.* derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.

Him, by him, (? the man); I. ii. 412.
Holy, pious, good; V. i. 170; blameless; V. iii. 148.
Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully; V. iii. 4.
Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
Hot, active; IV. iv. 710.
Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' fecks, in fact; I. ii. 120.
Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 104.
Impawn'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
Importance, import; V. ii. 21.
Incense, incite; V. i. 61.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.
Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 171.
Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 188.
Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 211.
Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 771.
Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.
Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.
Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.
Irremovable, immovable; IV. iv. 523.
It is, he is; I. i. 42.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.
Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 39.
Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 114.
Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 76.

Kiln-hole, the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 251.
Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 365.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting, eternal; I. ii. 317.
Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 473.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 45.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 83.
'Leven, eleven; IV. iii. 34.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
List, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 557.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 748.
Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.
Limit, "strength of l." limited strength; III. ii. 108.
Lively, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l. o.," *i. e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 42.
Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.

Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.

Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m." the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 106.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 368.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; V. ii. 205.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Means, tenors or counter-tenors; IV. iii. 49.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 768.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 603.
Meddler, busybody; IV. iv. 335.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goatskins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 339.
Mere, absolute; III. ii. 143; only; III. ii. 146.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half; III. ii. 41.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 150.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet show; IV. iii. 109.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.
Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 117.
Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat"=horned cattle; I. ii. 123.
Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 338.
Neb, beak=mouth; I. ii. 183.
Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 228.
Next, nearest; III. iii. 132.
Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge; I. i. 43; distinction, eminence; IV. ii. 50; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note"=the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.
Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.
Of, off (=on); "browsing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.
Of, some of; "you have of," *i. e.* there are some; IV. iv. 221.
Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.
O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 268.
On, of; II. ii. 23.
On't, of it; II. i. 169.
Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72
Out of, without; V. i. 90.
Over, over us; IV. iv. 677.
Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.

Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.

Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.

Paragon, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.

Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide; I. ii. 18.

Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.

Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale*, where P. is the name of the favorite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.

Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.

Pash, head; I. ii. 128.

Passes, surpasses; II. ii. 20.

Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 300.

Pattern, match; III. ii. 38.

Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.

Peer, peep out; IV. iii. 1.

Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.

Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.

Performed, executed; V. ii. 113.

Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 625.

Physics, heals, cures; I. i. 46.

Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 621; painted statue; V. ii. 204.

Piece, complete; V. ii. 127.

Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.

Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.

Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.

Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.

Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.

Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 249.

Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 481.

Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 209.

Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 232.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 615.

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 540.

Post; "in p." in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 35.

Power; "to my p." to the best of my power; V. ii. 199.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 30.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 169.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 35.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous;* V. ii. 175.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretense, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.
Prig, thief; IV. iii. 114.
Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 555.
Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.
Proper, own; II. iii. 139.
Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.
Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 28.
Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.
Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 50.
Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.
Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 548.
Question, conversation; IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial; V. i. 198.
Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.
Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 230.

Race, root; IV. iii. 53.
Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.
Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.
Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 422.
Regard, look; I. ii. 390.
Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.
Remember, remind; III. ii. 232.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 126.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 42.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve; II. iii. 190; III. ii. 65.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 689.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 415.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 323.
Saffron, a spice used for coloring paste; IV. iii. 51.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs;* IV. iv. 340.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 581.
Savor, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 74
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts, II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226
Shall's, shall us (*i. e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 365.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 818.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i. e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 886.

Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 29.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 577.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgment); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 215.
Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 127.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s." in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 147.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 186.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springe, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 38.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 215.
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 354.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 47.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 101.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 442.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 52.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 370.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 198.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 46.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavor to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 615.
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 39.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 592.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; V. ii. 193.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 164.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i. e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 257.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 841.
That = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd

by my fears"; "that . . . no"="lest"); I. ii. 12.

THAT, so that; I. i. 32; provided that; I. ii. 84, 85.

THEREABOUTS, of that import; I. ii. 378.

THERETO, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.

THICK, make thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.

THOUGHT, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.

THOUGHT ON, held in estimation; IV. iv. 536.

"THREE MAN SONG-MEN," *i. e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 45.

THREE-PILE, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.

THRIVING, successful; II. ii. 45.

TINCTURE, color; III. ii. 207.

TOAZE (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i. e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 771.

TOD, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 35.

TODS, yields a tod; IV. iii. 34.

TRAFFIC, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.

TRAITORLY, traitrous; IV. iv. 836.

TRANSPORTED, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 160; borne away by ecstacy; V. iii. 69.

TREMOR CORDIS, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.

TRICK, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.

TROLL-MY-DAMES, the French game of *Trou-madame;* IV. iii. 98.

TRUMPET, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.

TRUNK, body; I. ii. 435.

TUG, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 513.

TURTLES, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

UNBRAIDED, (?)="not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 206.

UNCLASP'D, revealed; III. ii. 169.

UNCURRENT, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 51.

UNDERGO, undertake; IV. iv. 559.

UNEASY, difficult; IV. ii. 58.

UNFURNISH, deprive; V. i. 123.

UNINTELLIGENT, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 17.

UNROLLED, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 137.

UNSPHERE, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.

UNTHRIFTY, not increasing; V. ii. 132.

UNVENERABLE, contemptible; II. iii. 77.

URGENT, pressing; I. ii. 465.

USE; "the u. on 't," having been used; III. i. 14.

UTTER, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 336.

VAST (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 36.

VESSEL, creature; III. iii. 21.

VICE, screw, force; I. ii. 416.

VILLAIN, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.

VIRGINALING, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte)"; I. ii. 125.

VISIBLE, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.

VISITATION, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 571.

VULGARS, the common people; II. i. 94.

WAFTING, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.

WAITS UPON, accompanies; V. i. 142.

WANT, be without; IV. ii. 15.
WANTON, play; II. i. 18.
WARD, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
WARDEN, a baking pear; IV. iii. 52.
WEARING, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
WEEDS, garments; IV. iv. 1.
WELKIN, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
WELL, at rest; V. i. 30.
WHAT, whatever; I. ii. 44.
WHICH, that which; III. ii. 62.
WHISTLE OFF (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off" = to send off; IV. iv. 252.
WHOO-BUB, outcry, clamor; IV. iv. 636.
"WHOOP, DO ME NO HARM, GOOD MAN," the name of an old song; IV. iv. 201.
WILD, rash; II. i. 182.
WILFUL-NEGLIGENT, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
WINK, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
WINKED, closed my eyes; III. iii. 109.
WINNERS, "precious w.' winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 131.
WIT, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 74.
WITHOUT-DOOR, outward, external; II. i. 69.
WOMAN-TIRED, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
WONDER, admiration; V. i. 133.
WONDERING, admiration; IV. i. 25.
WORN, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
WORSHIP, honor, dignity; I. ii. 314.
WORTH, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
WOTTING, knowing; III. ii. 78.
WROUGHT, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

YELLOW, the color of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
YEST, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 97.
YET, still; I. ii. 51.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, B.A.

GENERAL

1. What year was *The Winter's Tale* written?
2. To what order of the poet's works does the play belong?
3. What is the duration of the action?
4. From what popular novel was this play derived? In what period did this novel appear?
5. What Acts of the play cannot be classed as comedy?
6. What geographical inconsistency is mentioned concerning this play?

ACT I

7. Upon what character of the play does the Poet place most emphasis?
8. What is the import of scene i?
9. What incident is the basis of the entire action of the play?
10. How does Polixenes portray the childhood of Leontes and himself?
11. How does Leontes refer to his wooing of Hermione?
12. Is the hospitality of Hermione over-zealous, or has jealousy been lurking in the mind of Leontes?
13. What opinion does Camillo express at hearing the suspicions of Leontes?
14. Compare the characters of Othello and Leontes. Also those of Iago and Camillo.
15. How is Florizel first introduced?

16. On what condition does Camillo agree to dispose of Polixenes?

17. How does Polixenes argue the hopelessness of proving his innocence?

ACT II

18. How does the innocence of the domestic scene, which opens Act II, accentuate the falsity of Leontes' accusations?

19. What occurrence seems to Leontes the confirmation of his suspicions?

20. How does Hermione defend herself? What evidence of faith in her ultimate exoneration does she give?

21. In what way does Antigonus assert his faith in the innocence of the queen?

22. In dispatching to the oracle of Apollo, does Leontes expect further confirmation of the guilt of Hermione or her exoneration?

23. What is the expressed opinion of all at court concerning the character of Hermione?

24. How does Paulina hope to appease the King?

25. Describe the illness of Mamillius and give its cause.

26. What qualities are brought out in the character of Paulina in her interview with the King?

27. What are the instructions given Antigonus in regard to the child?

ACT III

28. Show how the violence of erroneous conclusions in the second Act is softened and quieted by the establishment of truth in Act III.

29. Why does Hermione, although willing to accept death, plead for justice?

30. To what does she look to justify her?

31. How is the innocence of Hermione established?

32. What disaster is threatened Leontes by the oracle?

33. Show how Leontes' cruelty and injustice begin to react upon him?

34. What are the consequences of the death of Mamillius?

35. How does the grief of Paulina at the death of the queen express itself? Is there any doubt that she believes Hermione dead?

36. When does Leontes acknowledge his errors and his repentence?

37. Describe the dream of Antigonus in scene iii. What befell him in the same scene.

38. What is the meaning of the name Perdita?

39. How does the shepherd supply necessary details in the play?

ACT IV

40. What is the interval of time which elapses between Act III and Act IV?

41. Under what conditions was Camillo recalled to his native country after fifteen years? What delays his return?

42. How is the character of Autolycus introduced?

43. Who was the father of Autolycus in Grecian mythology?

44. Compare the character of Perdita with that of Miranda in *The Tempest.*

45. In what manner does Florizel disguise himself in order to become the suitor of Perdita?

46. What are the fears of Perdita concerning her future and that of Florizel?

47. Describe the meeting of Perdita with Polixenes and Camillo.

48. How is the superiority of Perdita to her surroundings made apparent?

49. Who interrupts the betrothal of Perdita and Florizel? How does the life of Perdita become detached from that of the shepherd?

50. How is the constancy of Florizel made positive?

ACT V

51. Describe the character of Leontes after sixteen years.

52. What does Leontes promise Paulina?

53. What request does Florizel make of Leontes? How is Leontes made the instrument of restitution to his daughter?

54. Describe the discovery of the identity of Perdita. What proofs of her birth were produced?

55. What is the dramatic use of the narrative form used in scene ii?

56. What Greek drama is suggested by the recognition scene in scene iii?

57. How is the strength and courage of the character of Hermione shown by the reconciliation with Leontes?

58. How are Camillo and Paulina the complements of each other?

From the painting by John H. Bacon.

Ariel's dream of freedom ("The Tempest").

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

THE TEMPEST

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Tempest first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1–19; no reference has been found to an earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; it may, however, have been merely due to "a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition" on the part of the editors.

"It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us" (Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116).

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV* and *Henry VIII*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; one must bear in mind the fondness for this species of composition which prevailed during the reign of James I.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest;* the probabilities are in favor of 1610–1611.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II, i, 152, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, first published in that year. Shakespeare's own copy of this work, with his autograph, is among the treasures of the British Museum. The passage in question occurs in Chapter xxx, Book I, "Of the Caniballes" (*cp.* Nutt's *Reprint*, Vol. I, p. 222).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonization and adventures of English seamen. There may be direct allusion to a famous shipwreck in the year 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare may have read, was published in the following year, entitled *A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others* (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel "to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes").

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612–1614):—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*"

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have rashly inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests make an early date impossible.

THE SOURCES

The Tempest was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nüremberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, "The English Comedians," as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*, Preface, and pp. 1–75).

The Discovery of the Bermudas has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found "Setebos" (Act I, sc. ii, l. 373); from the same work he possibly derived the names of Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the date of composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii, 197–206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act V, i, 33, *sq.*

The name "Ariel," though glossed by Shakespeare as "an ayrie Spirit," is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> " . . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord."

CALIBAN

"Caliban" is most probably a contemporary variant of "cannibal," which is itself merely another form of "Caribal," *i. e.* "Caribbean." There seems to be no particular

difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. "To me," observes Mr. Furness, "it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out." This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; three studies call for special mention:— (1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson; (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban;* (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or Natural Theology in the Island.*

THE SCENE OF ACTION

"*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*"; this indefinite location has not satisfied Shakespearean students, and learned attempts have been made to fix the latitude and longitude of the island; the Bermudas, Lampedusa, Pantalaria, Corcyra, have each in turn been made the scene of Prospero's magic. The old ballad of *The Enchanted Island*, founded perhaps on *The Tempest*, and certainly later in composition, gives the right answer to these needless questionings:—

> "From that daie forth the Isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene:
> Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

DURATION OF ACTION

The "Time-Analysis" of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare had adhered strictly to the unity of time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I, ii, 239–240; Act V, i, 5; *ibid.* i. 136–137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's "glass" was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of "an *hour* glass." The error was no doubt intentional.

THE MUSIC

There is good reason to believe that Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, Oxford, 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., "Full fathoms five," and "Where the Bee sucks"; the composer was R. Johnson, who in 1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, and Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352–353).

LATER VERSIONS

In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle*. According to Dryden, Davenant designed the "Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman." "Than this version," observes Mr. Furness, "there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*" (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389–449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, "attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tempest was first printed in the folio of 1623, in which edition it stands the first of the series. As this play was undoubtedly written in the later years of the Poet's life, the reason of its standing first is not apparent. Nor is it much more apparent why the arrangement of that edition should be broken up, until more is known of the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written.

The play was originally printed with great accuracy for the time: the true reading is seldom doubtful; for which cause commentators have not often found it easy to mar the text under the notion of improving it.

It has been ascertained clearly enough that *The Tempest* was written somewhere between 1603 and 1612. That it was written after the former date, is rendered almost certain in that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth were plainly taken from Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was printed that year. If any see fit to maintain, as some have done, that Shakespeare *might* have seen the passage in question before it was printed, we will not argue with them; our concern being with facts, not with possibilities.

The Tempest was performed at Court, "by the King's Players," November 1, 1611. For the discovery of this fact we are indebted to *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, edited by Mr. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society; where the following memorandum occurs: "Hollowmas night was presented at Whitehall before the King's Majesty a play called *The Tempest*." Until this discovery the earliest known performance of the

play was in "the beginning of the year 1613," when, as Malone proved from Vertue's MSS., it was acted by "the King's company before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine." So that the play must needs have been written before 1612.

As to any nearer fixing of the date we have nothing to go upon but probabilities. Some of these, however, are pretty strong. From the *Extracts*, already quoted, it appears that eleven other plays, *The Winter's Tale* being one of them, were acted at Court within a year after the last of October, 1611, the oldest of which, so far as has been ascertained, had not been written more than three years. From which it seems probable that *The Tempest* was not then an old play; and perhaps it was selected by the Master of the Revels for its novelty and its popularity on the public stage.

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614, and written perhaps the year before; the induction of which has an apparent, though not necessarily ill-natured glance at both *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale:* "If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says; nor a nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." We agree with Mr. Collier that some of the words in Italic, which we give just as they stand in the original, are "so applicable to *The Tempest*, that they can hardly refer to anything else." Which seems to warrant the inference that *Bartholomew Fair* was written while *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* were yet in the morn and blush of popular favor.

It can hardly be questioned that Shakespeare drew some of his materials for *The Tempest* from the sources thus indicated by Malone: "Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the Sea Venture, which was called *the Admiral's Ship;* and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by *a terrible tempest,* which lasted forty-eight hours, and scat-

tered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts, and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September." In 1610 "one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet, entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils.'" In this book, after relating the circumstances of their shipwreck, the author says: "But our delivery was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon land, than our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes and all men's expectations, most admirable. For the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *inchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwreck. Yet did we find there the *air so temperate*, and *the country so abundantly fruitful* of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there." Somewhat later the Council of Virginia put forth a narrative of "the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape," wherein they say: "These Islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an *in-*

chanted pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for devils;* but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine."

The words in Italic may suggest a probable explanation of some points in the play. It is hardly needful to add, that the Poet's "still-vex'd Bermoothes" seems to link his work in some way with Jourdan's narrative. So that it is not easy to see how an earlier date can be assigned for *The Tempest* than 1610. The supernatural in the play was undoubtedly the Poet's own work: but it had been in strict keeping with his usual method to avail himself of whatsoever interest may have sprung from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvelous creations the people of course would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with this external evidence is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general tone of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character that pervades it, and the organic compactness of its whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures, "spoke of *The Tempest* as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only"; and Schlegel, probably for similar reasons, was of the same opinion. Campbell, the poet, supposes it to have been his very latest work: "*The Tempest* has a sort of sacredness, as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and a benevolent magician, who could conjure up 'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean,—

That staff has never been and will never be recovered." But there is more of poetry than of truth in this statement; at least we have no warrant for it: whereas, besides the improbability that Shakespeare would pass the last six years of his life entirely aloof from the wonted play of his faculties,—besides this, there is good ground for believing that at least *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, and perhaps *The Winter's Tale*, were written after *The Tempest*. Mr. Verplanck, a critic of rare taste and judgment, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, conjectures that the Poet may have *revised The Tempest* after all his other plays were written, and *inserted* the passage where Prospero adjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage; for, besides that he evidently did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, his doing so in this case would fairly infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to us, his native and habitual modesty would hardly permit.

No play or novel has been discovered, to which Shakespeare could have been indebted for the plot or matter of *The Tempest*. Thomas Wharton indeed tells a curious story, how Collins during his mental aberration said he had seen an Italian Romance, called *Aurelio and Isabella*, which contained the story of *The Tempest*. But Collins was afterwards found to be mistaken, there being no such matter in that Romance; and though the poor crazed poet may have put one name for another, it seems more likely that in the disorder of his mind his recollections of *The Tempest* itself got mixed up with other matter. Mr. Collier says: "We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of *The Tempest*, but without success." So that the notion started by Collins probably may as well be given up.

What may be the issue of another notion started since, is not so clear. Mr. Thomas informs us through the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1841, that Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nüremberg, was the author or translator of thirty plays, published in 1618. He is quite confident that Shakespeare derived his idea of *The Tempest* from a play of Ayrer's, called *The Beautiful Sidea.* But besides that the resemblances, even as stated by Mr. Thomas, are so slight or of such a kind as hardly to infer any connection between them, there appears nothing to hinder that Ayrer's play may have been indebted to *The Tempest*, it being quite certain that some English dramas were known in Germany at that early period. The whole matter indeed is much too loose for us to build any conclusion upon.

There is an old ballad called *The Inchanted Island*, which was once thought to have contributed something towards *The Tempest.* But it is now generally allowed to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it; the names and some points of the story being varied, as if on purpose to hide its connection with a work that was popular on the stage. In the ballad no locality is given to the Island: on the contrary we are told:

> "From that daie forth the Isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene:
> Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

Wherefore, we shall probably have to rest, for the present, in the belief that in the case of *The Tempest* Shakespeare drew from no external source but the one already mentioned.

There has been considerable discussion of late years as to the *scene* of *The Tempest.* A wide range of critics, from dull Mr. Chalmers to eloquent Mrs. Jameson, have taken for granted that the Poet fixed the scene of his drama in the Bermudas. For this they seem not to have had nor desired any authority but his mention of "the still-

vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind: but then it also shows that his scene was not there; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the island to another. On the other hand, Mr. Hunter is very positive that if we read the play with a map before us, (only think of it! reading *The Tempest* with a map!) we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He will hardly tolerate any other notion: "What I contend for is the *absolute claim* of Lampedusa to have been the island in the Poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." Mr. Hunter makes out a pretty strong case, nevertheless we must be excused; not so much that we positively reject his theory, as that we simply do not care whether it be right or not. But if we must have any supposal about it the most reasonable as well as most poetical one seems to be that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind, that his readers might not have to go away from home to learn the truth of his representation; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabout some of the wonders and marvels of trans-Atlantic discovery. We should as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as of going to geography for the size, locality, or whatever else, of their dwelling-place.

"*The Tempest*," says Coleridge, "is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events,—but a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the Poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of geography and chronology,—no mortal sins in any species,—are venial faults, and count for nothing."

In these remarks of the great critic there is but one point

from which we should at all dissent. We cannot quite agree that the drama is *purely* romantic. Highly romantic it certainly is, in its wide, free, bold variety of character and incident, in its many-shaded, richly-diversified perspective, in all the qualities indeed that enter into the picturesque; yet not romantic in such a sort, we think, but that it is at the same time equally classic; classic, not only in that the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but as having the other qualities which naturally follow and cleave to these laws of the classic form; in its solemn thought, its severe beauty, and majestic simplicity, its matchless interfusion of the lyrical and the ethical, and in the mellow atmosphere of serenity and composure which hovers over and envelops it: as if on purpose to show the Poet's mastery, not only of both the classic and the romantic drama, but of the common nature out of which both of them grew, and in which both are reconciled. This union of both kinds in one without any hindrance to the distinctive qualities of either,—this it is, we think, that chiefly distinguishes *The Tempest* from the Poet's other dramas. Some have thought that in this play Shakespeare studiously undertook to silence the pedantic cavillers of his time, by showing that he could keep to the rules of the Greek stage, if he chose to do so, without being any the less himself. But it seems more likely that he was here drawn into such a course by the workings of his wise spirit than by the cavils of contemporary critics; the form appearing too cognate and congenial with the matter to have been dictated by anything accidental or external to the work itself.

There are some points that naturally suggest a comparison between *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. In both the Poet has with equal or nearly equal success carried nature, as it were, beyond her established limits, and peopled a purely ideal region with the power and life of reality, so that the characters seem like substantive, personal beings, which he has but described, not created; but beyond this the resemblance ceases: indeed no

two of his plays are more widely different in all other respects.

The Tempest presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought and kept together; yet they blend so sweetly and work together so naturally that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. For it seems hardly more than a truism to say, that in the mingling of the natural and the supernatural there is here no gap, no break; nothing disjointed or abrupt; the two being drawn into each other so smoothly, and so knit together by mutual participations, that each seems but a continuation of the other, and the place where they meet and join is marked by no distinguishable line.

Prospero, standing in the center of the whole, acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself, and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might, so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right; his "high charms work" only to just and beneficent ends; and whatsoever might be repulsive in the magician is softened and made attractive by the virtues of the man and the feelings of the father: Ariel links him with the world above us, Caliban with the world beneath us, and Miranda "(thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)" with the world around and within us. And the mind acquiesces in the miracle attributed to him, his thoughts and aims being so at one with nature's preëstablished harmonies as to leave it doubtful whether he controls her movements or falls in with them. His sorcery indeed is the sorcery of knowledge, his magic the magic of virtue; for what so marvelous as the inward, vital necromancy of good, which transmutes the wrongs that are done him into motives of beneficence, and is so far from being hurt by the powers of Evil that it turns their assaults into new sources of strength against them! And with what a smooth tran-

quillity of spirit he everywhere speaks and acts! as if the rough discipline of adversity had but served

> "to elevate the will,
> And lead him on to that transcendent rest
> Where every passion doth the sway attest
> Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill."

It is observable that the powers, which cleave to his thoughts and obey his "so potent art," before his coming were at perpetual war, the better being in subjection to the worse, and all turned from their several ends into a mad, brawling dissonance: but he teaches them to know their places, and, "weak masters though they be," under his ordering they become powerful, and work together as if endowed with a rational soul; their insane gabble being turned to speech, their savage howling to music, so that

> "the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Wherein is boldly figured the educating of nature up, so to speak, into intelligent ministries, she lending man hands because he lends her eyes; weaving her forces, as it were, into vital union with him, to the end that she may rise above herself and attain to a more excellent form.

This, to be sure, is making the work rather an allegory than a drama, and therein of course misrepresents its quality; for the connecting links in this strange intercourse of the natural and the supernatural are "beings individually determined," and affect us as persons, not as propositions.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural, though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance; at least, if a feeling soul and an intelligent will be the warp, these are the woof of his exquisite texture. He has just enough of human-heartedness to know how he would feel were he human, and a proportionable sense of gratitude, which has been aptly called "the memory of the heart": hence he needs to be often

reminded of his obligations, but does all his spiriting gently while he holds the remembrance of them. Yet his delicacy of nature is nowhere more apparent than in his sympathy with right and good: the instant he comes within their touch he follows them without reserve; and he will suffer any tortures rather than "act the earthy and abhorred commands" that go against his moral grain. And what a merry little personage he is withal! as if his being were cast together in an impulse of play, and he would spend his whole life in one perpetual frolic. But the main ingredients of his zephyr-like constitution are shown in his leading inclinations; for he must needs have most affinity for that of which he is framed. Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element: when he enters their sphere he feels them to be holy indeed; but, were he free, he would keep out of their reach, and follow the circling seasons in their course, and always dwell merrily in the fringes of summer. He is indeed an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds, and gives forth several songs which "seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible"; and which, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals." [1]

Of Ariel's powers and functions as Prospero's prime minister no logical forms, nothing but art, and perhaps no art but the poet's, can give any sort of an idea. Gifted with the ubiquity and multiformity of the substance from which he is named, before we can catch and define him in any one shape he has passed into another. All we can say of him on this score is, that through his agency Prospero's thoughts forthwith become things, his volitions events. And yet, strangely and diversely as his nature is elemented and compacted, with touches akin to several orders of being, there is such a self-consistency about him, he is so cut out in individual distinctness and rounded in with personal

[1] Hazlitt.

attributes, that contemplation freely and easily rests upon him as an *object.*

If Caliban strike us as a more wonderful creation than Ariel, it is probably because he has more in common with us without being in any proper sense human. Perhaps we cannot hit him better than by saying he represents, both in soul and body, a sort of intermediate nature between man and brute, with an infusion of something that belongs to neither: as though one of the transformations, imagined by the author of *Vestiges of Creation*, had stuck midway in its course, where a breath or vapor of essential Evil had knit itself vitally into his texture. If he have all the attributes of humanity from the moral downwards, so that his nature touches and borders upon the sphere of moral life; still the result but approves his exclusion from such life, in that it brings him to recognize moral law only as making for self. It is a most singular and significant stroke in the representation, that sleep seems to loosen the fetters of his soul and lift him above himself: then indeed, and then only, the "muddy vesture of decay" doth not so "grossly close him in" but that

> "The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me";

as though in his passive state the voice of truth and good vibrated down *to* his soul, and stopped there, being unable to kindle any answering tones within; so that in his waking hours they are to him but as the memory of a dream.

Thus Caliban is part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing his being either; for which cause language has no generic term that fits him. Yet this strange, uncouth, but life-like confusion of natures Prospero has educated into a sort of poet. This, however, has nowise tamed, it has rather increased his innate malignity and crookedness of disposition; education having of course but *educed* what was in him. Even his poetry is for the most part made up of the fascinations of

ugliness; a sort of inverted beauty; the poetry of dissonance and deformity: the proper music of his nature being to curse, its proper laughter to snarl. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave into which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapors generated there.

Of course it is only by exhausting the resources of instruction on such a being that his innate and essential deficiency can be fully shown. For had he the germs of a human soul, they must needs have been drawn forth by the process that has made him a poet. The magical presence of spirits, it is true, hath cast into the caverns of his brain a faint reflection of a better world, but without calling up any answering emotions or aspirations; he having indeed no susceptibilities to catch and take in the epiphanies that throng his whereabout. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, he exemplifies the twofold triumph of art over nature, and of nature over art.

But what is most remarkable of all is the perfect originality of his thoughts and manners. Though framed of grossness and malignity, there is nothing vulgar or common-place about him. His whole character indeed is developed from within, not impressed from without; the effect of Prospero's instructions having been to make him all the more himself; and there being perhaps no soil in his nature for conventional vices and knaveries to take root and grow in. Hence the almost classic dignity of his behavior compared with that of the drunken sailors, who are little else than a sort of low, vulgar conventionalities organized, and as such not less true to the life than consistent with themselves. In his simplicity indeed he at first mistakes them for gods who "bear celestial liquor," and they wax merry enough at the "credulous monster"; but in his vigor of thought and purpose he soon conceives such a scorn at their childish interest in whatever trinkets and gewgaws meet their eye, as fairly drives off his fit of intoxication; and

the savage of the woods, half-human though he be, seems nobility itself beside the savages of the city.

In short, if Caliban be, as it were, the organized sediment and dregs of the place, from which all the finer spirit has been drawn off to fashion the delicate Ariel, yet having some parts of a human mind strangely interwoven with his structure; everything about him, all that he does and says, is suitable and correspondent to such a constitution of nature: so that all the elements and attributes of his being stand and work together in living coherence, thus rendering him no less substantive and personal to our apprehension than original and peculiar in himself.

Such are the objects and influences amid which the clear, placid nature of Miranda has been developed. Of the world whence her father was driven, its crimes and follies and sufferings, she knows nothing, he having studiously kept all such notices from her, to the end, apparently, that nothing might thwart or hinder the plastic efficacies that surround her. And here all the simple and original elements of her being, love, light, grace, honor, and innocence, all pure feelings and tender sympathies, whatsoever is sweet and gentle and holy in womanhood, seem to have sprung up in her nature as from celestial seed: "the contagion of the world's slow stain" hath not visited her; the chills and cankers of artificial wisdom have not touched nor come near her: if there were any fog or breath of evil in the place that might else dim or spot her soul, it has been sponged up by Caliban as being more congenial with his nature; while he is simply "a villain she does not love to look on." Nor is this all. The aerial music, beneath which her nature has expanded with answering sweetness, seems to rest visibly upon her, linking her, as it were, with some superior order of beings: the spirit and genius of the place, its magic and mystery, have breathed their power into her face; and out of them she has unconsciously woven herself a robe of supernatural grace, in which even her mortal nature seems half hidden, so that we hardly know

whether she belongs more to heaven or to earth. Thus both her native virtues and the efficacies of the place seem to have crept and stolen into her unperceived, by mutual attraction and assimilation twining together in one growth, and each diffusing its life and beauty all over and through the other. It would seem as if the great poet of our age must have had Miranda in his eye, (or was he but working in the spirit of that nature which she so rarely exemplifies?), when he wrote the lines:

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Yet for all this Miranda not a whit the less touches us as a creature of flesh and blood, "a being breathing thoughtful breath." Nay, she seems all the more so, forasmuch as the character thus coheres with the circumstances, the virtues and poetries of the place being expressed in her visibly; and she would be far less real to our feelings, were not the wonders of her whereabout thus vitally incorporated with her innate and original attributes. This matter has been put so well by Mrs. Jameson that it would be wronging the subject not to quote her words: "If we can presuppose such a situation, with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts,

from the supernatural and poetical circumstances assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial."

It is observable that Miranda does not perceive the working of her father's art upon herself: as, when he puts her to sleep, she attributes it to the strangeness of his tale. And, on the other hand, he thinks she is not listening attentively to what he is saying, partly, perhaps, because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being about the approaching crisis in his fortunes while his speech is of the past, and partly because in her ecstasy of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse. For indeed to her the supernatural stands in the place of nature, and nothing is so strange and wonderful as what actually passes in the life and heart of man: miracles have been her daily food, her father being the greatest miracle of all; which must needs make the common events and passions and perturbations of the world seem to her miraculous. All which the Poet has wrought out with so much art, and so little appearance of it, that Franz Horn is the only critic so far as we know, that seems to have thought of it.

We may not dismiss Miranda without remarking upon the sweet union of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity in her character, she not knowing or not caring to disguise the innocent movements of her heart. This, too, is a natural result of her situation. Equally fine is the circumstance, that her father opens to her the story of her life, and lets her into the secret of her noble birth and ancestry, at a time when she is suffering with those that she saw suffer, and when her eyes are jeweled with pity, as if on purpose that the ideas of rank and dignity may sweetly blend and coalesce in her mind with the sympathies of the woman.

The strength and delicacy of imagination displayed in

these characters are scarce more admirable than the truth and subtlety of observation shown in the others.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science, the leading points of which are thus set forth by Coleridge: "In the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also of rendering the transition to wickedness easy, by making the good ridiculous. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence."

Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those

of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

And the same deep skill is shown in case of the good old man, Gonzalo, whose sense of his own pains and perils seems lost in his care to minister comfort and diversion to others. Thus his virtue spontaneously opens the springs of wit and humor within him amid the terrors of the storm and shipwreck; and he is merry while others are suffering, even from sympathy with them: and afterwards his thoughtful spirit plays with Utopian fancies; and if "the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," it is all the same to him, his purpose being only to beguile the anguish of supposed bereavement. It hath been well said, that "Gonzalo is so occupied with duty, in which alone he finds pleasure, that he scarce notices the gnat-stings of wit with which his opponents pursue him; or, if he observes, firmly and easily repels them."

In Ferdinand is portrayed one of those happy natures, such as we sometimes meet with, who are built up all the more strongly in virtue and honor by contact with the vices and meannesses of the world. The meeting of him and Miranda is replete with magic indeed; a magic higher and more potent even than Prospero's: all the riches that nestle in their bosoms at once leaping forth and running together into a stream of poetry which no words of ours can describe. So much of beauty in so few words, and those few so plain and homely,—"O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!" Here, again, Prospero does but furnish occasions: his art has the effect of unsealing the choice founts of nature, but the waters gush from depths which even he cannot reach; so that his mighty magic bows before a still more wondrous potency. After seeing himself thus outdone by the nature he has been wont to control, and having witnessed such a "fair encounter of two most

rare affections," no wonder that he longs to be a man again, like other men, and, with a heart "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," gladly returns to

> "The homely sympathy that heeds
> The common life; our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
> Of hearts at leisure."

Some appear to have thought the presence of Trinculo and Stephano a blemish in the play. We cannot think so. Their follies give a zest and relish to the high poetries amid which they grow. Such things go to make up the mysterious whole of human life; and they often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it: we may think they had better be away; yet, were they away, we should feel that something were wanting. Besides, if this part of the work do not directly yield a grateful fragrance, it is vitally related to the parts that do.

Such are the strangely-assorted characters that make up this charming play. And yet how they all concur in unity of effect! This harmonious working together of diverse and opposite elements,—this smooth concurrence of heterogeneous materials in one varied yet coherent impression,—by what subtle process this is brought about, must be left to keener and deeper wits. But how variously soever men may account for this, no one, surely, who has a proper sense of art, or of nature as addressed to the imaginative faculty, can well question, that all the parts are so vitally interwoven, that if any one be cut away the whole drama will be in danger of bleeding to death.

We cannot leave the subject without remarking what an atmosphere of wonder and mystery overhangs and pervades this singular structure, and how the whole seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the Poet's art; thus leading the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being. It were difficult indeed to name anything else of human workmanship so thoroughly transfigured with

"the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream:"

the celestial and the earthly being so commingled,—commingled, but not confounded,—that we see not where the one begins and the other ends: so that in reading it we seem transported to a region where we are strangers, yet old acquaintances; where all things are at once new and familiar: the unearthly visions of the spot hardly touching us with surprise; because, though wonderful indeed, there is nothing about them but that somewhat within us owns and assimilates with more readily than is compatible with such an impression. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things and take pleasure in them,—is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life?

"Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole?"

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PROSPERO

We may well believe that Prospero stands for Shakespeare, the mighty magician who wove his airy charms, woke sleepers from their graves, and set before us many a majestic vision; whose life was dedicated to the liberal arts, these being all his study; and who would spend his latter days in retirement at his Milan, where every third thought should be his grave.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Prospero is to me the representative of wise and virtuous manhood in its true relation to the combined elements of existence,—the physical powers of the external world, and the varieties of character with which it comes into voluntary, accidental or enforced contact.—Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the densest and Ariel the most ethereal extreme, Prospero is the middle link. He—the wise and good man—is the ruling power, to whom the whole series is subject.—First, and lowest in the scale, comes the gross and uncouth but powerful savage, who represents both the more ponderous and unwieldy natural elements (as the earth and water), which the wise magician by his knowledge compels to his service; and the brutal and animal propensities of the nature of man which he, the type of its noblest development, holds in lordly subjugation.—Mrs. Kemble, *Some Notes on the Text of Shakespeare.*

Ariel is swayed more by fear than gratitude, a fact which excites Prospero's anger. And here let it be remarked

what necessities belong to dramatic characterization. Although Shakspere would not exhibit Prospero with his clear spiritual will and power obscured and turmoiled by the sensual appetites and passions that made the lives of Antony and Cleopatra "a storm whereon they rode"; yet, had he depicted his benevolent magician as basking perpetually in the sunshine of an open conscience and uninterruptedly serene, we should have had a being elevated so far above the condition of humanity that we could not have sympathized with him. He therefore presents him as chafed with certain obstacles in the magic sphere of his working, and as occasionally wroth with Ariel and Caliban for resistance expressed or implied. He is also liable to perturbation of mind from forgetfulness, as in the Fourth Act, when he suddenly remembers the conspiracy of Caliban. And thus, with all his moral excellence, Prospero is made to awaken our sympathy for a natural imperfection. Meanwhile, all has the wonderful coherence and mystery of a dream.—Heraud, *Shakspere—His Inner Life.*

MIRANDA

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of

air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, "breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stand in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we

not behold in the character of Miranda, not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defense. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Miranda is "created of every creature's best"; she is the wonder-child of the enchanted island, wellnigh too ethereal to be mated to any of the sons of men. Reared among the "untrodden ways" she has drawn into her blood the influences of this tropical solitude; she might have inspired the modern poet's vision of a maiden molded into grace by "the silent sympathy" of elemental things:

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

Save her father, and the half-brute Caliban, whom she fears to look on, she has known no human creature, and her character is without the complexity bred by artificial surround-

ings. The primal instincts of womanhood, as Shakspere conceived them, tenderness, modesty, simple faith in good, alone stir her breast. So unlearned is she in worldly experience that when Ariel's music draws Ferdinand to her father's cell she takes him for a spirit, "a thing divine." The prince, in equal amaze, salutes her as "the goddess on whom these airs attend."—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

Miranda is representative of a love which, without historic influence, can develop its highest ideality, like a flower in a virgin soil which only fairy feet may tread. The songs of Ariel have molded her heart, and sensuality never appeared to her but in the revolting, hateful shape of Caliban. The love, therefore, which Ferdinand inspires, is not merely naïve but of a holy sincerity, of a primeval purity verging on the awesome.—Heine, *Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen.*

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA

Ferdinand and Miranda confess their love while Prospero watches them at some distance. A short space of time has sufficed indissolubly to unite the two hearts which were destined for one another. In fact, love, in the narrower sense of the word, is always the birth of an instant; long acquaintance, mutual esteem and affection, may or may not precede it—this is a matter of indifference to love; it does not grow out of these like a bud from its calyx, acquaintance and affection are, so to say, but the fuel which the flash of love has first to strike before fire and flame are produced. Ferdinand and Miranda form the loveliest companion-piece to Romeo and Juliet, with this difference, that here, in comedy, love has exchanged the tragic cothurnus for the comic soccus. In place of the melancholy, devouring heat of immoderate passion which in *Romeo and Juliet* tears everything along with it in its headlong course, overcasting the horizon as with a thunder-cloud ready to

burst forth into destruction, and bearing within itself the full weight of the tragic pathos, we here also behold the fire of passion, but the passion of two tender obedient hearts, child-like in their gentleness; a passion which, like a mild and yet far-reaching light, clothes all objects in the brightest colors. In the former case all is thunder and lightning, the forked light that shines and illuminates but which also destroys; in the latter, it is the first rays of the morning sun which, in announcing a lovely spring day, looks down timidly and blushingly over the mountain top into the valley. And nevertheless we feel that this delicate germ, which has just begun to shoot forth, possesses a force unequaled by any power on earth. Even Prospero's magic, which has made thunder, lightning, and tempest its tools, and which guides all the other personages like children in leading-strings, has no power here, it cannot even restrain or retard, much less prevent or destroy. It is indeed Prospero's wish that Miranda and Ferdinand shall be united—this wish even forms the point to which all his desires and intentions are directed—but he, at the same time, would like to see their blossoming love keeping exact pace with the maturing of his own plans. For he does not know what will be the effect of the extraordinary occurrences of his magic arts, and of the supposed loss of the king's beloved son, or whether the king will yield and consent to the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. This is his reason for wishing to control their love; he would like to see the spark ignite, but not to see it burst at once into flame; this is doubtless the principal reason why he at first treats Ferdinand with so much unfriendliness and condemns him to work like a common servant. However, even in the form of a servant, love finds its kindred heart and contrives to ennoble its common state of servitude and its most menial work; unceasingly does the magnet exercise its invisible power, and Prospero is ultimately obliged to consent to that which all the magic in the world could not have prevented.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ALONZO, ANTONIO, AND SEBASTIAN

It treats of the rebellion of kindred, of the usurpation of one brother against another, of the ungrateful brother against the beneficent one. Duke Prospero of Milan, absorbed in his studies, has committed the government of his states to his brother Antonio, "whom, next to his child, of all the world" he loves best. His confidence created in Antonio falsehood as boundless as the trust reposed in him, the habit of power and dominion led to ambition, and out of ambition grew treachery. He arranged everything in the state to further the objects of his ambition, filled all offices with his creatures, made a league with Prospero's enemy, the King of Naples, made free Milan tributary to him, obtained the help of the king's brother Sebastian, and then overthrew his own brother, and exposed him with his infant heiress to perish on the sea. In addition to this unnatural conduct towards his brother, his prince, his niece, and his country, we see Antonio in the course of the play project another deed of unnatural treachery against his auxiliaries and his new liege lord. To escape the tribute he urges Alonzo's brother to murder the king, the similar crime which he had committed against Prospero. Both Antonio and Sebastian we find are cruel, seizing the unsuitable moment of misfortune to make bitter reproaches to Alonzo, like incarnate mockers, as Coleridge says, "who indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good." Antonio is the worst sinner of the two, who, as Prospero says at the end, had entertained ambition against his own flesh and blood, and "had expelled remorse and nature." He says of himself:—

> "Twenty consciences
> That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
> And melt, ere they molest!"

Compared to him, intriguer as he is, Sebastian is like "standing water," which Antonio "will teach how to flow," that he may not as

"Ebbing men indeed,
Most often do, so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth."

When their projects fail, and the fruit of their previous crimes is destroyed, Antonio stands petrified; Sebastian, who was at first troubled with remorse and stings of conscience, breathes again; Alonzo, after the first stroke, when he imagined his son to be lost, becomes silent, stupid, and repentant. He has gone to Tunis with his fleet, where he had given his daughter in marriage, against all advice, even against her own inclination; he has unnaturally sacrificed his own child by a political union; as a punishment for this, according to the view of Antonio and Sebastian, he is overtaken by the tempest, which, by the destruction of his son and heir, also revenges on him his crime against Milan. When he receives from Ariel the wonderful announcement that they are considered usurpers in the uninhabited island, and that perdition hangs over their heads, from which "nothing but heart's sorrow, and a clear life ensuing" can deliver them, Antonio and Sebastian want to "fight with the fiend"; Alonzo alone is ripened by sorrow, and maintains his change of mind, when he desires the marriage of his son with the heiress of Milan, and penitently kneels before Miranda, now his daughter.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

STEPHANO AND TRINCULO

We cannot pass over Stephano and Trinculo. They are the humorous reflection, on a lower level, of the King and the nobles; of what Alonzo and his nobles might be, if they had been born as grooms and butlers. And their conspiracy to slay Prospero, and be kings of the island, is the ludicrous image of the conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio to slay Alonzo, even of the conspiracy in the past which drove Prospero from his throne. That is Shakespeare, fanciful and fantastic, doubling of his plot; his addition of a lining of gaiety to the cloak of seriousness.

Stephano and Trinculo are Shakespeare's last study of the drunkard. It is the habit to speak of them together, but Shakespeare took pains to differentiate them. They have quite distinct characters, though they belong to the same type. They are set into contrast with Caliban; the savages of civilization with the natural savage; and Caliban is the better man. They are quite useless on the island; the sweet sounds of it are nothing to them; they do not understand Caliban when he is poetical. Caliban becomes an idealizer when he is drunk; they lower everything, when they are drunk, to their own level. Caliban's mind develops under liquor; theirs is quite brutalized, save that they have not lost the gross, natural humor of their class. They are both amusing; and curiously enough, but, when one thinks of it, quite a piece of natural truth, Trinculo, the jester, when he is sober, is not so entertaining as Stephano, the butler. Each, in drink, loses his conventional habit. Caliban, drunk, loses his fear of Prospero, and plans his master's murder with audacity, even with ability. Trinculo's fears redouble. Stephano is not afraid of anything, but his vulgarity of mind, when he is drunk, rises into its perfect consummation. It is almost ideal. His last speech in which—having been pinched and cramped, and hunted with dogs—his courage, which endears him to us is still high and is heightened by the liquor in him, is inimitably invented by Shakespeare. He comes, in the stolen apparel, all bedraggled, before the fine company, and is not a bit ashamed or depressed. In his drunkenness, he is even for the first time intelligent.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

ARIEL

Ariel is the ethereal personification of will and accomplishment, with the lightning's speed. When despatched

on an errand by Prospero, and desired to make good speed, he answers, "I drink the air before me!" What an idea do those six words convey of compassing time and space! With a refinement of his art, Shakespeare has contrived to secure our interests in and sympathies with this exquisite being, by imbuing it with the frolicsome and wayward fancies of a petted child. We incline to take part with Ariel in his little fretfulnesses and longings to be as unfettered as the winged winds. His desires to be set free, (for freedom is his nature,) and his pretty frowardness under the constraint of the mighty magician, who, although his liberator, is still his master, even his tyrant, is more excusable than the latter's tetchy reproaches. All this enlists our sympathy with the little "featureless angel," as he has been happily called; but Shakespeare has gone yet farther upon this point, by giving to Ariel a feeling of tender commiseration for the interests of those whom he is commanded to punish and torment.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

Let us look a little at the attributes of this delicate Ariel. He is subject to the enchanter, and he pines for liberty. But he had been a slave to one of a less kindly nature—to the witch Sycorax. Her commands were earthy and abhorred, and Ariel refused her hests. For this he was imprisoned in a cloven pine. Prospero released him. Prospero's commands are sometimes toilsome, but the promise of freedom makes Ariel obedient—he does his spiriting gently. He fills the air of the isle with sweet music, or with solemn; he perplexes his master's enemies with "aery tongues that syllable men's names";—he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy. He enjoys his work, he revels in his fun—he is all gentleness to his commander, with his "do you love me, master?" And his master loves him—Ariel is his free spirit; his bird, his chick. Dainty Ariel! thou art not of the earth—thou art but air—and yet thou art as natural as the veriest portrait of humanity. To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to

pierce the veins of the frosty soil—these are thy duties; but thy pleasures are of the most refined epicurism—to suck with the bee, and dwell under the blossom that hangs on the bough.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspear.*

In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken: . . . . . as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, in *The Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in equal degree with Dante and himself.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures.*

CALIBAN

Caliban, on the other hand, is of the earth earthy, a kind of land-fish, a being formed of heavy and gross materials, who was raised by Prospero from the condition of an animal to that of a human being, without, however, being really civilized. Prospero made much of the creature at first, caressed him and gave him to drink of water mixed with the juice of berries; taught him the art of speech and how to name the greater and the lesser light, and lodged him in his cell. But from the moment Caliban's savage instinct prompted him to attempt the violation of Miranda, Prospero treated him as a slave and made him serve as such. Strangely enough, however, Shakespeare has made him no prosaically raw being, untouched by the poetry of the enchanted island. The vulgar newcomers, Trinculo and Stephano, speak in prose, but Caliban's utterances are always rhythmic; indeed, many of the most exquisitely melo-

dious lines in the play fall from the lips of this poor animal. They sound like an echo from the time he lived within the magic circle and was the constant companion of Prospero and Miranda.

But since, from being their fellow, he has been degraded to their slave, all gratitude for former benefits has disappeared from his mind; and he now employs the language they have taught him in cursing the master who has robbed him, the original inhabitant, of his birthright. His is the hatred of the savage for his civilized conquerors.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

Whether under the name Caliban Shakespeare meant in an anagram to conceal the word "cannibal" can never be known, but it is certain that the relations between Prospero and Caliban bring to mind many of the problems which arise from the existence of inhabitants of a lower stage of civilization on lands newly discovered and settled by Europeans. Caliban is the untutored savage. His language speaks the poetry and imaginativeness which are the property of the child of nature. By what right should Prospero claim his menial service? Of what advantage to him were education and the restraints of morality? Was he happier or better for contact with a superior civilization? Were it not better for both parties that he should be let alone? "But," says Prospero,

> "We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
> Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
> That profit us."

This is the exact plea which civilization always makes to explain the servitude of its inferiors. It is the tyrant's plea, necessity, and the history of Caliban's subjection is precisely that of the Indians of the New World.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE CHARACTERS SYMBOLICAL

There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the Imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his actual lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract Womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was awakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand, again, is nothing more than Youth, compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types; Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty; Adrian and Francisco, of the walking gentlemen who fill up a world.—Lowell, *Among My Books.*

WITCHCRAFT

Only one man resisted this universal current [*i. e.* the belief in witchcraft promulgated by James].

That man was Shakespeare.

Shakespeare did not as did Reginald Scot.

He did not reject the traditions of the Bible nor the legends; he engrafted them.

He did not question the existence of the invisible world; he rehabilitated it.

He did not deny man's supernatural power; he consecrated it.

James the Sixth said: Accursed be spirits! Shakespeare says: Glory be to spirits!

This side taken by the poet was not the premeditation

of a tactician; it was the result of a conviction. Shakespeare had a profound belief in the mysterious. He was not one of those who affirm that the creation which begins with stones stops at man; he accepted fully the popular philosophy which makes an indefinite scale of beings ascend from matter to idea, from evil to good, from Satan to Jehovah, and midway in this scale places man, half body and half soul. Convinced that there is an intermediate world between man and God, Shakespeare was led, by logic itself, to a recognition of all the creatures wherewith the Pantheism of the Renaissance filled the world. No! Legends did not lie. No! Scripture did not lie. No! Mythology was not a myth. No! Plato did not lie. No! the ancient Druidical dogma did not lie. There is room in the Infinite for all the creatures of the Theogonies. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Above us, around us, and below us there are circling thousands of beings who see us, and whom we do not. These beings animate creation everywhere; gnomes and satyrs people the earth; nymphs, naiads and undines people the waters; lares and hobgoblins people houses; sylphs and salamanders people the air and the fire; fairies people the ether; spirits people atoms! These beings form a superior humanity, seeing further than we and knowing more than we. And we, junior humanity, have not the right, forsooth, to address ourselves to this elder sister! We have not the right, forsooth, to evoke her, to consult her, to conjure her! We, sad lump of flesh that we are, must needs be forbidden in our perplexities to call upon these luminous auxiliaries! And not only is this appeal to be forbidden us, but it is to be accounted a crime! and, to punish these invocations to the purest of spiritual beings, fagots are to be prepared!—
Victor Hugo, *Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare.*

FANTASTIC AND HARMONIOUS

This romance of *The Tempest* is as fantastic and harmonious as *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and at least as deep as *Hamlet*. Solemnity, irony, broad humor, lyric of unearthly beauty, are combined in a shining serenity. The poet seems, Ariel-like, to sport with language, and to amuse himself with new discovery of its resources. Search has been made for symbolism in this play; but if there be any, it is probably unconscious, and it certainly eludes demonstration. The idea that Shakespeare represented himself in the enchanter Prospero has little but its attractiveness to recommend it. Between Prospero, the overman, and the beast-man Caliban, lies the whole range not only of Shakespearean, but also of human character.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

GRACE AND GRANDEUR OF THE PLAY

The Tempest is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespear's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind, has the same palpable texture, and coheres "semblably" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician, Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name") to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the heaven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the

savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tost vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespear's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything in him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling-ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the winds and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play: but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE DRAMATIC MOVEMENT

To turn to the play itself:—the proper action, the dramatic movement of it, is of very limited scope. Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, "an enemy inveterate" (Act I, ii), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the king of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take

noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigor, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE ACTION OF THE PLAY

The Tempest is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and test of every true work of art.—Garrett, *The Irving Shakespeare.*

THE EPILOGUE

Finally, in the Epilogue, which was written perhaps by Shakspere, perhaps by some one acquainted with his thoughts, Prospero in his character of a man, no longer a potent enchanter, petitions the spectators of the theater for two things, pardon and freedom. It would be straining matters to discover in this Epilogue profound significances. And yet in its playfulness it curiously falls in with the moral purport of the whole. Prospero, the pardoner, implores pardon. Shakspere was aware—whether such be the significance (aside—for the writer's mind) of this Epilogue or not—that no life is ever lived which does not need to receive as well as to render forgiveness. He knew that every energetic dealer with the world must seek a sincere and liberal pardon for many things. Forgiveness and freedom: these are keynotes of the play. When it was occupying the mind of Shakspere, he was passing from his service as artist to his service as English country gentleman. Had his mind been dwelling on the question of how he should employ his new freedom, and had he been enforcing upon himself the truth that the highest freedom lies in the bonds of duty?—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counselor*

ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, } *Lords*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave*
TRINCULO, *a Jester*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler*
Master of a Ship
Boatswain
Mariners

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit*
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers, } *presented by Spirits*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

During a tempest there is wrecked on the shores of an enchanted island a vessel in which are Alonso, the king of Naples, Sebastian, his brother; Ferdinand, his son; Antonio, an usurping Duke of Milan, and their attendants. On this island dwell Prospero and his daughter Miranda, with a deformed slave, Caliban. During the storm Prospero unfolds to his daughter the story of his past life. He was the rightful Duke of Milan and had been deposed by his brother Antonio, aided by Alonso, king of Naples. They dared not kill him because of the love the people bore him, and so they set him and his little daughter adrift on the sea in an open boat. A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, out of his charity provisioned the boat with some food and fresh water, and gave them some rich garments, linens, stuffs, and other necessaries. He also placed in the boat some books which he knew the Duke prized very highly. Twelve years had passed since they had landed on that island, years spent by Prospero in teaching his daughter and in studying his books of magic. At last Fortune had brought his enemies to the island's shore and he had raised the storm that he might get them in his power. Ariel, one of the spirits subject to him, enters and reports that all of the passengers have come safely to land, but are scattered in groups, and that the ship is safe, hidden in an odd angle of the isle. The king's son, Ferdinand, is separated from all his friends and is lured by Ariel's music into the presence of Prospero and Miranda. Im-

mediately the prince and princess fall in love with each other.

ACT II

The other victims of the shipwreck wander about the island until all except Antonio and Sebastian are lulled to sleep by Ariel's music. These two plan to murder the king, so that if they should be rescued Sebastian may become king of Naples. Ariel frustrates their plot by awakening Gonzalo. In another part of the island Trinculo, a jester, and Stephano, a butler, discover Caliban.

ACT III

To test Ferdinand's love for Miranda, Prospero sets him to carrying and piling logs. He works faithfully, refusing to let Miranda help him, but telling her of his love for her. Caliban tells Stephano and Trinculo that he is subject to a tyrant and a sorcerer, and the three plan to kill Prospero and have the island for themselves. Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and the others wander about until they are nearly overcome with hunger and weariness. Prospero, aided by Ariel, tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet.

ACT IV

Ferdinand's labors are rewarded by the gift of Miranda's hand from her father, who entertains the lovers with visions of spirits. Their revels are interrupted by the remembrance of Caliban's plot against Prospero's life. The conspirators are frustrated and punished by Ariel and Prospero, who set divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds upon them.

ACT V

Ariel brings Alonso and his companions to Prospero's cell. Resolved to forgive them if they should be penitent for the past, Prospero reveals his identity to them. His

dukedom is restored to him. Alonso mourns his son as lost, but Prospero shows him Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda. Alonso sanctions their troth. Prospero swears to nevermore make use of his magic and the king and his company, with Prospero and his daughter journey to Naples to solemnize the nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda.

THE TEMPEST

ACT FIRST

Scene I

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

1. Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."—H. N. H.

3. *"Good";* "my good fellow," a persuasive preface to a command. So in vv. 16, 20, etc.—C. H. H.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not

19. *"roarers"*; blusterers.—C. H. H.

born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

39. *"down with the topmast";* of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says: 'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast,—where he had not sea-room."—H. N. H.

42. *"our office";* my orders.—C. H. H.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold? 60

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within*: 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king. 70

Seb. Let 's take leave of him.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long

67. "[*confused noise within:*]"; this passage is usually printed as a part of Gonzalo's speech; which is clearly wrong. Dr. Johnson suggested that the words here enclosed in brackets should be given as a part, or rather as the particulars of the *confused noise within.* Which is so obviously right that we should hardly hesitate to adopt it, even if we had not the great authority of Dyce and Halliwell for doing so.—H. N. H.

74. *"long heath, brown furze"*; so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—"ling, heath, broom, furze."—I. G.

heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills
above be done! but I would fain die a dry

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

74. *"long heath";* a variety of heath, "which beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes," was then so called.—C. H. H.

76. *"fain die a dry death";* in Boswell's edition is a paper from Lord Mulgrave, showing that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." He then exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described: the expedients adopted are the best that could have been devised for a chance of safety: the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail." Captain Glascock says: "The Boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle."—H. N. H.

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

11. *"or ere"; i. e. before, sooner than;* as in *Ecclesiastes, "or ever* the silver cord be loosed"; and again in *Daniel, "or ever* they came to the bottom of the den."—H. N. H.

19. *"more better";* the double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.—H. N. H.

25. *"lie there, my art";* Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer" (Fuller's *Holy State*).—H. N. H.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour 's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person:
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp thither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

50. *"abysm"* was the old mode of spelling *abyss;* from its French original *abisme.*

This line is usually printed thus:

"A princess;—no worse issued":—

which might indeed be admitted, but that there is no authority for it in the original; nor any need of the change, the sense being clear enough without it.—H. N. H.

59. *"issued";* derived.—C. H. H.

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.

79. *"perfected"*; completely skilled.—C. H. H.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but my being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

94. *"like a good parent";* alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it.—H. N. H.

100. *"Who having into truth";* "into," used in the sense of "unto," and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; "into truth" depends upon "a sinner"; and "it" refers vaguely to "his own lie"; "to credit"="as to credit."—I. G.

109. *"Milan":* duke of Milan.—C. H. H.

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

146. *"butt"*; (figuratively for) a broad, unwieldy boat, a "tub." That it was not literally a cask is shown by the description "not rigged," etc.—C. H. H.

148. *"quit"* was commonly used for *quitted*.—H. N. H.

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

169. *"Now I arise";* probably derived from astrology; "now my star is in the ascendant"; it should be noted that the stage direction "Resumes his mantle" is not in the folios.—I. G.

173. *"princes";* princesses. Fr., *princesse.* This is the regular Shakespearean plural of the word.—C. H. H.

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,

192. *"ride on curled clouds";* this is imitated in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," etc.—H. N. H.

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

198. *"I flamed amazement,"* etc.; the description is suggested by the "fire of St. Elmo,"—flames seen during a storm to fly along from mast to mast. Accounts of it were accessible in Hakluyt.—C. H. H.

209. *"a fever of the mad";* that is, such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.—H. N. H.

Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Aye, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

266. *"for one thing she did";* Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original.—I. G.

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that I did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

364. *"red plague";* plagues were currently classified according to the color of the sores they produced, as "red," "yellow," and "black." —C. H. H.

369. *"old";* intense. "rare."—C. H. H.

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;

378, 379. *"Kiss'd the wild waves whist";* so the folios; *i. e.,* "Kissed the wild waves into silence"; often printed with a comma after "kissed."—I. G.

395. *"Ariel sings";* the musical setting of this song by R. Johnson, probably that used in the original performance, is still extant in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660. Johnson composed in 1610 the music for Middleton's *The Witch*.—C. H. H.

Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong
Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,

405. *"ditty";* the words (*detto*) of the song.—C. H. H.

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan

427. *"if you be maid or no";* Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess: he now asks, if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.—H. N. H.

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

438. *"his brave son";* this person, apparently by an oversight, does not appear in the sequel.—C. H. H.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.
Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—

5. "The masters of some merchant"; i. e., "the owners of some merchantman"; Steevens suggested "mistress" (old spelling "maistres"); the Cambridge editors "master's" (*i. e.* "master's wife").—I. G.

Seb. One: tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match!
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—

27. *"which, of he or Adrian";* "he" for "him," used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, "he will be talking."—I. G.

35, 36. The folios read: "Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*" Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb "let them laugh that win." Capell ingeniously suggested that the folio reading should stand with the slight change of "you 've paid" for "you 're paid."—I. G.

Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss 't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Aye, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouched rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Aye, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the

marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Aye.

78. *"How came that widow in?"; i. e.* seeing that Dido lost Æneas by his desertion, not by his death.—C. H. H.

97. *"Aye";* this is best understood as addressed to Adrian—Gonzalo, who persistently ignores Antonio and Sebastian, reiterating his assurance that Tunis was Carthage. Staunton gave *Aye* to Alonso, interpreting it as an exclamation uttered by him on awaking

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! aye, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

from his trance of grief. This has the merit of accounting for Gonzalo's sudden address to the king in line 99.—C. H. H.

98. *"in good time"*; "very good," "to be sure."—C. H. H.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land:
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

132. *"who hath cause"*; the antecedent of "who" is most probably "she"; some make the relative refer to "eye," *i. e.*, "which hath cause to weep."—I. G.

136. *"should bow"*; so folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e. g.*, "she'd bow"; "which end the beam should bow"; the omission of the pronoun "it" or "she" before "should" can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.—I. G.

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!

173. *"excel the golden age";* in Montaigne's *Essay "Of the Cannibals,"* translated by Florio in 1603, is the following: "Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. —It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them." From which it is plain enough, that Montaigne and Gonzalo must have been together, and "fed on one thought."—H. N. H.

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

195. "*go sleep, and hear us*"; *i. e.* hear them laughing at him.—C. H. H.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

208. *"consent"*; by common agreement.—C. H. H.

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is

234. *"proclaim a matter from thee";* announce an important communication.—C. H. H.

Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

248. *"But doubt discovery there"; i. e.,* "Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there."—I. G.

255. *"She that from whom";* the unnecessary "that" is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of "she that." —I. G.

261. *"'twixt which regions";* this passage has given commentators a fine opportunity of showing their superiority to the Poet in the knowledge of geography. But, besides that in Shakespeare's time

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows: now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience.
Ant. Aye, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not

a voyage from Milan to Tunis was not so easy as it has been since, could they not see that he purposely makes Antonio exaggerate the distance, to persuade Sebastian into his plans? So that in showing their knowledge of what the Poet did not aim at, they but showed their ignorance of his proper business. As usual.—H. N. H.

271. A *"chough"* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.—H. N. H.

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;

284. *"candied";* generally explained as "sugared over, and so insensible"; perhaps a better interpretation is "made sweet as sugar," as in the phrase "the candied tongue." Is Antonio possibly playing on "candied" and "candid" (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?—I. G.

292. *"who should not upbraid";* to prevent his upbraiding.—C. H. H.

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?

304. *"to keep them living"; them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and the king, not to "projects," as the Chiswick edition has it, thus corrupting the text. Of course but one of the persons referred to was meant in, *you, his friend.*—H. N. H.

It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;

12. *"pricks"* is the ancient word for *prickles*.—H. N. H.

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a

30. *"Were I in England now,"* etc.; this is attested by the considerable Elizabethan literature of "strange beasts." In 1632 Sir H. Herbert, Master of the Revels, granted a license to J. Seele "to shew a strange fish for half a year."—C. H. H.

man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. 50
[*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! 61

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not escaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said

64. *"men of Ind"*; a synonym for "savages."—C. H. H.

so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly:

84. *"if he have never drunk wine afore";* no impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.—H. N. H.

86. *"I will not take too much for him"; i. e.,* "I will take as much as I can possibly get."—I. G.

you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of

the storm. And art thou living, Stephano?
O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

152. *"dropped from heaven";* the Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.*—H. N. H.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.

193. *"Scamels";* not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. Many emendations have been made; staniel (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night,* though the editions read "stallion." "Scamel" is evidently the name of a rock-breeding bird; Mr. Wright has pointed out that, according to Stevenson's *"Birds of Norfolk,"* "the female Bar-tailed Godwit is called a "Scamell" by the gunners of Blakeney."—I. G.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness

1. *"and";* in the sense of "and yet."—H. N. H.
3. *"most poor matters";* humblest operations.—C. H. H.
11. *"Upon a sore injunction";* in obedience to a grievous order (*i. e.* one sanctioned with a grievous penalty).—C. H. H.

Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

15. *"Most busy lest, when I do it";* so the first folio. Various readings have been suggested; Pope, "least busy when I do it"; Theobald, "most busie-less when I do it"; Holt, "most busiest, when I do it"; Spedding, "most busiest when idlest," etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—"most busy least, when I do it"; *i. e.*, "most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work." A comma after "busy" instead of after "least" would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios; Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read "labor" for "labors."—I. G.

I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,

48. *"of every creature's best";* in the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, a lover says of his mistress: "She is herself of *best things the collection.*" In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.—H. N. H.

If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Aye, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

72. *"what else"*; for whatever else.—H. N. H.
79. *"die to want"*; die through wanting.—C. H. H.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing, can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown

91. *"a thousand thousand"; i. e.* a thousand, thousand times farewell.—H. N. H.

10. *"set";* closed.—C. H. H.

me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,

He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Aye, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Aye, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*

107. *"he 'll deck withal"; i. e.* deck the house with.—C. H. H.

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more. [*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvelous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

13. *"advantage"*; opportunity.—C. H. H.

23. *"the phœnix' throne"*; "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe" (Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4).—H. N. H.

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou has said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue— a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

39. *"Praise in departing";* a proverbial expression; "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."—I. G.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

44. *"mountaineers"*; savages.—C. H. H.
54. *"to instrument"*; as its instrument, or organ.—C. H. H.

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

105. *"poisons given to work a great time after";* the natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall

3. *"a third"; i. e.* a main portion.—C. H. H.

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you

27. "Our worser genius"; the demon within us. Elsewhere Shakespeare's language suggests a single genius or guardian spirit presiding over, but within, each man,—and associating itself now with his planning intellect (*Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 66), now with his heroism (*Ant. and Cleo.* ii. 3. 19), now with his weakness (ib. ii. 3. 21). Here, on the contrary, the evil impulses of men are ascribed to a special "worser genius" whom a "better" genius resists. The passage goes far to show that the whole doctrine was with Shakespeare little more than inherited phraseology.—C. H. H.

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Aye, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost here me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;

64. *"pioned and twilled";* various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—"peonied and lilied," "tulip'd," "tilled," etc. It is noted that "piony" is an old spelling of "peony," and that the flower was formerly spoken of as "the mayden piony" and "virgin peonie." In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)—I. G.

79. *"refreshing showers";* Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's *Virgil, Æneid,* Lib. iv.

"Dame Rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping showres,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
From heaven descending came."—H. N. H.

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

110. Mr. Wright suggests that "earths" should be read as a dissyllable, "earthes"; the second, third, and fourth folios read *"and"* before "foison."—I. G.

119. *"harmonious charmingly"; i. e.* charmingly harmonious.—H. N. H.

123. *"wonder'd father"; i. e.* a father able to produce such wonders.—H. N. H.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

130. *"crisp channels"; i. e.* curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in *1 K. Hen. IV,* Act i. sc. 3:

"hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."—H. N. H.

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius*, by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."—I. G.

155. *"this insubstantial pageant faded"; i. e. vanished,* from the Latin *vado.* The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air.—H. N. H.

As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Aye, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;

166. *"to meet with"* was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's *Country Parson:* "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."—H. N. H.

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, Etc.

178. *"as they smelt music";* this, we are told, is an accurate description of the effect music has upon colts. "On first hearing even a trumpet, instead of being terrified, they will often advance, and thrust their nose up to the very mouth" (bell?) "of the instrument, while it is blown, provided this be done with *some* consideration."—H. N. H.

187. *"stale,"* in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.—H. N. H.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Aye, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o 'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

193. The folios read "hang on them."—I. G.
207. *"hoodwink"*; conceal.—C. H. H.

Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

223. *"O King Stephano! O Peer!";* an allusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

> "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
> His breeches cost him but a crowne,
> He held them sixpence all too deere;
> Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 94.—I. G.

233. *"Let's alone";* some verb of motion must be understood, *i. e.* "let us go alone" (leaving Trinculo behind); "alone" is possibly an error of the folios for "along," as suggested by Theobald.—I. G.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Aye, and this.

238–240. Stephano plays upon two current senses of the phrase: (1) staked (at tennis), and so waiting to be claimed, the wager being deposited "under the line"; (2) on the equator, where fevers might be contracted resulting in loss of hair. Hence the jerkin is "like to prove a bald jerkin." But the latter phrase has also here, like the former, a literal sense; the jerkin is "like to lose" the horse-hair line on which it hung.—C. H. H.

239–240. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair" (Steevens).—I. G.

241. *"by line and level";* methodically.—C. H. H.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

265. *"pard"; i. e.* leopard.—H. N. H.
265. *"cat o' mountain";* wild cat.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confined togeth
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 29
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

21. *"touch";* sense.—C. H. H.

23–24. The first and second folios place a comma after "sharply," making "passion" a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.—I. G.

33–57. *"Ye elves of hills,"* etc.; this speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in *Ovid;* the expressions are, many of them, in

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that

the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own.—H. N. H.

37. *"green sour ringlets";* circles formed by grass of deeper color and sharper flavor, popularly attributed to the dancing of fairies by night.—C. H. H.

41. *"weak masters"; i. e.* ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves; your employments being of the trivial nature before mentioned.—H. N. H.

47. *"spurs";* spreading roots.—C. H. H.

This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

60. *"boiled within thy skull"*; so in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains."

—H. N. H.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

88. *"Where the bee sucks";* the musical setting of this song by R. Johnson is preserved in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads,* 1660. It was probably that used in the original performance.—C. H. H.

92. *"after summer merrily";* "at night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell'; and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world,

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?—H. N. H.

94. *"under the blossom that hangs on the bough";* this was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's *Tasso,* Book iv. stanza 18:

> "The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
> Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
> *And under every trembling leaf they sit.*"—H. N. H.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

129. *"No";* Prospero by his "art" is cognizant of Sebastian's "aside." The curtness of the reply has excited suspicion and led to the emendation: "Now (for you)." But the "No" is itself a

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,

kind of aside addressed to Sebastian; and as Prospero does not mean to betray him, its curtness is quite in keeping.—C. H. H.

145. *"as great to me as late"; i. e.* as great to me, *and* as late.—H. N. H.

The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed.
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou camest here!

Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

176. *"one dear son shall I twice lose";* the sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove;* unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but.* Alonso has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him again.—H. N. H.

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;

230. *"dead of sleep"*; in a dead sleep.—C. H. H.

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

214. *"conduct of"*; conductor of.—H. N. H.
216. *"beating on"*; there is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import: "Still *hammering* at it."—H. N. H.
217. *"picked"*; chosen.—C. H. H.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

268. *"if they be true"; i. e.* honest.—H. N. H.

271. *"without her power"; i. e.* work the same effects as the moon without her delegated authority.—H. N. H.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*
Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Aye, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*
Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

302. *"waste";* spend.—C. H. H.

309. The line is to be read, according to the folios, "to see our dear belov'd solémnizéd."—I. G.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

10. *"with good hands"; i. e.* by your *applause. Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell. Thus before in this play:

"hush, and be mute,
Os else our *spell is marr'd.*"—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A = on; II. i. 190.

Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.

Aches (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.

Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.

Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.

Adventure, to risk; II. i. 192.

After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.

Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.

A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i. e.*, "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 56.

Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.

Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!"; II. ii. 106.

An, if; II. i. 186.

Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.

Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.

As, as if; II. i. 126.

Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.

Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.

Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.

Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.

Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.

Barnacles, barnacle geese; IV. i. 251.

Bass, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 190.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, *i. e.*, take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, *i. e.*, Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," &c. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries (? = Coffee); I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes; I. ii. 269.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 22.

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 157.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 411.
Bring to try; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 40.
Broom-groves, groves in which broom (*Spartium scoparium*) abounds; or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista*, pathless woods; IV. i. 66.
Budge, stir; V. i. 11.
Burthen, undersong; I. ii. 381.
But, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than; I. ii. 119.
By and by, immediately; III. ii. 160.

Can, is able to make; IV. i. 27.
Candied, converted into sugar, sweetened; II. i. 284.
Capable, retentive; I. ii. 353.
Capering, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.
Carriage, burden; V. i. 3.
Case, condition; III. ii. 30.
Cast, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 256.
Cat (with reference to the old proverb that good liquor will make a cat speak); II. ii. 94.
Catch, a part-song; III. ii. 129.
Certes, certainly; III. iii. 30.
Chalked forth, *i. e.*, chalked out; V. i. 203.
Cherubin, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
Chirurgeonly, like a surgeon; II. i. 145.
Clear, blameless; III. iii. 82.
Closeness, retirement; I. ii. 90.
Cloudy, gloomy; II. i. 147.
Cockerel, the young cock; II. i. 31.
Coil, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
Come by, to acquire; II. i. 297.
Confederates, conspires; I. ii. 111.
Constant, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c." *i. e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 130.
Content, desire, will; II. i. 274.
Control, contradict; I. ii. 439.
Coragio, courage!; V. i. 258.
Corollary, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
Correspondent, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
Courses, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 57.
Crabs, crab-apples; II. ii. 188.
Crack, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.

Dear, zealous; I. ii. 179.
Dearest, most precious object; II. i. 140.
Deboshed, debauched; III. ii. 30.
Decked, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
Deep, profound, wise; II. i. 271.
Deliver, relate; V. i. 313.
Demanded, asked; I. ii. 139.
Dew-lapped, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to the victims of "goitre"); III. iii. 45.
Dis, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
Discase, undress; V. i. 85.
Discharge, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 259.
Distempered, excited; IV. i. 145.
Distinctly, separately; I. ii. 200.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 35.
Dollar, used quibblingly with "dolor"; II. i. 18.

Dowle, a fiber of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 313; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 163.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," l. 21); II. ii. 46.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.
Dullness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 239.
Ebbing, "ebbing men," *i. e.*, "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 231.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavor, laborious effort; II. i. 164.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 165.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 301.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 278.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 279.
Few, "in few," in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
Fish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 109.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 186.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 168.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths; III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 76.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 228.
Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 43.
Gallows, *cf.* "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 34.
Gave out, *i. e.*, gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.
Glasses, hour-glasses, *i. e.*, runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240.
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 67.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy, "the heavy offer"; *i. e.*, the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 199.
Help, cure; II. ii. 106.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 125.

Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance, "i. fumes"="fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 196.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack, "played the Jack," *i. e.* the knave="deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 240.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 281.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i. e.*, in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life, "good life," *i. e.*, "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 248.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 237.
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.
Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathness, reluctance; II. i. 135.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 53.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 53.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 48.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 270.
Make a man, *i. e.*, make a man's fortune; II. ii. 34.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 191.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 235.
Meanders, winding paths; III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 264.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the masters of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 63.
Mettle, disposition, ardor; II. i. 187.
Minion, favorite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music

of which raised the walls of Thebes; II. i. 89.

Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.

Mo, more; II. i. 138.

Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.

Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 120.

Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.

Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 291.

Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.

Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.

Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.

Much, "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii. 252.

Mum, hush; III. ii. 60.

Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 38.

Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.

Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 79.

Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.

Nimble, excitable; II. i. 179.

Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 72.

Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Somebody* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody;* III. ii. 139.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 253.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 175.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 212.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i. e.*, "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 226.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i. e.*, "of sleep" = "a-sleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 199.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 125.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own "no man was his o." *i. e.*, "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favorite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 246.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 72.

Pate, "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 246.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 100.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

PIECE, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.
PIED, motley-coated; III. ii. 72.
PIG-NUTS, earth-nuts; II. ii. 189.
PIONED, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighborhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64.
PLANTATION, colonization; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 148.
PLAY, act the part of; "play the men," *i. e.* behave like men; I. i. 11.
POINT, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.
POLE-CLIPT, with poles *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.
POOR-JOHN, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 29.
PREMISES, conditions; I. ii. 123.
PRESENTED, represented; IV. i. 167.
PRESENTLY, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
PROFESS, to make it one's business; II. i. 241.
PROFIT, to profit; I. ii. 172.
PROVISION, foresight; I. ii. 28.
PURCHASED, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
PUTTER-OUT, "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out*, a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return, *i. e.*, "at the rate of five for one"; III. iii. 48.

QUAINT, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
QUALITY, skill; I. ii. 193.
QUICK, living, fresh; III. ii. 76.
QUICKENS, gives life to; III. i. 6.

RABBLE, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
RACE, breed; I. ii. 358.
RACK, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
RATE, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 114.
RAZORABLE, ready for shaving; II. i. 255.
REAR, raise; II. i. 300.
REASON, what is reasonable; III. ii. 131.
REASONABLE, "reasonable shore," *i. e.*, "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
RECOVER, restore; II. ii. 76, 85, 105.
REELING-RIPE, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
RELEASE, "till your release"=till you release them; V. i. 11.
REMEMBER, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
REMEMBRANCE, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 237.
REMORSE, pity; V. i. 76.
REQUIT, requited; III. iii. 71.
RESOLVE, explain to; V. i. 248.
RID, destroy; I. ii. 364.
ROOM, sea-room; I. i. 9.
ROUNDED, "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

SACK, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 137.
SANCTIMONIOUS, holy; IV. i. 16.
SANS, without; I. ii. 97.
SCAMELS, probably some kind of bird, but not yet satisfactorily explained; II. ii. 193.
SCANDAL'D, scandalous; IV. i. 90.
SECURING, guarding; II. i. 315.
SEDGED, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 112.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 179.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, *i. e.*, shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 324.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 46.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 120.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort, possibly a punning allusion to "sort"="lot"; II. i. 109.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 103.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 88.
South-west, "a south-west," *i. e.*, a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 188.
Spoon, "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 111.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 19; (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 21.
Standing, "standing water," *i. e.*, water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 226.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 80.
Stomach, courage; I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 112.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 83.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties, the word "subtilty" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 311.
Suffered, *i. e.*, suffered death; II. ii. 41.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 293.
Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.
Swabber, one who sweeps or *swabs* the deck of a ship; II. ii. 51.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.
Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 165.
Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.
Talking, saying; II. i. 99.
Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 55.
Taste, experience; V. i. 123.
Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.
Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

TEMPERANCE, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; II. i. 42, 43.
TEND, attend; I. i. 8.
TENDER, to regard; II. i. 275.
THATCHED, covered, strewn; IV. i. 63.
THRID, thread; IV. i. 3.
THROE, to cause pain; II. i. 236.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.
TILTH, tillage; II. i. 157.
TO, for, as; II. i. 76; in comparison with; II. i. 183.
TRASH, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.
TREBLES; "tr. thee o'er," *i. e.*, "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 226.
TREMBLING, the *"tremor"* which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 90.
TRICE, "on a tr.," *i. e.*, "in an instant"; V. i. 238.
TRICKSY, sportive; V. i. 226.
TRIFLE, phantom; V. i. 112.
TROLL, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 129.
TWILLED, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64.
TWINK, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

UNDER THE LINE; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line"="to lose the game"; IV. i. 238.
UNDERGOING, enduring; I. ii. 157.
UNICORN (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.
UNSTANCHED, incontinent; I. i. 55.
UP-STARING, standing on end; I. ii. 213.
URCHINS, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.
URCHIN-SHOWS, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.
USE, to be accustomed; II. i. 180.

VANITY, illusion; IV. i. 41.
VAST, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.
VERILY, true; II. i. 326.
VIRGIN-KNOT; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.
VISITATION, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.
VISITOR, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.
VOUCHED, warranted; II. i. 61.

WAIST, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.
WARD, attitude of defense; I. ii. 471.
WEATHER, storm; I. i. 42.
WEATHER-FENDS, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.
WEIGHED, considered, pondered; II. i. 135.
WENCH (used as term of endearment); I. ii. 139, 412.
WEZAND, windpipe; III. ii. 101.
WHEN (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.
WHILE-ERE, short time since; III. ii. 130.
WHIST, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.
WICKED, baneful; I. ii. 321.
WIDE-CHAPPED, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 64.
WINK, the act of closing the eye; II. i. 290; (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 247).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 221.
Wisest, "after the wisest," *i. e.*, "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 83.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i. e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready; I. i. 7; I. i. 39.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 4.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (=subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the possible sources of the play?
2. With what events of Shakespeare's times is the play obviously connected?
3. What seems probable with regard to the Epilogue?
4. What were old beliefs about the Bermudas? What has been thought of them with relation to this play?
5. To what period of the Poet's development does the play evidently belong?
6. What is the general character and atmosphere of the drama? What does Coleridge say of it?
7. What were Ariel's powers and functions?
8. Describe Caliban. Of what is he typical?
9. What philosophical elements does the play convey?
10. What is represented in Prospero?
11. What is demonstrated through Miranda?
12. What through Sebastian and Antonio?
13. Describe the other characters and their places in the development of the theme.
14. Comment upon the dramatic movement and unity of the play.
15. What does Victor Hugo say of the relation of Shakespeare's work to the supernatural?

ACT I

16. In what way is scene i appropriate as the opening of the dramatic action?
17. Is the application of the terms and action of technical seamanship accurate in this scene?

18. What has Prospero ordered by means of his magic with regard to the wreck?

19. What relation has the circumstance of the wreck to his condition that makes it appear a marked destiny?

20. What is his narrative to Miranda? How does he describe his personal interests and pursuits?

21. What natural phenomenon does Ariel's line, "I flamed amazement" suggest?

22. How does Ariel describe his discharge of Prospero's commands?

23. What does he demand of Prospero? What is Prospero's answer?

24. From what fate had Prospero saved Ariel that called for gratitude?

25. How is Caliban introduced? What does Prospero relate of him, of what he had taught him, and its effect upon him?

26. Whom does Ariel first lead to Prospero's dwelling?

27. Describe the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda and the impression they make upon each other.

28. What is Prospero's secret intention with regard to the two?

29. What is his outward treatment of Ferdinand? For what reason is it?

ACT II

30. What reason for their voyage in this region is given by the remainder of the wrecked voyagers in scene i?

31. Where else in the literature to which the Poet might have had access is there such an idea of a commonwealth as Gonzalo presents? Does it appear to bear any relation to the allegorical element of the play?

32. What happens to this party of the characters through Ariel's doings? Who escaped his influence temporarily?

33. What do Sebastian and Antonio plot? What is its outcome?

34. What is the plaint of Caliban? Of what in his natural condition is it significant?

35. To what types of admiration and enjoyment are Caliban's analogous as awakened by Stephano and Trinculo and their liquor?

ACT III

36. What test does Prospero impose upon Ferdinand?

37. How does he bear it? How does it affect Miranda?

38. Describe the sentiment of the scene.

39. How is the behavior of Miranda different from that of a young woman brought up in the civilized world?

40. What is plotted between Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo?

41. What is the purpose of Ariel's interpolations in the scene?

42. How does Prospero bring the King and his companions into his power?

43. Describe the scene of the spectral banquet.

44. Of what may Ariel be considered allegorically the spokesman to the three guilty men who are come to the verge of their death? How does Alonzo's final speech deepen this impression?

ACT IV

45. How is Ferdinand rewarded for his faithfulness in enduring Prospero's test?

46. Is there especial dramatic value in the introduction of the Masque? What was the custom of the time with regard to such interludes?

47. What is Prospero's philosophical reflection on the pageant he has presented for Ferdinand and Miranda?

48. What does Ariel report of the plight of the drunken plotters and Caliban?

49. What does Prospero plan that he may further discomfit them?

50. How are they finally put to rout?

51. What are the final words of Prospero and his promise to Ariel?

ACT V

52. What does Ariel tell Prospero of the condition of Alonso and those with him?

53. What does Prospero resolve with regard to his magic? From what is his speech, in part, borrowed? What is distinctively Shakespearean about it?

54. What is his final charm cast upon Alonso and his companions?

55. What are his reproaches to them when Ariel brings them to his cell? What do they think of their mysterious adventures?

56. What does Prospero send Ariel to the ship to perform?

57. How does he reprove Sebastian and Antonio finally?

58. How does he present Ferdinand to his father again?

59. What is noticeable in Miranda's exclamation upon seeing the newcomers?

60. Describe the resolution.